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The Student

OCTOBER 1967

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FEATURES

- Brooks Stillwell 25 The Rules of Wake Forest: Current
Hypocrisy and the Challenge of Change
Rev. David Riffe 29 The Hippies: What Do They Tell Us?
Carol Bowen 31 Impressions of Israel

FICTION

- Ed Myers 14 The Safety Patrolman's Badge

POETRY

- Ted F. Boushy 17 A Home-Going

SPECIAL SECTION

- Frank B. Hendren 6 The Negro—His Present Condition and
Future Prospects
10 We Must Integrate
Bill Twyford 11 An Impossible Dream?

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THE NEGRO:

A Development of Attitudes

THE NEGRO

His Present Condition and Future Prospects

by Frank B. Hendren

EDITOR'S NOTE: "The Negro—His Present Condition and Future Prospects" was originally published in Volume 7 of THE STUDENT, November, 1887. It expresses a prejudice characteristic of that day.

During the days of the Southern Confederacy a design for a national seal for the new government was submitted to Jefferson Davis for his criticism. This design showed a negro in the foreground, lying asleep on two or three bales of cotton behind some palmetto trees, under which lay the characteristic implements of the South. "I don't like it," said the sage old statesman; "when that negro wakes up it will be a bad day for the Confederacy." This prophetic remark has, in one sense, been verified, but it required the din of four years' terrible warfare, and the scent of the blood of over one million of America's noblest sons to arouse him. And even now the drowsiness of a long nap hangs heavily on his eyelids, and he is half-dreaming, half-thinking, of the future. It is only at the stern bidding of destiny that he stirs forth; it has ever been so with him; will it not ever continue to be so? His past history portrays him sleeping soundly and peacefully amidst the many storms that beat around and against him. It was with slothfulness and blind-staggering that he followed the hand of fate, that was to lead him forth from the deep chasm of appalling ignorance and thralldom

into which he had fallen. He never once seconded the movement that was to emancipate him from his condition of base servitude. But now the day begins to dawn on him, and what the noontide of that day will be, is one of the most momentous questions with which American politics has to deal.

Much has been written and said about the negro within the last two decades; northern advocates of civil rights have vented their fumes in our newspapers and popular magazines; white lecturers and colored lecturers have gone through the country earnestly endeavoring to convince him of his powers, and of the grand possibilities that lie just ahead of him. He has been told again and again that the political rights delegated to him by the constitution are only nominal rights; that he has been thwarted in the full and free exercise of these rights by the political machinations of his white neighbors; and, indeed, that the white people of the South even cherish the purpose of ultimately imposing on him the conditions of his former servitude. There can hardly be a doubt that, had he been possessed of larger capability of independent and vigorous action, he would long ago have been aroused into furious action by these inflammatory appeals.

I can scarcely hope to glean anything new from the vast field of enquiry and speculation in regard to the negro questions; I have no new theory to offer for his future; but it is certainly a vital and important question, and one which I think I may profitably discuss in this article.

In the first place, then, let us consider the character

and temper of the Negro; in the second place, his social progress; and, in the third place, the influence that he is likely to exert on our social and political history in the future.

I think it may be laid down as a maxim, that the whiter a people is, the greater its energy and activity; and the blacker a people is, the less its energy and activity. While there may be some exceptions to this rule, still the history of the human race abundantly proves the truth of it.

God ever clothes the most valuable pieces of his handiwork in the choicest colors. The flower containing the sweet nectar and emitting the fragrant odor, possesses the most delicate colors. The birds that sing the sweetest songs are clothed in the gayest plumage. The tree that bears the choicest fruit has the foliage of the brightest green.

The Caucasians have ever been the pioneers of civilization; the Mongolians have formed the rear-guard; the negroes have been the camp-followers.

The negro's physical characteristics at once distinguish him from all other races of men. Nor is it certain that his color is the most striking of these. Even though it were possible for him to wash himself clear of the "sable hue," his thick protruding lips, flat nose, kinky hair and broad flat feet, would at once betray him as a "white-washed negro." Not one in a thousand of his people presents a fine noble looking form. His head is

usually disproportioned and ill-shapen. His body is uncouth and his action awkward. Now who would expect to find an average human mind in such a body? Might we not as reasonably expect to find the choicest pippin on the crab-bush? Physiologists tell us that the brain of the negro is smaller and less perfectly developed than the brain of the white man, and accordingly, we find him displaying inferior powers of mind. He possesses little force of character, and is preeminently a creature of circumstances, believing too literally that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" and so never "taking thought for the morrow." The most prominent trait in his character is his imitativeness. He strives to ape the white man in everything he does, and this, perhaps, is the one redeeming feature of his character, having served more than any other one thing, since he has been among us, to make him even what he is. He seeks perfection in nothing, but only a mean imitation. Again, he is the most servile of human beings. No employment is so delightful to the average negro as that of serving the white man in the character of a household servant. While we regard involuntary servitude as an unmitigated curse and rejoice in the fact of the negro's emancipation from his former condition of slavery, we believe that he will still continue to live in a state of semi-servitude from sheer force of character.

We come now to our second point, the social progress the negro has already made.



The first negro slave was brought to the United States and sold in the year 1620. For some years afterward the importation of Africans was rapid and constant. The negro was held in bondage 240 years. His advancement in the social scale since he has been among us, has not been what we should have expected when we look at the refining influences that have inevitably been brought to bear on his character. No other people in all the history of the world has enjoyed such facilities for becoming civilized as the negro. True, he was a slave, but such slavery as he was subjected to, is the most favorable condition to a certain degree of civilization. His lot was cast among one of the most civilized peoples on earth and he was a slave, not unusually, in the most cultured families; so he must needs have imbibed our civilization as he breathed the air around him. He looked upon the white man as a superior being and naturally strove to imitate him. Our own rude ancestors, swarming in on the Roman provinces and making conquest of the fairest portion of them, even with their haughty contempt of the conquered provincials, yet imbibed, without being aware of it, their superior civilization from constant contact with them. The negro in this country has made little effort to better his condition. He has been irresistibly swept along by the force of external circumstances to his present position.

The political rights and privileges that have been bestowed upon him during the first quarter of a century are without a parallel in the history of the world. The emancipation of 3,000,000 slaves in one day was a gigantic stroke, but the elevation of these slaves in another day to all the rights and privileges of free-born citizens, was a procedure without a precedent in the history of nations.

Was the negro prepared to assume all the responsibilities of citizenship under a Republican form of government where, in the words of the constitution, "all power is vested in and derived from the people?" Hitherto, he had learned little more about the government under which he was to assume citizenship than the mule he drove in the Southern cotton-field.

With all these responsibilities as well as rights and privileges suddenly and unexpectedly thrust upon him, no wonder that he was bewildered to find himself cast about on the turbulent sea of politics without rudder or sails. No wonder that he regarded his honest white neighbor as his worst enemy and the Northern carpet-bagger, pandering to all his baser hopes, as his best friend.

He has suffered himself to be the political puppet of designing demagogues ever since the day the elective franchise was conferred on him.

The educational progress of the negro has been very slow. The colored population of the United States now

amounts to over 7,000,000. Of this number, over 6,000,000, or more than 85 per cent, cannot read and write. And yet, during the past twenty years, they have had all the facilities for acquiring an education that the poor white children have enjoyed. They have had offered them all the advantages of the public schools. In the acquisition of material wealth, the negro has very little skill or forecast. If he has bread today he never thinks of the morrow. The colored population of the South pay taxes on \$91,000,000 worth of property. This would give each head of a family, allowing five to each family, an average of \$65 worth of property. Very few of them are freeholders. They prefer to live in the cities and towns and to lead a mercenary life.

We wish now to briefly enquire, in the light of his past history and from his present status in society, what may be the influence he is likely to exert on our future political and social history.

I suppose there is now no person of intelligence and candor who will deny that the negro's presence among us for the past 265 years has been a very great blessing to him and a very great curse to the white man. For the negro, it has been to lift him from the lowest depths of moral, social, and political degradation that human nature is capable of reaching, and to elevate him, even though it was through the ordeal of 240 years of slavery, to all the rights, privileges and immunities of citizenship under the freest and noblest government the world has ever seen. For the white man it has been to entail upon him all the miseries and degradation of a most destructive civil war, under the burdens of which we still groan. Who will soon forget the political humiliation to which the people of a large part of the Republic were reduced soon after the war? And all on account of the negro. But now, through successive struggles in which he had no part, he has been placed on an equal political footing with the white man and all seem cheerfully to accept the new order of things. Every fetter to his progress has been removed at no small cost, but his past history warrants the conclusion that his character is devoid of every true impulse to progress. What, then, can he ever be but a passive element in American politics? We sometimes hear the belief expressed that the negro will eventually predominate over the white man in the South. If we could give him the credit for the place he now occupies in American society; if he had been indeed the architect of his own fortune; if he had ever once set in motion forces that had helped to bring about his present political and social standing, then this belief might be well-founded. His indifference, however, to education, his indolent and sluggish nature, his improvidence and want of inventive genius, are elements in his temper that must ever keep him at the foot of the social scale.



The most alarming feature of the negro question is the prolific increase of the race. At the close of the late war, there were in the United States something over 3,000,000 colored people; now there are over 7,000,000. It is said that the colored population of the United States doubles every thirty-five years. And we must bear in mind the fact that this increase in the colored population is due alone to births, while the increase in the white population is largely due to immigration. Five hundred negroes are born in the United States every day. In 1987, one hundred years hence, at the present rate of increase, there will be in this country nearly 200,000,000 negroes. But while the ratio of births among our colored population is greater than among our white population, the ratio of deaths is likewise greater. The ratio of deaths among negroes is greater now than during the days of their slavery. The average negro displays very little care or judgment in administering to the sick, while he has very little fortitude in bearing up under disease, the consequence being that he generally dies at an earlier age than the white man. The utter disregard of sanitary laws, the condition of squalid poverty in which he lives, and his peculiar susceptibility to certain kinds of epidemics, can but have a deteriorating effect on the future of his race.

Many persons fear that amalgamation of the white and colored population of this country will eventually take place. Should complete amalgamation ever be effected, we cannot imagine a more deplorable condition of things. But is such an amalgamation likely ever to take place? Do not our race prejudices, interwoven in the very textures of our natures, form an eternal barrier to such an amalgamation? Does not its possibility presuppose the contamination of the purest blood that ever coursed through human veins, and the utter and hopeless degradation and ultimate ruin of one of the proudest races that God ever permitted to dwell on this earth? There is nothing in the history of the past to justify the conclusion that two races so radically and essentially different in character, temper, and physical features of the negro and white man should in the common course of things, amalgamate.

Modern pessimists may promulgate their doleful theories, but for my part, I prefer to think more nobly of the race to which I belong than that it will terminate its proud and imperious career by mingling its noble blood with the sluggish blood of one of the most inferior races on earth. True, the scum of our white population may amalgamate with the colored population, but that will be "the lowest deep below which no lower deep shall ever yawn."

We Must Integrate

EDITOR'S NOTE: "We Must Integrate" was originally published as an editorial in Volume 74 of THE STUDENT, November 1958. As the first statement of its kind in a Wake Forest publication, it caused quite a furor; but it was indicative of a changing trend of thought concerning the matter of integration of Southern colleges.

Wake Forest College, if it is to continue to call itself an intellectual and Christian center for education, must integrate. It is not a question of whether the College has received qualified Negro applicants or not. Nor does it matter that the College has too long been the focal point of much controversy. The integration situation is not a problem for this college community. There are no reasons for it to be a problem. A college must be a place for not only free expression of ideas but also a place where all people desirous of pursuing an education are free to do so. If these attributes do not describe a college then there is no other description for a college. Wake Forest has won the battle for free expression of ideas; it now must assert that it is a complete educational institution by admitting any qualified applicant regardless of anything so irrelevant and unimportant as the color of the applicant's skin.

The hue and cry has been for a middle-of-the-road process in the matter of integration. Almost all thinking people connected with the College realize that one day the College will be forced to consider integration. But a large majority of these thinking people suggest a wait-and-see policy, a comfortable rut policy. We assert that these middle-of-the-roads are more dangerous than members of the Ku Klux Klan. It is the obligation and the privilege for the intellectuals (and we assume that these are what necessarily makes up a true college) to be first, to stick their necks out, if you please, when they realize as thinkers and as ethical men that the rational and right thing to do is to integrate. It is true that the College has been in the headlines a great deal. There was the Tribble issue and the panty raid and then last year the silly dancing fiasco. But these notorious events of the past years were not of any real importance

to the College as an intellectual center. They concerned administration, rowdy boys and Baptist control of the College. The integration question concerns and challenges the very basis of the College's purposes and responsibilities.

We have been warned, second hand to be true, that such a statement as this would do the College no good. In this case the College does not need nor deserve to be "done good." We believe that the College is wrong in not confessing that it has been wrong, that it has not fulfilled its precious duties. True, there has been no statement from the Board of Trustees, there has been no official word from the administration. A few members of the faculty, most of them in fairly closed circumstances, have voiced the opinion that the College should integrate, but they have voiced the opinion in hushed tones. It is also true that we have had applications from Negroes. The applicants were not qualified and, therefore, logically could not be considered. But how are we going to have qualified Negro applicants until we make some sort of announcement? We do not wish to "advertise," yet how are people to know our stand unless we state our stand.

We are well aware that there is a strong element on campus that is opposed to integration in any form. This element is, unfortunately, not entirely composed of students who could be excused on the grounds of adolescent ignorance. There are some professors who assert "white superiority" and "equal and separate institutions." For these admitted few we only shake our heads and wonder what they are doing in an institution of higher learning. As for the students surely one of the College's major responsibilities is to do away with provincialisms so true education may stand a chance.

We cannot, and the important theologians of our time cannot, understand how people who claim to be Christians cannot see the necessity for integration if they understand anything at all of Christ's teachings. We do not believe that inviting Negro speakers to speak or choirs to sing is the Christian's answer to his responsibilities.

Wake Forest must have the courage to make its confession immediately. If it does not we fear we must despair of it.

Things such as this are often discussed and often heatedly argued. We feel as if there comes a time when they must be said aloud and to the public.

AN IMPOSSIBLE DREAM?

by Bill Twyford

At least until memories of the summer's racial hyper-tensions are suppressed into subconsciousness, we are painfully aware that no area of American life deserves more attention than that of human relations. When hot spots such as Newark and Detroit burst into flames, our minds should have been indelibly branded with the realization that programs of positive action — not just decades of prolonged adjustment — are now essential. And in this time when numerous groups are committed to the methodical creation of discord and chaos, North Carolinians can be proud of a group of men and women among them who are committed to the elimination of racial injustice and the assurance of equal opportunities for all citizens.

These men and women are members of the North Carolina Good Neighbor Council, established in January, 1963, by Governor Terry Sanford, who first defined the purposes of the Council: to encourage the employment of qualified people without regard to race and to promote the training of youth for employment. The man who was tapped to direct this vital program is David S. Coltrane, a veteran of thirty years' service in the State Government, and a man who at the age of seventy-four is still an effective and highly regarded state leader. Having served in the departments of Agriculture, Administration, and the Budget, Mr. Coltrane is familiar with the varied problems and needs of Tar Heels. And this vast experience was invaluable in guiding North Carolina as she took her baby steps in the area of human relations. With limited funds and an extremely small staff, Mr. Coltrane found his job difficult. But he started laying the groundwork and attempted initial efforts in problem-solving.

Fortunately, the change of governors did not hinder the work of the Council. Instead, Governor Dan Moore

announced in July, 1965, that he was broadening the Council's responsibilities to include virtually all phases of race relations in the state. The redefined purposes of the Council may be summarized as follows:

1. To study problems in the area of human relations,
2. To promote equality of opportunity for all citizens,
3. To promote understanding, respect, and good will among all citizens,
4. To promote channels of communication,
5. To encourage the employment of qualified people without regard to race,
6. To encourage youth to be better trained and qualified for employment, and
7. To enlist the cooperation and assistance of all State and Local governmental officials in the attainment of the objectives of the State Good Neighbor Council.

Governor Moore also boosted the Council's membership from the originally appointed twenty-eight to the present group of fifty-six, which includes thirty-three whites, twenty-two Negroes, and one Indian.

In July, 1966, Governor Moore appointed Robert S. Harrell as Assistant to the Chairman of the North Carolina Good Neighbor Council. A native North Carolinian who has spent most of his post-seminary years in the ministry, Harrell came to the Council staff after having served as Chairman of the Edenton-Chowan Good Neighbor Council. The latest addition to Mr. Coltrane's growing staff, however, is Lindsay A. Merritt, a native of Durham and specialist in distributive education. Mr. Merritt has served since January, 1967, as the Council's Employment Services Representative. These new members have stepped enthusiastically into the difficult task of coordinating the programs of the Council. For although the Council is literally spread across the state, most of the initiative must be taken by the Chairman and his staff from the Raleigh office.

Every staff member is extremely dedicated to the purposes and objectives of the Council. During times

Bill Twyford is a junior English major from Nashville, Tennessee and Associate Editor of THE STUDENT.

of local racial tensions, it is not unusual for a staff member to put in ninety hours a week on the job. But Mr. Harrell has indicated that in spite of the difficult conditions, the staff refuses to be easily discouraged, for at the same time that they realize the "magnitude of the task and the fickleness of the human mind," they continue to believe that "somehow there are workable solutions to at least some of the problems our nation and the world face in race relations."

Since the Council works without legal authority to enforce compliance, it has followed the Governor's lead in relying upon persuasion and negotiation in handling the state's human relations problems. Institutes and conferences dealing with prejudice, education, employment, and housing hopefully lay the foundation for changes in attitudes, improvement of education, and training for jobs. Although such advances will take time, on occasion the results of the Council's efforts have been readily observed. For instance, Mr. Coltrane's mediatory involvement has undoubtedly eased tensions in many communities before violence erupted. His efforts were particularly effective in Plymouth in September, 1965, and in Edenton and Hertford in the spring of 1966.

But for the most part, the success of the Council lies in its ability to initiate positive programs and attitudes. A recent project of the Council was the joint sponsorship of two Vocational Guidance Institutes, the first in Greensboro in August, 1966, and the second in Chapel Hill this July. These twelve-day institutes featured lectures and seminars concerning employment problems. Tours were also scheduled to provide participants with the opportunity to visit industries and corporations where effective steps have been taken to provide equal job opportunities for all citizens. R. J. Reynolds, Western Electric, and Burlington Industries were among the state's leading companies to cooperate in these institutes. (It is interesting to note that while one Council staff member was involved in the Chapel Hill Institute, another was involved in the Greensboro racial incidents, and a third was involved in the Durham situation when racial unrest was prevalent there. While the Greensboro and Durham incidents required a type of emergency troubleshooting, the response of the participants in the Vocational Guidance Institute was encouraging and illustrated the importance of long-range planning. It is clear, therefore, that both present and future needs figure prominently in the work of the Council.)

Although most of its operations are initiated from the Raleigh office, the Council is normally convened for meetings once every three months to discuss current problems and to make plans for the future. The members of Mr. Coltrane's staff are also in constant communication with all fifty-six members, who advise the staff on policy programs and serve as contacts and sources of information in their respective communities. Indeed, all of the members are needed to encourage

the work of approximately seventy-five local Good Neighbor and Human Relation Councils in the state, and to suggest steps they can take to establish positive action programs.

In addition to their work within the state, members of the Council staff also communicate with human relations organizations in other states. Kentucky and Tennessee have similar statewide programs, and most northern states have commissions, many of them with statutes to enforce. Mr. Harrell's participation in the annual Race Relations Institute at Nashville, Tennessee's Fisk University in July is an example of the Council's efforts to be aware of human relations problems and programs throughout the country.

The Council has already taken giant strides forward but it is still plagued by the universal problems of insufficient funds and overworked staff members. However, the main problems are not these internal difficulties nor even the negating efforts of Klansmen and their kind. The chief impediments to be overcome are still the lethargy and lack of concern on the part of many leaders and officials who do not really understand the pressing needs of minority people and who are not committed to affirmative action programs designed to meet these needs. The minister of a Protestant congregation in a large southern city recently stated the Council's problem very succinctly when he said, "Most of us are basically good people, but the good that we have been doing is not enough."

In analyzing our own situation, we must realize that although a university community may be a synthetic one, it can still be the source of positive influence and action. Granted, we at Wake Forest already have much to our credit. Members of our student body were responsible for the peaceful desegregation of the College. Members of our student body initiated the Patterson Avenue Mission Project. And a member of our community, Reverend Warren Carr, is a member of the State Good Neighbor Council. But unless such positive thinking and action becomes the rule rather than the exception, we may soon find that human relations have become inhuman relations, and any hopes for restoring internal peace in America will have vanished. In Mr. Coltrane's words, "North Carolina has the opportunity to demonstrate to the South, the Nation, and the world both its capacity for orderly change and the extent of its faith in the future. A moment of decision has come for each of us and for our communities and State. Challenging opportunities represent growth, and I am confident that North Carolina has only begun its growth in our time. The North Carolina dream must become a reality. In this quest the words of love, good will, neighborliness, brotherhood and faith will have a common ring that surmounts time and place."

The North Carolina Good Neighbor Council is dedicated to bringing the "impossible dream" to its realization. And they need all the help they can get.



Photo by Joe Zinn

The Safety Patrolman's Badge

by Ed Myers

Show and tell. Show and tell. It's all back in my memory somewhere, and on especially good nights—if say, it is a time of special sun spot activity or a warm night just after it rains—old memories of all the horrid show and tell periods of my whole bloody life come floating back to me, static-filled and blotchy, like the third re-runs of "I Love Lucy" episodes.

Show and tell. Show and tell. That great forerunner of all public speaking. Grab the kid and force him to go up there and make a fool of himself before all the world while he's still young, so that he won't mind it so much when he's older. A wise fool is the best fool.

Show and tell. Show and tell. "We went to the airport yesterday. I saw the airplanes and they were flyin' and landin' and there was about a million of them and that was somethin'." Old fat Julius told that same story every day, and every day he would rock back and forth, back and forth, the whole time he was speaking, with his hands folded and resting on his fat stomach. No one liked Julius because he was too fat to bend forward and hide his head, the way you had to in the air raid drills.

Those first show and tell periods in kindergarten proved to be the source of my first traumatic experi-

ence—the day I learned that even pureness of heart and mind does not assure the trust of your fellow man and can, in fact, bring on the DISTRUST of your fellow man. It still hurts, it still rips and gouges and sears at my heart to recall that horrible day in kindergarten. For shock value, it ranks with the time I was caught embezzling molding clay in the first grade. Why me? I say now as I look back on it. Why me? I still feel as though I was cheated out of the innocence of my youth.

It all started one Sunday afternoon when Uncle Jimmy stopped in for a visit. Actually, Uncle Jimmy was not my uncle. He was my old man's boss. I called him Uncle Jimmy because he wanted me to. I did not know then that Uncle Jimmy was married, because he never brought his wife along.

I liked Uncle Jimmy all right. He would take us for Sunday afternoon drives in his car, and we'd stop at Howard Johnson's and get hot dogs, the very best kind that are in a folded piece of toast and make your mouth water to smell them.

Uncle Jimmy would always bring me things, too—little presents, like a whole ringfull of skeleton keys with a can opener in the shape of a mermaid. Or a lucky rabbit's foot. Yes, I liked Uncle Jimmy all right.

The biggest present of all, though, came the Sunday afternoon Uncle Jimmy took us for the ride down the Pennsylvania Turnpike to Valley Forge and then back

Edward Myers, whose fiction has appeared previously in THE STUDENT, is a junior English major from Landisville, Pennsylvania.

to our place in Chestnut Tree Heights, which was the very elite-sounding name given to our little development of rowhouses located on the side of a hill that overlooked a muddy creek where a girl had drowned the summer before.

Well, we were all back in the luxury of our rowhouse, and my parents and Uncle Jimmy were talking and I was watching "Zoo Parade" on television. The man with the mustache was standing there letting all kinds of snakes crawl all over him. He did that every week—let snakes crawl all over him, around his arms and neck and messing up his hair. I didn't like watching those snakes because I kept imagining what they must feel like, slithering all over your body.

It was in the middle of this snake part of the television show that Uncle Jimmy called out to me in his important-sounding voice, which was very different from the sweet-sounding voice he used when talking to my mother. "Petey. Hey, Petey. Come here. I got something for you."

I got up off the floor and walked over to Uncle Jimmy, my mind racing in wild anticipation of what in the world this wonderful new present would be.

Uncle Jimmy reached into the pocket of his old brown tweed sportcoat and seemed to fish around in there for a very long time before he finally drew it out—the gift of a lifetime! There it was in that big, meaty hand—a safety patrolman's badge! Not just a safety patrolman's badge, but a CAPTAIN'S badge, with the blue in the center and the silver all around.

O, joy of joys! O, gift of gifts! Uncle Jimmy, I love you!

"It's my old safety patrolman's badge from back when I was in school," Uncle Jimmy said, handing it to me.

It's my old safety patrolman's badge! For Pete's sake, didn't he think I knew what it was! Anyone in the world knew what it was.

Immediately my mind began reeling with thoughts of glory—wait 'til they saw THIS in show and tell! They'd go crazy. They'd all forget old fat Julius and his airplane story. I'd be the King of Show and Tell. They'd all bow down before me, kiss my feet. "Arise, arise, noble subjects," I would say, "for I am a fair king." And they would love me, and I would still be friendly to them.

That night in bed I could not sleep, partly because I had seen a skeleton walk out of my closet the week before and I was still not fully recovered; but my insomnia was due mostly to the excitement of the safety patrolman's badge. I was feeling pretty cocky and told the robber who stayed underneath my bed at nights that I no longer feared him.

The next morning greeted me cheerfully. I did not have kindergarten until the afternoon and spent the morning anxiously watching all the television shows planned especially for pre-school children. The world was wonderful and mine, at least for this day. I watched

"Ding Dong School" and was feeling so powerful that I, in essence, told Miss Frances to take her Tiny Tears Doll and go to hell.

After lunch I went two doors up to get Marilyn Pavlovsky and start our walk to the Abraham Lincoln School. Marilyn Pavlovsky was my girl friend in kindergarten. She had blonde hair and blue eyes, and was definitely the best-looking chick in our class.

The sun was shining down brilliantly, perhaps the brightest the sun had ever shone. And as Marilyn and I walked along, I kept my hand in my jacket pocket, carefully clutching my wonderful treasure, the badge, that was safely hidden away there. Oh, Marilyn would be so proud of me in show and tell! I would not show it to her until then. No, I would not show it to her until then, and SHE would gasp along with all the others. I would not show it to her until then, and then she would be proud.

We were approaching the corner, and I could see the safety patrolman standing there with his arms outstretched and looking very official, with that air of superiority that you automatically assume upon reaching the fourth grade. There were about five kids waiting anxiously behind the safety patrolman, who was delighting in his power.

When Marilyn and I reached the corner, I looked both ways and saw that there were no cars in sight, although the safety patrolman still had his arms outstretched. I became impatient. I could feel the badge in my pocket. It was starting to feel a little clammy now. I would not show it to Marilyn until show and tell. I would not show it to her until then.

"Marilyn," I said, my voice a little shaky with excitement. I was going to show her the badge.

"What?" she said.

"Guess what I have here," I said. I thought my body was going to explode at any moment.

"What ith it? What ith it?" she said. She had a lithp.

"Guess."

"I don't know. What ith it?"

I slowly pulled the safety patrolman's badge from my pocket, holding it firmly in the palm of my hand. The sun shining down reflected off the silvery metal of the badge and into the air.

"Wow!" Marilyn said, half breathlessly with the shock of it all. "Wow!"

The other kids waiting at the corner noticed Marilyn's exclamation of amazement and turned to see what it was that was causing the most beautiful girl in the kindergarten to go into such ecstasy.

"Holy cow!"

"Wow!"

"Holy cow!"

They were all humbled at the sight of the safety patrolman's badge.

"Wow!"

"Wowee!"

All of these exclamations were said rather softly, as though they were all in church and realized the holiness of the moment.

I tried to remain nonchalant about the whole thing, although I believe a small smirk may have crept over my face. This was my time, the time that so many people dream of someday achieving but never do.

"What is that, kid?"

I looked up and saw that the speaker was none other than the safety patrolman, who had had his back to us when I first revealed my prize. He had a slight sneer on his face as he glowered over me.

"What is that, kid?"

"A safety patrolman's badge," I said with pride.

"Where did you get it?"

"Somebody gave it to me," I said.

"Sure," the safety patrolman said. "Where did you get it, kid?"

For the first time I understood what this was all about. I was being questioned as some kind of criminal! I became defensive.

"Somebody gave it to me," I repeated.

"You stole it, didn't you?" the safety patrolman shouted.

"No!"

"Give it here!" The safety patrolman kept hold of my shirt and grabbed the back of my neck and squeezed hard with his other hand. I knew I was on the verge of panicking, and then I was no longer on the verge and the whole bomb went off inside me. I kicked his shin.

"Ouch!"

I kicked again and again. I could no longer feel the pressure of the safety patrolman's hand on my neck, although he still maintained his hold. I could feel my body bubbling over with sobs and I still kept kicking.

"Ouch! Ouch! Jack, come on over here and help me with this kid!" the safety patrolman shouted, and the patrolman from across the street ran over to help apprehend the criminal.

The one called Jack grabbed both my arms and pulled them behind my back in a gesture which I am sure was meant to cause pain, although I was not feeling anything at the moment except the purest form of panic.

I cannot really remember anything specific after that, except for catching a quick glance of Marilyn Pavlovsky standing in shock on the street corner as I was being dragged mercilessly down the sidewalk toward the school by the two safety patrolmen.

I can remember being taken to the principal's office and standing outside the door as the one called Jack held me and the other one went in to tell Mr. Blefary about the horrible criminal they had apprehended, this horrible stealer of safety patrolmen's badges.

"Bring the boy in," a deep voice boomed from somewhere in the dark recesses of the office. And the one

called Jack pushed me into the den of terror.

Through my mind raced all the stories I had heard about those who had had the misfortune of preceding me to this office. I had knowledge of Mr. Blefary's electric paddle. There were even stories about kids who had completely vanished from the face of the earth after they had been sent to this office. Why, I could remember Richard Simmons back in October. To Mr. Blefary's office and ZIPPO! never seen again.

Fortunately, my memory has developed a mental block concerning the time spent before Mr. Blefary. All I can remember is sobbing very much in that horrible unstop-pable manner, when you think you are going to die because you cannot take a full breath.

My next clear recollection is of Mr. Blefary accompanying me to my kindergarten classroom and Mrs. Lutz, my teacher, opening the door and looking surprised to see me. As Mrs. Lutz opened the door, I could see that the rest of the class was in nap-time, asleep on the floor.

"You can join the rest of the class in nap-time Peter," Mrs. Lutz said to me, placing her hand between my shoulder blades and giving a gentle push.

I went over to the wooden shelves beneath the windows and got out my throw-rug and unfurled it on the floor. I could see Mr. Blefary talking to Mrs. Lutz at the doorway, and because of the way they would occasionally glance at me, I knew they were discussing what had happened. I lay on my musty-smelling rug and wondered what Mr. Blefary had done with my safety patrolman's badge.

I did not even attempt to sleep. I had been a nap-time insomniac since September, and this day would certainly not be the day to begin sleeping.

Mrs. Lutz closed the door and walked over and so down at her desk. I hoped for a short nap-time period.

I looked up at Mrs. Lutz behind her desk from my position prostrate on the floor. She saw me looking at her and smiled encouragingly at me.

"All right, children. All right. Nap-time is over. Everybody up," sang Mrs. Lutz.

Everybody stood up, rolled up their throw-rugs, and took them to the shelves beneath the windows. Marilyn Pavlovsky was shocked to see me. She probably thought I had perished at the hands of those two Cossacks of Abraham Lincoln Elementary School.

"Now it's time for show and tell," said Mrs. Lutz happily. We were all sitting at our desks now, and everybody stiffened with excitement at the mention of show and tell.

Mrs. Lutz stood up and walked back to my desk. She had a white envelope in her hand and gave it to me.

"This is your safety patrolman's badge, Peter," she said. "And there's a note for your parents, also. You can show your badge now if you want to."

I looked at the envelope in my hand. "No," I said. "I don't think I'll show the badge."

A Home-Going

To A.E.S.

We're Goin' Home Now, Annie

Chen Lenny,
we got a mountain to cross
and a river to ride,
And this time we're not at all alone.
No sir, we got us a fine young woman,
a woman who I've been wantin' to take home with me
for a long time.
Chen home, Foster,
I told her I'd be at her home as soon as I finished you.
At all the times to be stubborn.

Yes, the parson said till death do us part
and, Lenny, that's the way I mean it to be.
I mean the way I see it, or feels only love
and ought to be for keeps.
That's the way I see in love my Annie,
for a long time to come — for the rest of my life
and last some.

Oh, there she is —
so pretty — her hair's as yellow as a daisy,
I tells what I told her
And her eyes, they're as green as the grass in the meadow.
And her skin it's like milk, like cream.
Oh, how I love her —
We're goin' to take her home now.
It's time to be our home.



BOOKS HERE. The drawing of Chen Lenny and Annie is
reproduced by The Boston Public Library. It is a reproduction of the original
drawing as it appeared in the collection, a reproduction with the per-
mission of the Boston Public Library.

Held down, Leroy, Annie! — I was — couldn't the
matter with Leroy here, sorta dazed away from
me when I was lean' 'n' harness.
Sorry I'm a bit late —
Oh, Annie, you look real pretty —
Yes, we'll do that George.
Yeah, Walter, we'll come out as soon as the barn's —
Why, thank you, Martha.
Here, let me help you up, Annie, I love —
Fine, Sarah.
Yes we will, Tom.
Thank you again.
Annie, you sure do smile —
Yes, Frank, it's been good
been' with you and the boys.
Course you understand that I'll go' sometime/
somewhere then you ladies now.
I tell you, Annie, there's just so much that a man
can take. I mean, you don't be going for the rest
of the day.
Yes ma'am, we sure will.
Thank you.
That'll be right over.
Chris, Leroy, Gus-up!

Annie, you see that mountain out there?
Well, on the other side of it is our farm. And —
Annie, why're you cussin'?
I say, what's wrong?
I like you to kiss me that way.
Now, Simon and my four kids.
Here, take my belly. There, that's good.
We can't have kids in the first days of our marriage.
Here, take my hand.
There, that's good too.

You know, Annie,
I used to feel real — for that old olew.
I mean I had friends, but nothing like this.
I was in my own little corner of the world
with an old, somewhat new, to be sure, woman.
But, now I've got something better than that
and I'll try to fight the devil with you the best I can.

I lived in these mountains here all my life.
Now I've got mountains to share
'em with. They've always been right pretty
to me, especially when the sun comes up and goes down.

And that little creek there —
I used to catch fish in it.
I'll catch you some tomorrow for breakfast.
And tonight we'll see the prettiest moon you've ever
seen, and we'll dance our waltz in that old me
just like school children and most of all
we'll be near my rock gifts.

Close your eyes now, Annie
We're almost there,
just around the bend,
a little bit more now.
Wooh there, easy! Hold down

Could I kiss you before you open your eyes?
Oh, Annie, you look so pretty
I love you, Annie
Now you can open your eyes.

Yes, Annie. . . we're home now.

Thoughts at a Fence

Oh, fence, you don't let me go!—keep me back up
and the wrong kind out, and now I can kinda lean up
against you for support.
A man builds something and it stands right good,
and supports him.
You know, fence, you look right nice here,
your shadow runs down in the ground and you're all
dressed up in your garden bits.
Yes, fence, those green plants look mighty nice, just like
the grass that grows up between your rails — it goes
with your brown color.
Yes, fence, I'm proud of you.
Why, you've given Todd a place to climb out
and Anne a place to plant those new flowers,
and you've given me a place to lean on around.
Yes, fence, you've done your job.
A lot depends on us men, we just don't it look.
You gotta keep the wrong kind out and the rest there
in, and I gotta do the worst things so I know
that a fence is a lot like a father.
They both come here things mixed. You've got meadow
in here, and that's how Todd and Anne
we've got to guard them in our own ways.
Why, you know, we know that the best things
we stand here together every day, and when they did
ain't go to bed, and we watch the birds fly in your
back. Yes, fence, you're off your job
and the night proud of you, and, well, you know
how, 'cause Todd'll be right here to
keep you looking fine when the sun is a tired to
your head. May, just the other day he said to me
that he noticed you passed a tree around like gold,
and he tried you.
Yes, you'll be taken good care of, and you'll
take right good care of Todd's flowers, and
you'll take care of his sheep and his Todd.

I wonder if other people know just how much a fence
 is worth with all the things you've to do,
 the things you've to tend to and look after
 'Course I don't suppose that you're alive like the
 rest of us here, but I don't know
 I imagine you feel that grass tickle you in the wind
 and you don't like too much snow on you,
 but you do look right nice when the snow's set in
 - yeah, kinda like a picture frame for winter,
 that's what you are! And I think you kinda laugh when
 a small boy talks to you, even though you don't answer
 back. 'Cause you notice the things around you and
 you run along the meadow and wind through the
 fields, and you do your job right,
 And you know, I'm pretty sure you like it here.
 You know how I know?
 'Cause just before the sun goes down
 I get a feeling you smile the same as I.

Years Passed

You see that boy out there, Todd?
 Well, don't you ever forget it,
 'Cause that's where the good Lord lives,
 yeah, that's His home, all right,
 and you can't forget where His lives,
 not to get along right, you can't.
 You're my boy, Todd
 and my dream and my hopes
 and all the things I couldn't do.
 You've got to plant the seeds that I
 couldn't grow and follow the furrows that
 I couldn't plow.

Our fire's always been warm fire
 and before me, I've seen some mighty
 cold fires in some cold
 and homes.
 But the warmth's still here
 and you've got to take some of it with you.
 You'll be warm, now even
 you'll be comforted for your land and
 your own fires
 your own ease of the day
 And I'm not your dad,
 but I know you've got to
 'Cause a man's to find his own
 home.
 And Todd . . . when you write your
 home don't forget me too.
 Make it warm and don't leave for it,
 come to where we live out in the wind
 from your first snow and
 the love in your heart to warm to
 the fire . . . or alive or the grass
 or soldiers in the sky when they set out
 - that's the way all do.

You work hard, Todd
Don't be afraid of hard toil
or puttin' your all into fixin' a fence,
'cause a fence is a mighty important
person to have around.

And boy, don't be afraid to try
any mountain, 'cause God only put 'em there
for man to climb.
You get to the top, Todd,
and you look around you. And
don't let it slip your mind
to nigh at the beauty you see.

And don't let it get to your head
that you're all grown
'cause we men never stop growin'.
We're like the grass —
We grow greener every year, and
in a few new places, too.

Now Todd, you'll be findin'
you a woman pretty soon,
and that's good, for you see,
a man was meant to share his
life and his land and his home.

A woman — well, she was meant to
share all these with a man and to
help him — to share the work with him,
and to hold his freed hands.

A woman's a good thing,
don't care what the papers yell
about women bein' the downfall
of man, 'cause if it hadn't been a woman,
it'd been somethin' else.
Me an' a woman's somethin'
you need, Todd, and you make sure
you find the right kind.
There's as many kinds of women as
there are kinds of stars. And like
the stars, they all look good when
they're far away from you and there's a yellow
moon shinin' you in the face. But some
of 'em aren't good, like the ones —
oh well, you know what I mean. You
been into town before. Just pick a good
woman, Todd — a fine woman who'll be
near to you all the time. That's important, Todd —
bein' near.

Well, it's gettin' late, Todd.
You start seein' stars through the trees
out there and the moon's wakin' up.
Gettin' a bit chilly out here.
Gonna well be gone home now
gon' to where the fire's waitin'.

You've been a good son to me, Todd —
why what's that in your eye, boy?
Yes, now you've been a fine boy.
But now you're a freeman! And you know, Todd,
I'm right proud of you.

"Lord, She's Taken Ill, Lord"

Lord, she's taken ill,
She's taken ill, Lord,
and the fever's gone in her
body, and she's dyin' in the
night.
And I'm to get her water,
and water for her face.
Oh, sweet Annie,
come close, don't go
hangin' out clothes for your
fevered head! Oh, Lord,
she's taken ill.

Hear the fire roarin', Annie!
I got a fire glow' and the flames
are warmin' them for your sight.
And here's some stew, some rich,
warm stew. Come drink it down —
I'll hold the spoon.

Oh, the way you've kin' (here,
so pretty, so soft like on August peech)
like when we first came here in winter,
and I carried you through the old door (here)
Annie, remember? Remember Annie?
And the fire was lit,
come in warm. And the sun was gold
a the blue sky. Remember?

Lord, she's taken ill,
and I'm too much for growin'
and I'm sick's taken ill
and I hope right for her
and me for me and Todd —
And, Lord, don't let her still take ill.

Oh, Annie, she's been worth
with you
Still a lot more years (whether
Down in the meadow and the higher we can
with waltz the stars and the moon and the
gal' stars and the sweet, sweet. Oh, you
sweet, sweet with the old moon
and the higher, and — and Todd,
and "two more" soon and well at
to together, stand off be at home,
our home —
our waltz, and the old moon and
remember and love —
our love.

We'll all be at dinner soon, and —
Annie, your hands
are cold against my
cheek. Annie
come drink this stew
I made for you. It's
warm, and — Annie

Lord, she's taken ill, Lord
Lord,
she's taken,
Lord

I'm Goin' Home

These things have got to come and somehow I'd like
The grass is breaking and the air — it's doing
The ring here somehow doesn't do nothing
and the stars aren't as good
The times — well, they keep askin' for you
And the trees sway back and forth
Some grass is green, but should be green
like that mountain out there
And the cold old wind that keeps me in to slide into
the window cracks is kind of bad
Few small birds left — (maybe a dove, I guess)
and there's a heavy heart here 'cause
it's all alone
It's quiet now.

The world's should be quiet and better
and the stars are beginnin' to sparkle a bit and they're silent —
They think I don't pay heed to them
but I do — I wait right back
till they go'n' come to notice.

The leaves are still stuck in the trees,
and I don't reckon never'll fall
No, they'll hang on a while longer
Strange feelin' in the air
right chilly out here.

The world's a right strange
ball of mud you know —

What's when my conscience will no use —
makes a good wall of ground.

Evenin' sure isn't any younger

No, it's gettin' older — like all else,
and the sun's a bit weaker
and the birds in my woods are gettin' older.

Spies I should go make,
but then again,
maybe I'll misinterpret, if I do
Let me see —

Let me see, tonight

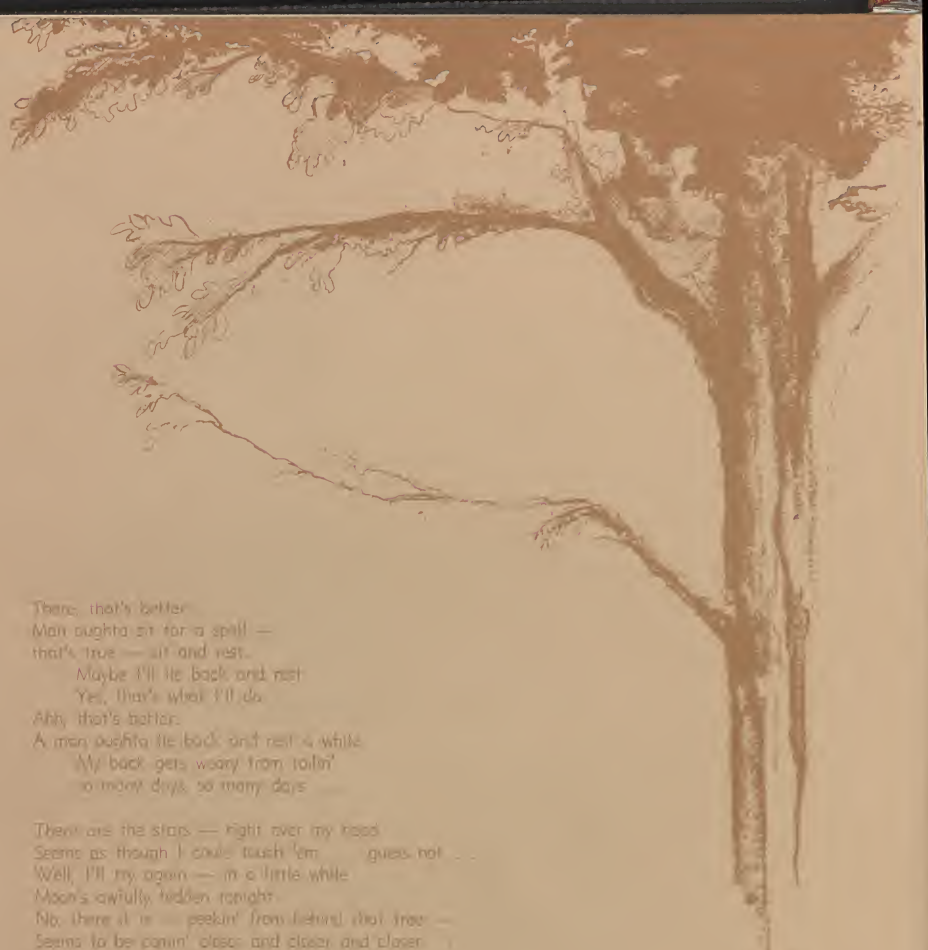
Well, I just sighed

Down here, that a lot lately

Can't know why, guess it's 'cause
the rain's comin' down

Gettin' them at the ground outside, like the birds
but my mind's not far away.

Water of down.



There, that's better.
Man oughta sit for a spell —
that's true — sit and rest.
Maybe I'll lie back and rest
Yes, that's what I'll do.
Ah, that's better.
A man oughta lie back and rest a while.
My back gets weary from tootin'
so many days, so many days.

There are the stars — right over my head.
Seems as though I could touch 'em — guess not —
Well, I'll try again — in a little while.
Moon's awfully hidden tonight.
No, there it is — peekin' from behind that tree —
Seems to be comin' closer and closer and closer.
My, that's a sight pretty near,
and the stars — they're winkin' back at me now.
Yes, they're tellin' me somethin' —
can't make it out as yet, but

Oh, Annie, how you oughta see 'em,
I've got 'em in my hands,
they're takin' me up with 'em,
and there's a bright light.
Annie, you oughta see this bright light.
And the stars are so pretty,
Annie, you oughta see 'em,
they're in my hands,
and they're sayin' somethin' now.
Yes — yes, I'll do that. I'll do that now.
Annie, I'm glad now. I'm glad now, Annie.

Wait on me stars, wait on me
I'm goun' home with you.

— Ted E. Roushy



THE RULES OF WAKE FOREST:

Current Hypocrisy and the Challenge of Change

by Brooks Stillwell

One of the first things a freshman realizes about Wake Forest is that it is a community with many, many rules. There are academic rules on how many times you may miss class; social rules on when, where, and with whom you may party; dormitory rules on what you may not consume within the solemn, gray-blocked walls; and automobile rules on whether or not you may have a car and where you may park it. For the coed there are all sorts of other instructions, which, fortunately for the eyesore male, are given a publication all of their own. They tell innocent young girls when they may enter and leave their dormitories, where they may go when they escape, and what might happen if they go elsewhere. No one is ever permitted to forget that Wake Forest has rules.

The problems which perennially divide students, faculty members, and administrators into separate camps of warring interests are often concerned with these rules and their enforcement. This problem exists because the statutes are unpopular and usually unenforced. The time has come therefore, for a realistic assessment of why the rules exist, where they need revision, and how the changes can best be peacefully made.

The most unpopular rules at Wake Forest are grounded in an ancient set of superstitions which can be called the "Baptist morality."^{*} These rules are unpopular with many people because their basis has been rejected by a large majority of modern students as unhealthy and unworkable. The Baptist morality holds that the Church is the only correct interpreter of the

ethical standards of its members. It holds that children (particularly girls) should be protected from the evils of the real world through an elaborate system of external restraints and internal superstitions which are imprinted in their character at a very early age. It holds that these standards are correct not only for themselves, but for everyone. Finally, it pursues this belief by imposing its moral standards, when possible, upon the whole community.

In their zealous complexity, the Baptist moral standards rival those of the early Jews. In addition to the often forgotten Golden Rule, fundamentalist Baptists know that to "be saved" they must refrain from gambling, smoking, drinking, dancing, and other "sinful" and earthly habits. Some writer once described the Baptist morality perfectly when he had a chorus of his female characters sing, "We don't smoke, and we don't chew, and we don't go with the guys who do." On these girls, the indoctrination seems to have worked quite well.

Fortunately, Wake Forest is no longer made up exclusively of rural North Carolina Baptists, and many of its sons from those sections of the state no longer profess the aged dogmas. Wake Forest is now striving to become a great national university, and those traditions of the past which discredit the concept of higher education must be abandoned. The rules of the "Baptist morality" are traditions of this type.

Some rules, of course, are necessary in any community; and a call for revision of outdated statutes is not a call for anarchy. Therefore, it is important to define specifically which rules are considered archaic. In my opinion, the following rules fit into that category: the prohibitions on dancing and drinking, the chaperone requirements for parties, the prohibition of automobile use for those students in academic trouble, and the large body of "thou shalt not" women's rules, principally the blanket prohibition against visiting men's apartments.

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^{*} In referring to the "Baptist morality" I do not, of course, mean that all Baptists hold these views. I am referring to the normal conception of rural North Carolinian fundamentalist beliefs.

The existence of these rules has many negative effects on the University, some of which can be linked to public relations. In the first place, the rules (particularly that against dancing) tie Wake Forest to the rural Baptist establishment, which is notoriously anti-intellectual. Because of this tie, the University cannot avoid recurrent condemnation for being a center of reactionism, in spite of its tradition of academic excellence. Any attempt to determine how much money and how many potential students go elsewhere because of the rules is, of course, only hypothetical. However, it is hard to contradict the charge that their existence here makes a good selling point for our competitors: Duke, Emory, and Davidson.

The rules also have an adverse effect on students and faculty members. A short conversation with leaders of the MRC or the College Union could convince almost anyone that social life on the campus is totally inadequate,

and that the dancing and chaperone rules contribute immeasurably to the problem. In addition, faculty members are placed in the compromising position of having to sign a statement that the parties which they so tolerantly attend are "within the bounds of good taste and in general conformity with the college rules and regulations."

When the rules are applied in our present system, moral dilemmas are created for both the defendant and the enforcer. The members of the Judicial Board and the WGA are placed in a most unenviable position by the existence of unpopular statutes. On the one hand, they are obligated, by the terms of the authority granted to them by the administration, to enforce the written rules of the University. These students are not only the judges; they are also the jury.

In any political system, the "jury of peers" has the purpose of keeping the interpretation of law somewhere within the boundaries of the popular will. Thus, it would be difficult to convict a man of treason for having unpopular political views just because he had broken a law made by the state. His guilt would depend not only on what the law said, but also on whether the jury felt the government had the right to make the law.

In the political system of a college, the student has no part in making the rules which govern his conduct. Thus, the "jury" serves as the student's only protection from a seemingly hostile administration. (This, of course, places a great burden upon the administration to govern justly. But as history has shown, aristocracy is not always the best method for protecting individual rights.)

The administration, therefore, cannot really expect its student enforcement bodies to agree with or adequately enforce its rules. The students are being asked, in effect, to prosecute their peers for conduct which is not considered either abnormal or harmful to the community. The administration expects not only its own members, but also the leaders of the student body to be hypocrites.

The last victim of the rules is the unfortunate student who is prosecuted for infractions. His moral position is perhaps even worse than that of his judges, since he is asked to plead innocent or guilty to violating a rule which he feels is unjust. He can either plead guilty and face the inevitable consequences, while maintaining a "clean" conscience; or he can lie, thus committing his first real "sin," in which case a sympathetic jury might refuse to convict him. The system thus gives the lying defendant a break, and punishes the student who is noble (or scared) enough to admit his infractions of the rules.

The real problem with the rules of Wake Forest is this: If anyone knows that they are unfair, and almost everyone wants to change them, why haven't they been changed? There are two possible answers.

In the first place, student leaders have not pushed



the issue in the past because of Baptist convention politics. What would be the purpose of trying to repeal the unenforced drinking rule, they reasoned, when such important measures as the trustee proposal and federal aid were being debated. (And, they were reminded, the Baptists have given us money — that great carrot-on-a-stick — in return for a few lines in the student handbook). Why should students cause a bitter renunciation of Wake Forest over a relatively unimportant rule?

Two events changed the outlook of the student body. First, the Baptists rejected the mild proposals of the administration to bring Wake Forest closer to "university status." This alienated a large block of leaders who favored Baptist ties as long as these ties did not adversely affect the College. Most activism remained latent, however, because students still trusted President Tribble to lead the anti-fundamentalist forces toward a national influence for the College, with or without formal religious affiliation.

Unfortunately for the Baptists, Tribble lost the trust of the student body in the spring of 1966. In a bitter speech over a relatively minor issue, the President blasted the efforts of the student government to block an expansion of Saturday classes. Tribble called the students irresponsible and derided their "blatant" activism. He then made the fatal mistake of suggesting that anyone who did not like the way things were at Wake Forest was welcome to go elsewhere.

The speech was a direct slap at the student leaders who had urged restraint when the trustee issue was being discussed, and it seemed to link the President to the defense of the status quo. Understandably, it came as a shock. Students hissed during the speech; OLD GOLD AND BLACK columnists called for Tribble's resignation; and young professors condemned the President from the untouchable confines of their classrooms. The Baptists had lost their last important link with Wake Forest students.

Thus, this first reason for not changing the rules is the excuse of the past. Students no longer worry about the effect a particular action will have upon the Baptist conservatives. The ultimate aim of the University must be the search for truth and not the perpetuation of dogma. To a university striving for national prominence, the shriveling carrot of Baptist rewards is no longer worth the price of "blatant" obstructionism.

The second reason for not changing the rules is that the administration has effectively blocked reasonable attempts to air student views. When Dr. Tribble spoke of his "family," one tended to laugh off the terminology as one of his more familiar idiosyncracies. The truth is that he was perfectly serious in using this description of how a college should be run.

Like a family, the Wake Forest bureaucracy has very few written rules of procedure. The functions of the deans, the treasurer, the faculty committees, and the



ever-present chaplain are intermingled in a bewildering array of unintelligible and overlapping powers. The decisions of the administration are not made by legalistic votes in designated committees, nor are they made within the walls of any dean's office. They are made by influence and consensus. In such an atmosphere, it is no wonder that most students gave up trying to influence administrative policy. No one, even faculty members and deans, knew who could make a decision.

One outstanding case of undirected decision-making involved an open space on the plaza now occupied by the book store's sundry shop. The space was desperately needed by the MRC and the College Union, both of whom were trying to solve the problem of finding a common meeting ground for students outside of the classroom. Leaders of these organizations channeled their

requests through faculty committees on buildings and grounds and student affairs, seemingly the legal "access points" for airing student views. After the decision had been made somewhere in Reynolda Hall, it was announced by the Treasurer's office that the book store needed the space and would have it. Not only did no one know who made the decision, but no one knew who should have made it.

Several other examples of this "family" type of administrative decision-making concern the faculty. The by-laws of the faculty were written when there was a very small number of men involved; they could actually govern the campus in a "committee of the whole." The former President allowed this system to continue as the faculty grew, with the result that faculty meetings became unwieldy circuses, completely uncondusive to any type of constructive work.

Unfortunately, it is doubtful that the faculty has any power, even when it does manage to reach a decision with its outmoded machinery. After studying for at least two years the problems involved in perpetuating Saturday classes, the faculty adopted the Johnson Committee's plan for a three-year trial period without Saturday classes. They were then overruled by the trustees, allegedly on the report of Dr. Tribble that the problem had not been thoroughly studied.

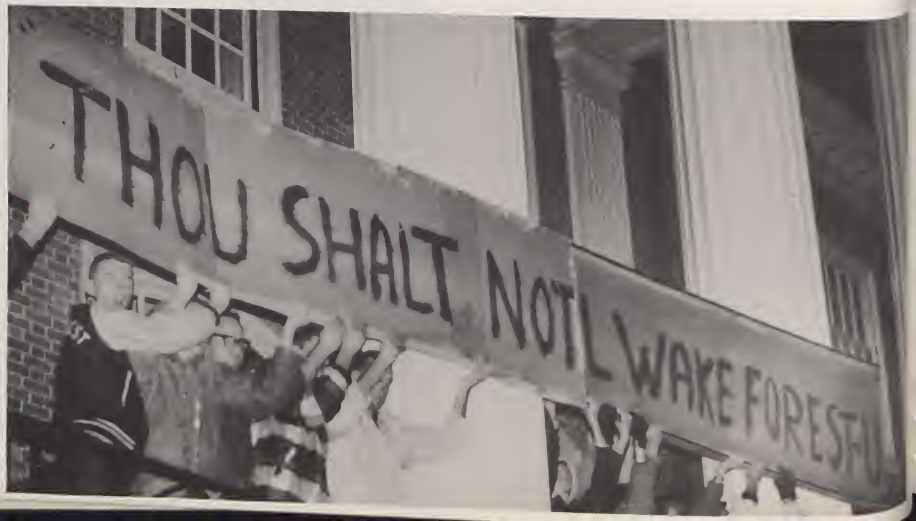
The disadvantages of the present "family" system are obvious. First, it stifles initiative among the faculty and the student body. This not only discourages leaders from making constructive suggestions, but, as several faculty members have remarked upon leaving Wake Forest, a general climate of apathy is created which is not conducive to learning. Secondly, it allows personal preferences and dislikes to influence the formulation and administration of official University policy. Although students can point to the book store case as a perfect

example of this type of discrimination, faculty members probably have a more disturbing complaint. Their salaries and promotions can depend to a considerable extent upon how much influence they have in the administration. Finally, the atmosphere of consensus surrounding University policy prevents strong and able leaders from coming to Wake Forest, or it drives them away when they get here. No administrator or faculty leader (unless, as is often the case, he is eternally loyal to Wake Forest) is going to stay at a school where conformity is stressed above intelligence and initiative.

In spite of all their shortcomings, students could probably tolerate the perpetuation of the unenforced rules if they could accept the hypocrisy which their existence brings to the campus. In an atmosphere of academic excellence, however, students and faculty members are not going to blindly accept a concept of rule-making which is not only out-dated, but also anti-intellectual.

Students can no longer accept the inherent contradiction in the dictums that one makes the dean's list entirely on his own accord, but he flunks out only after having being punished by the administration (with the loss of his car) in order to force him to study harder. They can no longer accept the philosophy that while students should be treated as responsible adults in the classroom, they should be restricted as children in their living habits. Students can no longer stand to see their new University existing in a climate of blatant hypocrisy.

By rejecting our neurotic concern with what the Baptists will think, by restructuring the administration and the faculty, and by repealing or revising our outmoded conduct rules, Wake Forest University can find its place within the progressive tradition of the great national universities of America.



THE HIPPIES

What Do They Tell Us?

What Shall We Do?

We Shall Listen

by David Riffe

A. C. Germann, a professor at California State College, recently said, "Some of the hippies and flower children seem to have a value system more in keeping with the mind of Hillel or Christ than with the mind of Madison Avenue, and the aura of a love-in or be-in may reflect more charity and good will than is to be found in the temples and parishes of our cities. There is appeal in the simple, childlike, open, direct, and idealistic personalities of some hippies and flower children. The problem is how to actualize their potentialities for positive, productive and useful lives without destroying personal integrity and valid values."

Mr. Germann does grant more than many of us would: the hippies do have personal integrity and valid values. But I detect a note of pathos in his last sentence. He seems to be implicitly saying that many of us have at one point in our lives been non-conformists who felt we should protect some injustice in society. But as we moved through these years we fell into the pattern of American middle class values along with everyone else. And, perhaps in doing so, we lost some of our integrity and valid values.

Who are these hippies we hear so much about? Our

popular magazines and television are exploring this sub-culture in our midst. What are they finding out? Are the hippies really saying something that is closer to the mind of Christ than to the world of Madison Avenue?

Four aspects of the hippie world clamor for discussion when this question is posed: they are dropouts from society; they have a simplistic approach to life; they engage in communal living; and they take drugs.

The hippies have rejected our traditional American middle-class approach to a meaningful life. They find no value in our usual approach to success. The Protestant work-ethics, which demands that a person work if he is to live in society, is so much hogwash for the hippie.

The technological revolution is also bringing into question the Protestant work-ethic. Dr. William B. Boyd, Vice-Chancellor of Student Affairs at the University of California, Berkeley, said the hippies "represent a kind of laboratory from which we may discover secrets that will help us cope with a world in which the quality of human relationships will be more important than our absorbing jobs."

Dr. Harvey Cox, in a recent article in "Commonweal," echoes the feeling of Dr. Boyd. Cox says to one of the hippies: "Maybe you and your shocking friends are reminding us of something about Christianity we'd almost forgotten, the rhythm of dropping out, listening and then dropping back in. I confess I still perversely

Rev. David Riffe is the director of the Wesley Foundation at Winston-Salem and is chaplain to the Methodist students at Wake Forest.

hope you and most of the hippies will drop back in someday. Maybe this elemental oscillation between withdrawal and action is something we all need much more than we are willing to admit."¹

It is important to note Cox's agreement to the need to drop out and take perspective. The Church has recognized this need through its emphasis on worship and its building of monasteries. But both the Church and the hippies need to hear Cox's plea to drop back in on the world. One clear problem with both the hippie and the Church is that each sees the world as essentially evil. If there is something wrong with the world and with society as we know it, then we can change it — not by turning our backs on it — but by becoming a part of it.

We can learn from the hippie that his rejection of the world is essentially no different from our rejection of it. Both of us have a responsibility to the world.

What is a love-in? This is a gathering of hippies for the exchange of flowers and the expression of mutual good will to each other. According to Will Herberg, "Love, for them, is an orgasmic feeling in which they wallow in self-indulgence."²

This concern for love is an example of their simplistic approach to life. They have rejected our complex world and have accepted a world free from care — free from concern about the needs of the day.

Again, we can see a parallel in the Church of today. The sermons most people like to hear are those which clearly delineate good and evil. We do not want the burden of deciding in our own situation the proper course of action. This is exactly the situation with the hippie who refuses to make decisions.

We could wish that life were simple, but it isn't. Questions about Vietnam, riots in our cities, how best to educate our children — these are not simple but complex. They are not solved by simply turning our backs on them, pretending they do not exist.

The hippies engage in communal living. "They will share food, clothing, shelter and beds — especially beds — in a way that undercuts the society's preoccupation with property rights."³ Within their own community they show a genuine concern for each other.

This is a clearer demonstration of love than we find in the "love-in."

Again, we find a similarity with the Church. The Church is often more concerned with caring for its own needs than it is with the world. We in the Church are more concerned with building up the Church than we are with trying to discover what it really means to be the Church.

However, perhaps this aspect of communal living and the sharing of basic necessities says something important to society. Perhaps it is saying that this is the real place where we have failed. We have the abundance to clothe and feed everyone in the United States but somehow we cannot seem to figure out a way to do it. Perhaps the hippies are saying something that we should hear.

The hippies smoke pot (marijuana) and take LSD. They "turn on" through the use of these drugs. Perhaps before we condemn too quickly we should take inventory of those things that "turn us on." "Aspirin, tranquilizers, pep pills, Sneeze, No Doz? That's our trip kit. There are Martinis, Rob Roys and double bourbons. Some careless people assert that we over thirtys imbibed this stuff to relax, to lower our inhibitions, to help us enjoy a party, a conversation, even a conference; i.e., to induce certain states of consciousness. But we don't of course. We drink only because we're thirsty, baby, only because we're thirsty."⁴

Medical science is raising serious questions about the long-range effects on the brain of even one small dose of LSD. So, here again, the question is raised as to the responsibility to society the hippie has in his use of LSD.

What do the hippies tell us? They are saying that they do not find life — as most of us know it — very satisfying or meaningful. Our middle class virtues and values are not important. Because of this they have dropped out of society.

What shall we do? We shall listen to their protest. We shall examine our own values and see if there is not some truth to their implicit protests. And then we shall try to develop a life-style which demands an engagement with the world but allows for periods of meditation and contemplation.

¹"Commonweal," April 21, 1967, p. 149.

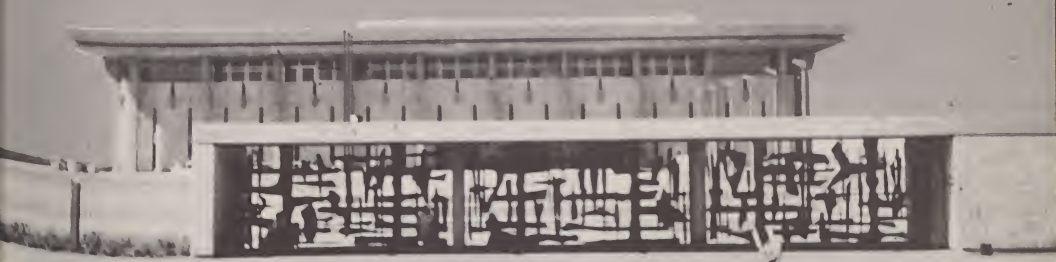
²"National Review," August 8, 1967, p. 846.

³Harvey Cox in "Commonweal," April 21, 1967, p. 147.

⁴"Ibid.," p. 148.

Impressions of Israel

by Carol Bowen



EDITOR'S NOTE: For twenty-three days in July and August, Carol Bowen joined the swarm of tourists crowding the streets of Europe and Palestine. In an amazing twelve days, her party of thirty-one people raced through five European capitals on their way to the "Holy Lands." Fortunately, they had time to travel for ten days in Israel, and during the busy days spent there, Carol was able to see a major portion of the country. And so to the great number of opinions about Israel currently being bandied about, she adds these few impressions from a tourist's point of view.

From our first minutes in the Tel Aviv airport, Israel began to convey an image of efficiency. As disembarking passengers, we were herded toward the little wooden booths where the customs men inspected passports, health certificates, and a few selected suitcases. Their courtesy and expediency certainly was a welcomed change from the ordeal of U. S. customs.

As we rode later through the mountains around Jerusalem, we saw many signs of progress — a new road, out-lying areas with electricity, and miles and miles of

hills replanted with pines. Since I had heard so much publicity in the States about the planting of memorial trees, I was especially interested in these pines, which have been set out to rebuild and conserve the topsoil on the hills. Part of the ultimate goal of the tree-planting movement was seen in the hills northeast of Jerusalem. After hours of hot riding through hills covered with scant, scrubby vegetation, we saw several mountains covered with trees. Looking at that green patch against the horizon, we could see what the countryside had once been and can be again. The Israelis told us that their country had already spent two hundred fifty million dollars on this project. As we watched the few conspicuously green hills disappear in the distance, it was easy for us to understand that the work of the last twenty years is just a fraction of the gigantic task which lies ahead for the determined Israelis.

Intermixed with signs of progress was evidence of the recent fighting. Although most of the debris had been cleared, bullet holes still could be seen in our hotel windows and in the walls of buildings along the street. All evidence, however, was not of destruction. It was

Carol Bowen, an English major interested in psychology, is a junior from Greensboro, North Carolina.

a thrilling experience for my father, who had travelled in past years from old Jordanian Jerusalem to new Israeli Jerusalem through the heavily guarded Mandelbaum Gate, to see a bus pass unhindered from one side of the city to the other. We also found that the area in front of the much-publicized Wailing Wall — which four months ago had been crowded with Arab huts — was now cleared for a proposed park. The Wall, one of Judaism's most sacred spots, was thronged with tourists and worshippers. Here and there we saw Jews swaying back and forth as they read from their prayer books, occasionally reaching out to touch the ancient structure which is said to have been a part of the Wall of the Second Temple. Excavations are being planned to uncover buried parts of the Wall possibly dating back to the age of Solomon. As we approached the Wall we could see tiny rolls of paper on which prayers had been written, plastering the cracks between the massive stones.

As we left the Wall to see the rest of the territory which had belonged to Jordan "before the sixth of June," we had little trouble recognizing the seething hard feelings between the Israelis, who point with pride to their

many accomplishments, and the Jordanians, who point with resentment to their homes which were confiscated in 1948. While we were in Old Jerusalem we visited the home of some Arab friends who live on the Mount of Olives. As I learned of their hardship during the fighting and saw through their eyes some of the recent changes in Jerusalem, the Palestinian dilemma became more difficult for me to understand — especially when I realized that neither side was attempting to present a true picture of what had happened. Here are several examples of the two-sided stories I heard. On one hand, our Israeli guide explained that Arab refugees abandoned the refugee camps and followed their retreating armies, having been granted permission to return. On the other hand, the Arab view was that the refugees had been driven out and were not being allowed to return. We were told that the Israeli policy of war was to fire on specific buildings while trying to avoid injuring the civilian population. However, our Arab friends said that Israeli tanks fired needlessly among the residences on their street, killing seventeen people. The Israeli claim that they paid for the Arab land taken in 1948; the Arabs maintain that they never received compensation.

The Wailing Wall in Jerusalem





Cupola Roof of the Museum of Israel

sation. With all these differences, the truth probably lies somewhere between the two poles of prejudice.

In the home of one Arab family, we learned the Jordanian attitude concerning the United States and President Johnson when we were asked, "Why did the United States help Israel? Isn't Johnson's wife a Jew?" Such hatred — which poisoned their thinking so much that Lady Bird became to them a Jewess — caused the Arab shopowners in the markets to go on strike in the midst of tremendous prosperity. The great profits reaped from sales to Israeli visitors were not significant enough to mitigate the Arabs' hatred of their neighbors. (Personally, however, I found the Arab community directly hit by the June war to be a very warm and generous people, who have not accepted the manners and mini-skirts of the West as the Israelis have, and who find intolerable the pressures and disruptions brought upon them by the upstart foreign nation on their soil.)

After the tension in Old Jerusalem, the modern Israeli institutions in the New City presented a refreshing change. The Hebrew University is housed in a sprawling community of modern concrete buildings, and is now open to both Israeli and Arab young people who pass

a stiff entrance exam. Within sight of the University are the new legislative building and the ultra-modern Museum of Israel, which contains the Dead Sea Scrolls. Striving to give visitors the impression of the caves in which the Scrolls were found, the architect built into the descending passageway leading to the Scrolls numerous low, irregularly shaped entrances. In addition, the roof of the exhibition room is a white concrete cupola resembling the top of the jars in which the Scrolls were found.

In New Jerusalem we also visited the Child Center, built from funds provided by a European Jewish Women's Organization in order to solve several pressing problems. First, the Center provides an orphanage for homeless children while foster homes are being found for them. Second, there is a hospital for sick and convalescing children. Third, for the children of working mothers there is a day nursery, which provides playmates for the children who live at the Center. Fourth, a training program is offered for pediatric nurses and midwives, who in exchange for their training serve in this center or in one of the others being set up throughout the country. For the many refugees who come to Israel without

means, the training program is a practical solution to the need for inexpensive vocational schools. Equally important, the children in the Center receive adequate care from trained personnel.

The need to care for the masses of refugees has given rise to another institution, the Kibbutz camp, which now involves about ten percent of the total population of Israel. In 1909, a woman and seven men settled in a swampy area on the shore of the Sea of Galilee to farm communally, using all profit to develop their farm. Today the woman is still living at the Kibbutz of Degania, which has come to be called "The Mother of Cooperative Villages." In contrast to the dry, unirrigated land which had become a familiar sight to us, the Kibbutz was covered with gardens, orchards, and beautiful green grass, a noteworthy sight in that part of the world. The many buildings in the camp were large and well-built — especially the new air-conditioned cafeteria, which could compete with any college cafeteria.

The principles of Kibbutz living are simple enough. Anyone who wishes to may enter the camp for a year. He must enter without possessions and receive provisions

equal to those of every other member of the camp. If at the end of the year the person is satisfied with the Kibbutz and the Kibbutz with him, he may stay as long as he wants. When a person decides to leave the camp permanently, however, he must leave penniless.

Unmarried Kibbutz members live in dormitories and are divided according to age; in other words, from birth children live apart from their parents. But when each working day ends at 4:00 p.m., families have three hours together until meals are served at 7:00. Family groups have half a day on Saturday together and all day on Sunday.

A large Kibbutz camp (the membership at Degania is about 2,000) provides a school for its children within the camp grounds, while small camps consolidate to build schools. When young people are drafted, they are given spending money while they are away from the Kibbutz. A couple desiring an apartment applies to the Kibbutz and receives a simply-furnished, two-room apartment. Members receive yearly a two weeks vacation and spending money.

The Legislative Building





A Kibbutz-House at Degania

The clothes worn by members of a Kibbutz seem to be fairly standard — shorts, shirts, sandals, and cloth hats that can be folded up when not being used to prevent heat stroke. Although each person receives a clothing allowance of \$300 per year, the clothes he buys must survive a year of hard field work, regardless of the latest fashions from Tel Aviv.

Every member of the camp is given work to do. (Consequently, juvenile delinquency is virtually eliminated.) Three college-aged Parisians, working their way through Palestine, told us that they could not work in a Kibbutz more than three days in succession because of the exhausting labor. In order to evade the unbearable noonday heat, the workers begin their day at 3:00 a.m. For the five men elected yearly as managers of the camp, managerial duties begin after they complete their day's tasks.

Not all of Israel's Kibbutz are as beautiful and comfortable as the one at Degania. We saw one on the Dead Sea which had existed for twenty years in heat which sometimes reaches 155 degrees. But this forsaken camp, like many others, served not only as an economic

boost to the country, but also as a military precaution in a very strategic location.

The spirit of the Kibbutz symbolizes the zeal of a nation which is working against terrific odds in a climate which caused one member of our group to wonder, "What have I done to deserve to live in the United States?" If it is possible for a nation to prove itself, it would seem that Israel is proving that it deserves the right to exist in the Middle East.

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DECEMBER, 1967 • Vol. 81 No. 2

FEATURES

- John Robertson 4 A Demonstration Day Chronology and Comment
Warren Carr 12 Meditations at the Grave of
"In Loco Parentis"
Bob Horton 26 Prescription for WFDD'S Growing Pains

FICTION

- Tom Collins 28 The Obituary

POETRY

- Edward Myers 16 A Winter's Night Meeting
Dan W. Gaddy 19 I Wish
Dan W. Gaddy 20 Days of Dark Corners
Daphne S. Carter 22 A New Day
Robert Peel Finn 24 A September Settling
Robert Peel Finn 24 The Gift

ESSAY

- Edward Myers 17 The Warmth That Was Not the Wine

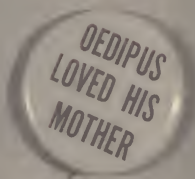
SATIRE

- George Drinkwater 10 The Virtuous Society



Symbol of the
Pentagon
Peace March

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Dissent and the University

Vietnam, that seemingly forever present punji-stake in the President's side, is an issue which, at least most audibly, concerns the masses more than the Government. Bulletin boards and bathroom walls are covered with pro-war and anti-war, hawk and dove slogans. We daily search the newspapers for the latest totals of Viet Cong killed and the newest military objectives which were bombed or for the latest lists of American casualties and the number of American planes destroyed.

Dissent is a watch-word on many of today's university campuses and the dissent has shifted focus from Negro civil liberties to U. S. involvement in Vietnam. That the war and the President's policies concerning the war are unpopular verges on understatement. They are unpopular because no one has been able to "sell" the war to the American people. The only real opportunity to arouse the fighting spirit of Americans, the Gulf of Tonquin confrontation, was treated by the Government as an incident, not as an act of aggression. American soldiers are more often portrayed as protectors of the South Vietnamese people and government than as protectors of the United States.

But what right have we to vehemently criticize the President's policies, to condemn him as a blundering backwoodsman from the Texas ponderosa and even to depict him as we have on this month's cover? Many university students assume that it is their duty to protest the Vietnam war as much as it is their duty to defend motherhood and apple pie as American institutions (although it may be naive to assume that motherhood and apple pie remain American institutions). However, many students and community leaders have castigated their university's administration for not directly participating in Vietnam demonstrations or for indirectly supporting the Government. But, a university can do no more than passively submit to demonstrators among its students and faculty and to demonstrations on its grounds. In addition, it should be allowed to participate in research beneficial to the war effort. It should not be expected to present only a single viewpoint for then it will be accused of prejudice. A testament to this is the charges levied against Wake Forest after the seminar on the November riots in Winston-Salem. Also, the university will be accused of vacillation if it attempts to present and support all facets of an argument.

Thus, protestors and dissentors should not attempt to institutionalize their dissent, especially in an establishment as public in character as a university. Accompany the Negotiation Now Committee on its peace vigils in front of the Post Office. Join in the Pentagon peace marches. But, do not assert your presence as a representative of your university, for in spite of its "in loco parentis" protectionism, it cannot be responsible for your actions. If you need such protection, you have no right to protest anything.

—TCB



A Demonstration Day Chronology And Comment

by John Robertson

On a Friday in October I decided to go to Washington for a peace march on the Pentagon. Accompanied by a long-haired guy from Georgia, and apparently straight fellow from Pennsylvania and a thin, wide-eyed girl from Reynolds High School, I started out to slay the militaristic war mongers of the Pentagon. Really, my mission was only to see what was happening; to be a part of a demonstration in a role of minor significance.

The ride through North Carolina and into Virginia was a pleasant one. The trees were out in colors and the conversation matched the foliage in its gaiety. We all, however, had one common topic on our minds: possible violence at the demonstration. Since I am from Washington, I had received a steady barrage of timorous

John Robertson is a hip English major from a suburb of Washington, D. C.

news from my friends there about the vehemence displayed by early-arriving demonstrators. I had read in the newspapers about ugly threats and appeals for disturbance from angry hippies who had, according to the papers, infested our nation's capital. We were prepared, I guess, to be arrested, but we didn't cherish the prospect of spending six months in jail.

Our trip was marred by only one unfortunate incident. When we stopped at a gas station next to a little country store to get gas, beer, and boiled eggs, an old farmer followed us back out to the car. Turning to my friend with the long hair, he blurted out, "May I ask you a question?" "Sure," came the quick reply. "Are you a man or a woman?" "Well, what do you think?" my friend countered. Unprepared for such an exotic reply, the old farmer shrugged his shoulders, then turned and retreated into the store to harangue his friends about those horrible hippies.

I assured my friend when we got back on the road that when we got to Washington no one would bother him about his hair.

We were soon walking up and down the streets of Georgetown, just looking in the windows and at the people. We turned up Wisconsin Avenue to browse in some of the poster shops, but realized that it was eleven o'clock and time to head over to the Lincoln Memorial. As we walked down M Street, we quickly found that we were in a swarm of people. In front of us were groups of other kids, some shabbily dressed, others in coats and ties.

Soon we were next to the White House. All along the way we had seen a policeman at every corner—more policemen, I think, than there were at the Beatle concert at the Washington Armory. I guess when a group of long-hairs congregate, the police get excited. At the White House we saw that Johnson had barricaded himself behind an enclosure which surrounded the White House and extended out as far as the street. Of course there were contingents of D. C. police, National Guardsmen, and paratroopers (did they think we were going to attack from the air?) guarding the place. When I saw how Johnson was protecting himself, I thought of a song by a group called "Country Joe and the Fish." The song, entitled "Superbird," says, "Come on out, Lyndon, with your hands held high; drop your guns, baby, and reach for the sky; we got you surrounded and you ain't got a chance; send you back to Texas, make you work on your ranch." But it appeared that Johnson wasn't going anywhere just then.

Well, we had better things to do than worry about Lyndon Johnson. We soon crossed Independence Avenue and moved onto the grounds of the Lincoln Memorial. As we walked next to the reflecting pool facing the Memorial, an overwhelming panorama of beards, hair, placards, and colorful clothes came out to meet us in

warm Washington sun. The scene was as enticing to the ears as it was to the eyes. For a long time we had heard singing and when we finally got close to the official platform, we discovered Phil Ochs mournfully singing of the war in Vietnam. Everywhere we went people insisted on sticking newspapers, petitions, declarations, buttons, and posters in our hands. Several days before the March the government of Bolivia had announced the death of Che Guevarra. It seems that he was the special hero of many of the people at the March. Quite naturally, then, everywhere we went we saw posters of Che. I think his face remains in my memory more than any of the other faces I saw that day. But the March was not characterized at all by Che's virulent brand of rebellion. It was, for the most part, a very happy, carnival-like affair.

Upon reaching the monument, my friends and I just stood and looked for a while—not at the hippies, but at the middle-aged fathers with their wives and young children. We also looked at the abundance of matronly old ladies who kept coming up to ask directions to the meeting place of the Woman's Strike for Peace. I must say that if the visage of Che Guevarra stands out as the most memorable face, the fathers with their families, and the little old ladies wandering aimlessly all over the grounds, stand out as the most surprising shock of the March. Second only to the families and the little old ladies in shock value was the large contingent of Veterans March for Peace. Amid all the long-hairs was a group of men who looked much like the flag-waving Legionnaires I have come to look on as blood brothers of the John Birch Society. They were quiet men who seemed to know what was happening to our country and who looked wistfully at the young people and surely wished they would be spared.

We decided to look for a place to sit down, for the voice of Phil Ochs was no longer heard and a man named Dillinger had begun to speak. He told us that the March was costing a lot of money because at the Lincoln Memorial and on the parking lot adjacent to the Pentagon were two sound systems, each costing \$17,000. "Dig deep," he pleaded like a Baptist minister at titling time, "for the cause needs your support." Following Dillinger were Black Nationalists who cursed the war for drawing money from the poverty program, a minister who read Lyndon Johnson's campaign promises of 1964, and then Dr. Spock, that towering giant who is supposed to be able to understand what goes on inside baby's minds. Dr. Spock was not thinking of babies, but of traitors, and Lyndon Johnson, he said, was a traitor. "Not only is he a traitor, he is the enemy," he said.

I think my friends and I took all the speeches in the same manner as we took the abusive propaganda which was constantly being shoved into our hands—with a certain reservation that all these speeches and pamphlets

were similar to campaign oratory; interesting but exaggerated.

We knew we had a long walk to make in about a half hour, so we decided to take advantage of the holiday spirit and take a nap. The sun seemed to reflect from the white Memorial and to change the colors of the loud clothes the people wore into a merging mass of color. We lay there on the grass in front of the Memorial for awhile until we decided we must have a button. The official button of the March had a Pentagon drawn on it in black lines. Inside of the Pentagon drawn on the button was a dove.

Suddenly someone at the speaker's platform woke us with a loud announcement. "Make room everybody," barked the public address system, "one hundred twenty buses from New York have just pulled in." There was a wild ring of applause and many people began to dance around ecstatically and to predict that there would be at least one hundred thousand people at the March. I'm sure there were not one hundred thousand people there, but when the marchers began to assemble for the trek across Memorial Bridge into Virginia, it seemed as if there were two hundred thousand people.

The crowds began to congregate in the street to begin the March and we were a little puzzled as to what to do. Should we join in immediately or try to blend into the rear of the March in order to avoid the violence predicted by the papers? We decided to move around to the side of the Lincoln Memorial facing Arlington National Cemetery in Virginia and to join the March as it moved onto the bridge. Again we sat in the street, and later reclined on a grassy island in the middle of the street. We sat quietly, waiting for the march to begin. I looked around and saw a bearded fellow approach a group of people and then move on to address another small group. Finally he moved over to us, bent down, and pleadingly asked if we would trade him a joint for a dex. "Sorry, fella, but that's too dangerous for us." The subject of marijuana came up many times in the conversations of the marchers around us. Marijuana seemed to be instant elixir to some of the people who were there.

Finally the marchers assembled and approached us. At the head of the march, behind a banner which read something like "Let's support our G.I.'s; bring them home," Robert Lowell, Dr. Spock, and Norman Mailer led with arms interlocked. "Let's go," one of my friends urged, and so we jumped in, locked arms in imitation of those on the front line, and marched on.

Constantly hovering above us was a mass of helicopters, both military and commercial. You could spot the ones which were covering the March for newspapers and television: men were hanging out of them taking pictures as the helicopters jockeyed for position. Half way across the bridge everything halted and we were

told to sit down. A direct way to the Pentagon still had to be decided upon and we were to sit on the street in the middle of Memorial Bridge until the decision was made. Impatient to get to the Pentagon, many marchers jumped up and screamed: "Let's get going!" To placate us, someone read a poem about Vietnam. Soon everyone was up again as boisterous and happy as ever, giving obscene signs to the helicopters above or making victory signs with their fingers.

As we marched we could catch bits of conversations. "Man, I don't know what you want to go to Mexico for. We got it growing by the acres in Nebraska!" Many people seemed to be meeting friends from home who came for the March. We met no one from Wake Forest.

The journey over to the Pentagon was a stop-and-start type of affair with each delay an occasion for cries of revolution and more obscene gestures to the helicopters. At one point we passed under an overpass on which people pushed against each other to get a good look at the marchers. One fellow held high a sign which said, "No Viet Cong ever called me a nigger."

At last, we saw the Pentagon at the bottom of an incline, with soldiers surrounding it and cages standing by to house defiant demonstrators. We again sat down and waited and waited for the marchers to arrive. They kept coming until finally the second round of speeches had to begin without all having arrived.

Many of the same people who had addressed us at the Lincoln Memorial made speeches in the parking lot next to the Pentagon. An exception was Dick Gregory who addressed himself to Lyndon Johnson and said, "Wipe that barbeque sauce off your mouth, Lyndon, and come on down here, boy!"

Mr. Dillinger got up again and outlined the plan of action. "There are some of us," he counseled, "who are going to engage in acts of civil disobedience. Others may not choose to do so. Those who do choose may move down towards the fences in front of the Pentagon; those who don't may leave."

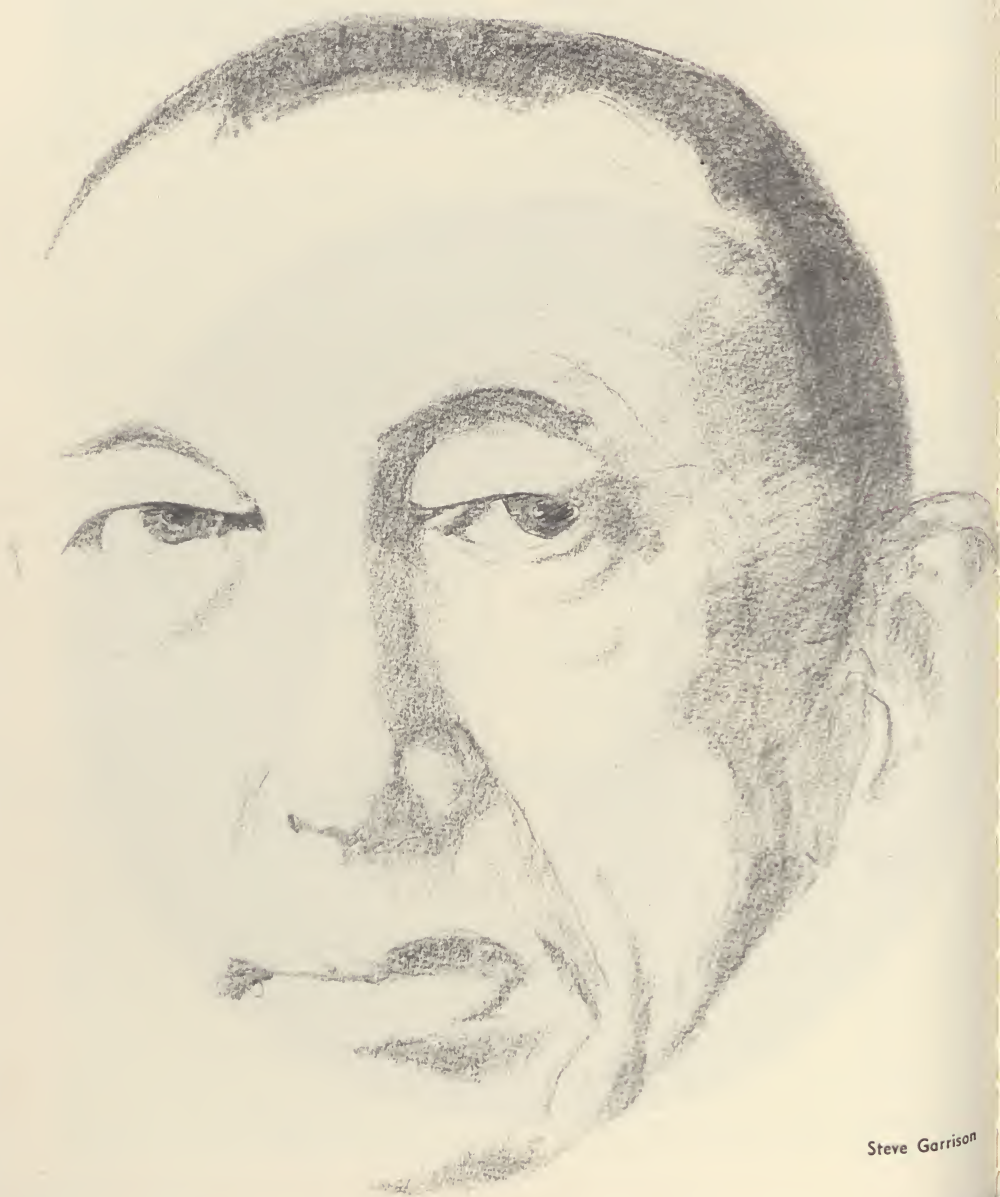
We left.

When we were resting afterwards, I was very interested to see how the newspapers reported the March. As I had suspected they played up the violence, edited out the scenes of peaceful demonstrators marching to protest the war in Vietnam, and deleted any comments on the balmy atmosphere which pervaded most of the March. The March was, as I saw it, a peaceful affair. People gathered in Washington from as far away as California to register their personal aversion to a war where the United States may be bogged down for decades. People gathered mainly to proclaim their opposition to the war, not to rush the barricades and do battle with the Eighty-second Airborne Division.

I admit there was violence, which to me marred the effect of the March. I protest, though, the accounts in the newspapers of only the violence. I think a story on the little old ladies looking for their Women's Strike for Peace delegation or the fathers with their wives and families, or the Veteran's March for Peace contingents would have a more sobering effect on the newspaper readers than stories of long-haired hippies yelling,

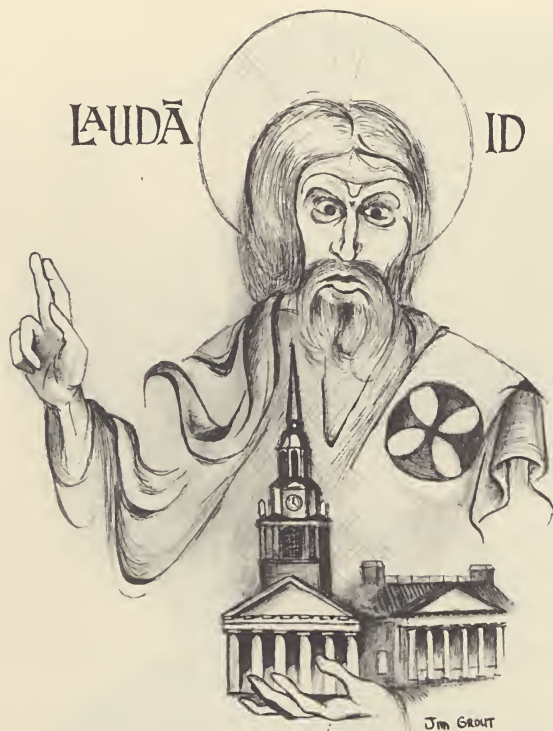
epithets at immovable paratroopers. What five thousand protestors out of fifty-five thousand did should be secondary to the fact that the March was a peaceful March. It fulfilled the objective of the marchers: to register a protest; and it fulfilled that objective in a largely peaceful manner, with violence occurring only at the end and assuming an unfortunate segment of a protest against an unfortunate war.





Steve Garrison





THE VIRTUOUS SOCIETY

by George Drinkwater

I propose that Wake Forest University be congratulated on maintaining its commitment to Sacred Science despite the frequent adversity of short-sighted academicians.

Many academicians would have this fine institution emulate the blatantly misguided universities of Los Angeles, Chicago, and New York. They would permit

students to exercise the worst manifestations of libertinism under the guise of intellectual freedom with no attempts whatsoever to guide the potential wisdom of immature minds onto the paths of true virtue.

Unfortunately Wake Forest University, I believe, will not succumb. This institution is established on the belief that maturing minds must be persuaded and, if necessary, politely coerced into following those dictates that cause a student's mind to pursue true wisdom. Naturally, an approach of simulated democracy is necessary at times, in order that the still-not-wise will not rebel.

George Drinkwater is a senior Greek major, making his home with his wife Joyce in the Wake Forest Apartments. George spent last year studying in Greece.

Furthermore, it is realized by the philosophers of Wake Forest that the ultimate end of an academic discipline is not a thorough knowledge of one subject, nor even an understanding of a relationship of all disciplines, but rather the knowledge that all disciplines reach a point of limitation. Once the student recognizes the point of limitations, he will begin to know the source of all ultimate truth—Sacred Science.

Sacred Science is knowledge gained by Divine Revelation. It is through Divine Revelation that man gains the knowledge whereby he can live the truly virtuous life and conduct a truly virtuous social order.

Wake Forest University is such a virtuous society. The philosophers have directed all academic disciplines to follow a course of study that begins with the secular and ends with a manifestation of the limitations of the approach, convincing one that any academician who does not pursue the sacred, errs.

First, I would state that the philosophers must stop apologizing for the custom of chapel. It is the one place where Sacred Science is manifested most directly True, hostility is present, but man has always been reluctant to confront the dictates of revelation. I use the word dictates not in the negative sense of authoritative connotations, but rather as directions which one must follow to obtain the ends of virtue—Sacred Science.

Second, "The Student" has published articles calling for a reduction of rules. This is certainly an example that the forces of subversion, and I mean subversion, are at the dangerous point of ceasing to fulfill their proper function. A vibrant society must permit subversion to exist, but the virtuous must continually maintain the bounds of control.

Third, the innovation of the catalyst must also be closely scrutinized at all times for if an "undesirable" should perhaps gain any recognition of accomplishment,

—An Augustinian Appraisal

The virtuous society not only oversees the academic, but also directs the student on a proper path of conduct and thought no matter what the situation. Misguided ones, of course, do emerge from time to time, urging rebellion against such rules, yet the majority still sees the ultimate good which the philosophers are trying to achieve and therefore no regression takes place.

Again, unfortunately, the philosophers, because of frequent adversity, have had to use extreme digression to enforce obedience to the virtue-directing code. This definitely explains why this virtuous university has not made more rapid progress. A solution is subtly being introduced which has the greatest possibilities of success. The solution is the student catalyst. At first I was quite disturbed at the rise of "undesirables" at Wake Forest, but now I understand their true purpose, which is indeed ingenious. The catalyst is the device that allows those who are becoming virtuous to vicariously experience the often so attractive NON-VIRTUOUS delights which until now were, if indulged in directly, a great retardation factor in the attainment of virtue.

Let me caution that virtue must not and indeed is not thought of at Wake Forest as virtue of the classical pagan conception. Virtue is always that as revealed by Sacred Science.

Moving to the specific, I would like to offer some suggestions on various improvements that might be initiated at Wake Forest. A true commendation also includes a few words of positive criticism.

the immature might be led to believe that the catalyst is the end and not the means. In addition, an excessive number of "undesirables" might cause an incorrect outward impression to the non-intimate, so the proportion of catalysts to soon-to-be virtuous must be carefully determined.

Fourth, and perhaps this is more of a warning than a criticism, I have noticed that despite the rational pattern of sidewalks that logically connect the eighteenth century rational-architecture buildings of Wake Forest, there are here and there unsightly "crosscuts." The "persons" who are responsible for creating such obscenities are not catalysts, I am sure, but anonymous individuals, who for some reason have not been properly instructed. Philosophers must seek out and set these misfortunates right.

Returning to commendation, let me say that the Godly university is one that pursues virtue not for its own sake, but as a means to knowledge as revealed by Sacred Science. Wake Forest, therefore, is a Godly university. The proper powers, the true philosophers who have the knowledge as revealed by Sacred Science, are in command and they will prevail. Wake Forest will never be an ungodly university. I am confident that the soon-to-be virtuous student will become virtuous and ultimately will be cognizant of the fact that Sacred Science is the Truth, that the forces of subversion will be controlled, and that the catalysts will perform only their proper function.

The student has no cause for fear if he is at first disturbed to find Wake Forest unsatisfying. He may rest assured that Wake Forest will forever remain KAMP.



Meditations at the Grave of



In Loco Parentis"

by Warren Carr

Being "in loco parentis" has worn Wake Forest College* to a frazzle. Its children of academe have not appreciated its willingness to legitimate them by acknowledging its institutional parenthood. Students, who have come to college to be free of their parents, are seldom inclined to accept the College as a substitute for them.

All of this is but to say that the time is at hand when both the concept and the practice of "in loco parentis" will be carried to its final resting place. The burial should be in good taste. There must be a minimum of fanfare and eulogy. However shabbily students may have treated their cap-and-gown parents; if they are honest, they will not drown their delayed feelings of guilt in a flood of crocodile tears. I do recommend some meditations at the grave. More than a gesture of "last respects," they should serve as ruminations about a college world where there are no parents.

For one thing, the social life of students will not be hampered by a body of plethoric prohibitions. No longer will the innocent countenance of their festive gatherings be blemished by the adolescent acne of chaperones. Since males have lost their zest for pursuit, female students will speed along the expressways of unlimited access into the dormitory and apartment rooms of their brothers, their brothers' brothers, and all males who belong to the brotherhood of men.

Students will undoubtedly want to be heard in determining the nature and scope of the academic curriculum. The possibility of their presence on committees, now exclusively staffed by administration and faculty, will seem more logical to themselves at least. It may be that faculty members having ceased to be parental facsimiles will make better targets for student evaluation.

The purpose of this essay is not primarily concerned with the modifications of student life at the death of "in loco parentis." The point at issue has to do with what adjustments will have to be made by the other forms of life in the college complex. As the people who have made "in loco parentis" tick accept the reality of its terminal illness, they will begin to change their approach to the student. They will not think it necessary to

*I use the word "College" rather than "University" since "in loco parentis" is usually associated with the undergraduates.

Rev. Warren Carr is pastor of Wake Forest Baptist Church.

encourage him to study. They will not worry about his deficiency in quality points. His grades will not be their personal agony. They will not strive to keep him healthy nor wise. Students will be able to choose whatever kinds of friends they wish. In all probability, the College will not worry about admitting some questionable characters who may have a deleterious influence on their more naive associates. Finally, it seems assured that no one will encourage students to keep their faith, by juxtaposing them alongside ministry and the church. They will seldom be introduced to the ethical colonies along their way.

It will not be easy for persons such as deans and faculty members to conduct their own responsibilities in a college which is no longer a family but more akin to a microcosmic town or city. Neither parents nor their proxies relinquish their powers with absolute equanimity. Their egos need to be needed.

To whatever degree the deans and the faculty will feel the pain of change, ministry will feel it even more. So much of its emotional health depends upon its being needed. By ministry, I mean religion professors, chaplains, and pastors. Since this is my crowd, I will give the rest of my space to a discussion of its peculiar dilemma.

There is no need to belabor the history of religion at Wake Forest University. There have always been departments of religion and their professors, chapel and chaplains, and a church with its ministers. Their value to the college community went virtually unchallenged for most of the institution's history. They fitted neatly and effectively into the scheme of "in loco parentis." The College looked to them for guidance and did not hesitate to refer its spiritual problems to them.

The first prognostic evidence that "in loco parentis" was sounding its death rattle appeared among the ministry. Ministry was stricken with the same disease. It lived so completely with the concept as to be most susceptible to its contagion. Realizing its condition, the College has been mercifully reluctant to give ministry any burdens that could possibly crush out its faint flicker of life. Should this have been the case is not a viable question. It is the case and irrevocably so.

Ministry has not seen fit to accept this prognosis. It is quite out of breath and is ready to get on with whatever adjustments it must make to serve new men in a new day. It has realized by now that it must live with the world, wherever it finds it, without asking for a special place in the academic constellation. It is also aware that this is easier said than done, and that the means by which it must make its new way are not conveniently at hand.

Despite these difficulties, ministry has adjusted to the conditions which obtain. Having been removed from its place in the University's sun, it now works in shadow. Far from the sound of trumpets, it makes noises, if at all, more like leaven. For example, the department of

religion has quietly established itself as one of noticeable academic achievement. In so doing it has had to overcome the prejudiced notion, on as well as off the campus, that is no more than an adjunct to the church and was consequently not very smart. Whether or not its ministry has suffered, because of its need to make its academic reputation, is a moot question. It strikes me that the department's faculty prefers to pose a purely academic image, which gives no impression of ministry. At the same time, the department has, albeit inadvertently, ministered by establishing the intellectual respectability of the Christian faith in the minds of many people who had come to believe to the contrary. At the present time, this may be its only ministry. In any event, no matter what may be expected or suspected, the department of religion is not in collusion with the chaplaincy or the church for the purpose of bringing in the kingdom to Wake Forest University. It should be said that I have neither requested or received the department's imprimatur, and that the interpretation is my own.

Taking a similar liberty with respect to the chaplaincy, I see it primarily as "Christian presence" in the academic community. It is without pulpit or pew. Its style is that of conversation rather than proclamation. Avoiding any suggestion that it has the "final word" to announce to its environment, it engages people where it finds them. It has no location for cultic activity and no formal stance for worship. It goes to the people rather than waiting for them to seek out its services. It is a mobile ministry geared to the speed of its environment.

Despite my position as its minister, I am less sure in my description of the present status of the Wake Forest Baptist Church. It is an anomaly. An autonomous body of churchmen, it enjoys "squatters' rights" on the campus. Its ministry is not connected in any way, other than the not insignificant ties of common interests and personal friendships, with the efforts of the religion department and the chaplaincy. It has no official connection with the University. The church and its staff, including the senior minister, are able to function because of the courtesies extended to them by the University. As the department of religion ministers to the fragments of the campus which gather in its classrooms and as the chaplaincy ministers to whatever fragments it finds on the run; the church ministers to whatever fragment it is able to bring to its worship and related activities. Its membership is made up of the academic community and an equal number of people, who come onto the campus for the services of the church. The church, except by virtue of its location, is not responsible for a ministry that is any wider than to the fragment it is able to gather.

In former years, this kind of ministry by the church on the old College campus was undeniably effective. The

assumption that this should still be the case may be unjustified. There are some subtle, yet forceful, changes in the total picture. In earlier days, the church gathered a congregation which was commensurate with the students and faculty of the College. Since the faculty and the student body were predominantly Baptist, the church could rightfully assume that it should minister to the entire college community. It was the only church of significant strength in the entire village. Its strength and vitality were more or less assured. Under these conditions, the church did not offend very many people in the whole environment. It won its property and offered a ministry to the majority of the people, both in the town and on the campus.

This situation no longer obtains. By its location in Wait Chapel and Wingate Hall, it is ostensibly the University church. One may logically assume that it should minister to the campus and community as it used to do. This assumption forgets that Wake Forest University is no longer a community in which the Baptist constituency is a sizeable majority. The majority of administrative personnel is Baptist. The members of the faculty are almost equally divided among those who are not. The majority of students are of something other than the Baptist persuasion. In addition to these statistical challenges to the time honored assumption, the fact that the church is autonomous and independent raises some real questions. Those people who are not Baptist have a right to debate the propriety of an autonomous body occupying so prominent a place on the campus. Their position is further strengthened by the fact that this is a Baptist church standing over against a community which follows other religious persuasions in terms of a majority. Another salient feature in the situation is the fact that the townspeople who belong to the church are not as economically and socially tied to the College as was the case in the town of Wake Forest. The church does not really know whether it is understood as a service to the University or an irritant of some magnitude.

In its own deliberations, the church is now debating the question of its future regarding its location and the nature of its ministry. The facts of history are too much in view for it to consider leaving the campus entirely. However, there are some members opting for another location on the campus. Since some of the buildings of the University may be located between Reynolda Hall and the President's home, a spot in Reynolda Village would place the church on the fringe of campus action, without being in the very midst of it. If this were to ensue, the church would minister to whatever fragments of campus and community it would be able to bring to its "religious reservation" in the woods. Aside from using some valuable land, it is hard to see how this location and ministry would be offensive to anyone, on or off the campus. It would also be a less involved and possibly more pleasant ministry for the

church as a whole. For the most part, it would be like the other churches in the city and would conduct its life accordingly.

Before any such move is undertaken, the question of responsibility must be faced. I am not sure that such a move would be the most responsible one. If it does take place, we may be sure that a number of other changes will be forthcoming. First of all, despite the fact that the church is independent of the University, the place it occupies by invitation signifies that the University wishes to be at worship on the first day of the week. It stands now, however weakly, as the only symbol of this wish. A vacant chapel on Sunday mornings will most certainly be understood, with no little glee by some, as evidence that the University and the church have "thrown in the 'religious' towel." Architecturally speaking, the chapel was built with a view to seating the student body for assembly and chapel, as a multipurpose hall for concerts and College Union activities, and as the sanctuary of the Wake Forest Baptist Church. The day may come when neither church nor chapel services will appear in Wait Chapel. Let those who anticipate the time, when the chapel is emptied of its irritants, be ready to use it in more creative ways.

A second probability is that the religion department and the chaplaincy may be burdened with responsibilities for which they are not equipped and do not want. The department, chaplaincy, and church have the makings of a good team. For the religion department, the church could be the bridge on which its intellectual accomplishment could make its way to more effective results. The church could offer itself to the chaplains, of all religious persuasions, as their parish. If this were done, the chaplaincy could serve both as "presence" on campus and as theological consultants to a lay ministry that is energized in corporate worship. The church is ready to do this even now. Although Baptist, its membership policy is completely ecumenical. It recognizes and honors the authentic nature of all churches and raises no exclusive barriers against them. It may be that this possible term should not be broken up.

In the last place, it may be a good thing if the church goes nowhere. It is true that the emphasis of our time insists that the true servants of Christ will go where the action is. There are many well-intentioned servants on the road. Fortunately, for the world as I see it, the church cannot move with such facility. It is an institution that depends on time and place. I hear from all sides that the world is passing it by. This may be true. At the same time, basic decisions in life usually make for a change in direction. "In loco parentis" may be a thing of the past. The University will refer its population less and less to the church. What if the student should decide out there somewhere that he wants to go to church on his own. If he does, he might interpret his academic career in new perspective, if the place to go were at the heart of the campus.



A Winter's Night Meeting

The snow fell slowly from the blackened sky.
And big-flaked, swirling gently through the light
Of streetlamps standing guard against the night,
It whirled to strains of Wind's soft lullaby
And in a house that overlooked this sight,
There burned a fire consuming logs so dry
They crackled, spitting forth a butterfly
Of yellow, flitting warmly in its flight.
And smoke rose billowy up the chimney
And out into the winter night. It met
With snow, which in mid-flight was cold, and yet
On meeting smoke, unchilled and melted free
From all the crystals holding it in form.
And so we are together—free and warm.

—Edward Myers

The Warmth That Was Not the Wine

by Ed Myers



There had been nothing quite so good as the night when it was December and the snow was lying on the ground outside and we were inside with only the light from the fire in the fireplace and what little light was able to make its way through the window from the streetlamp outside, and we had the good warmth of the wine inside us and another warmth which was not the wine.

Dreams are not often realized, but that December night a dream had somehow crashed through that barrier that stands ever so sturdily between the world of reality and the world of imagination. And when that barrier fell, it was not with the boom of thunder, but rather with the tinkling of broken glass, like the sound of a champagne glass as it is flung into a fireplace, with an ever so slight joyous ringing.

The dream had begun in the summer when I was sixteen, sitting on the porch of the farmhouse, eating lunch with the rest of the farmhands. There was an old mill down the slope across from the porch, and next

to the mill, which was in the process of being converted to a steer barn, ran the stream that had made the mill run in the old days. The stream was about twenty feet wide and varied in depth from just inches in the shallowest parts, where the water rushed white over the stones, to maybe four feet in the deepest parts. The water was clear except under the stone arch bridge, where it was deepest. At the time when the dream of her began, I was working mostly alone beneath the stone arch bridge, filling in with cement the great gaping holes between the stones under the arches, where the old cement had cracked and fallen into the stream. I would put on rubber hip boots early in the morning when the sky was usually still a misty gray, then mix a batch of cement in the wheelbarrow and take it down to the stream. I worked underneath only two of the four arches because the water was too deep under the other two. The boots would stick in the soft mud beneath the bridge, and each step I took produced a great sucking sound, as though the mud did not want to relinquish its new prize.

The stream was very beautiful when viewed from the porch of the farmhouse, and you would not know un-

Ed Myers, author of such classics as "The Erector Set Christmas" and "Where to Make Out," is a junior English major from Londisville, Pa.

less you stood in the stream all day that the water was poisoned by the used soap of a laundry, and then you would see an occasional soapy bubble floating by, and half-crazed fish, already on their sides, flapped their bodies in an attempt to regain their balance, and I could reach down and catch them with my hands, they were so close to death.

At noon all the farmhands would meet on the porch of the farmhouse for lunch. From my position beneath the bridge I could see them coming, and I would make my way up to the porch to join them. There were usually eight of us. The older ones, who were all school teachers and working on the farm only for a summer job, would sit in the chairs, and the rest of us would make ourselves as comfortable as we could on the porch floor, with our backs against the wall. Norenberg, who taught driver education when he was not farming, was the one responsible for the dream, I suppose.

Norenberg was a joker. He was a member of that infamous society of Grabbers, who know exactly which muscles to grab and squeeze until you think that your body is tied in a knot and you can emit a small, squeaky "I give up," only to discover that the grabber does not care about your mere surrender and admission to his superior power. He is out for your death. This was Norenberg.

One day as we were eating lunch, Norenberg, who would be teaching my class in the fall, looked down at me from his superior position in the chair, and his evil smile, which brought out his dimples, crept across his face. I thought I was about to be grabbed.

"Eddie," he said, and everyone listened to hear Norenberg's inevitable wisecrack.

"Tell me," he said. "Who's the best looking girl in your class?" The old lecher was probably planning his attack for the coming year.

I thought for awhile and then answered him.

"Are you kidding?" Norenberg laughed. "She's a slut!"

I feared he was right, but said nothing.

The seed had been planted. When you are alone for most of the day standing in a stream beneath a stone bridge, you need something to think about because the work is not enough. And so I thought of the most beautiful girl in my class, imagined myself with her in the fields or further upstream in the woods where the stream curved out of sight behind a knoll. But in that portion of the mind that is reserved for Reason, I told myself it could never be. She was too beautiful. There were older boys after her, boys who had far more to offer her than I ever could. And so I left her in my mind as only a dream.

I saw my friends fall for her and be tossed aside as though they were merely petals from a daisy to her. The thrill of conquest seemed to seize control of her, seemed to me the drive behind all she did, and I killed

my dream of her and turned to another girl who did not appear so obviously evil.

Oh, there were brief moments with the most beautiful girl in my class, moments that did not mean much to me because I had decided not to fall in love with her. I was not going to make myself vulnerable as all my friends had done. But there was the moment of walking through the amusement park with her, and the moment at play rehearsal when she said, "Let's go off to a world of our own and not let anyone else in with us," and the moment when I put my arm around her to lead her out of the dark night woods. But these were just moments that I did not allow inside me, at least not to the place that does the loving and hurts like hell when the loving doesn't work out.

And then I was nineteen, and then it was December, and then it was that night in December. We drank wine out of large glasses and ate cheese, and when the wine was gone from the glasses, we would go down to the cellar and fill them from the gallon jugs that were stored in the furnace room. Each time we went down to the cellar to fill the glasses, she would tell me to drink half a glass there and then fill it to the brim again before we went upstairs.

On the second trip to fill the glasses, I told her I did not need her to tell me to drink the wine, that I would drink it when I felt like it.

"I'm not a little boy anymore," I told her that night in December.

"Yes you are. You are still a little boy and I am still a little girl. There is nothing wrong with that," she said, and then we drank our wine.

Upstairs we sat on the couch before the fireplace, with the dry logs spitting forth a butterfly of yellow, flitting warmly in its flight.

When the fire had burned itself out, so that all that remained were the small glowing orange embers in the blackness of the fireplace, each ember like a small fire viewed from a distance at night, we lay on the couch, and in the light of the streetlamp coming through the window I could see her there, her mouth ready to be kissed and her eyes wide and watching into mine.

Outside, the night was soft and gentle in the early morning hours, with the snow lying quietly on the ground.

We did not drink any more wine now, and we did not speak, and I knew I was vulnerable, at least for that night. I was captured, surrounded, entombed within her eyes.

Since that night in December, she has gone to Europe and done things which I will not write about. But I like to think that those moments in Europe with the rich old men and the poor young men were not so beautiful as the night in December had been, with the fire in the fireplace and the snow outside and the good warmth of the wine inside us and the warmth that was not the wine.



I Wish

I wish to hurt no living thing—
How trite the words may sound—
How easy men can lift their pens
And cast their feelings down!

There are those who topple hope
And close their minds to screams,
Those who drive a nightmare hearse
And dig the graves of dreams.

Planting thorns in gentle minds
To snag a passer-by,
Sprinkling poison on a thought
To twist it to a lie.

Their dappled lies the papers print
And shove inside your fears
To build a world on battlefields
With building-blocks of tears.

The shadows of their words are clear,
So brutal left unsaid,
That little children feel no pain
And never cry for bread.

The hearts of children everywhere
Are maps—unchartered ways—
The frontiers of a better world,
The hope of doubtful days.

Soldier's souls like childish dreams
We build inside our brains,
Prisoners of a flaming fear,
Like sugar in the rains.

I hurl my pen across the sky
And pray that it will find
A thoughtful, gentle, resting place
Within a soldier's mind.

—Dan W. Gaddy


In the coldest cracks of human hearts,
a spark must burn, I know . . .
and yet it seems
that people cannot eat their dreams
or sew their thoughts for clothes.
And bullets never have caressed a little boy's forehead
or stroked a baby girl's hair.

My mind is filled with images of little children
crying for a crumpled universe . . .
whose eyes bulge like fat baby stars,
whose tongues softly touch their dirty lips,
whose little fingers hug each other,
whose toes lift up and down in the nervous dust and mud.

Let their little fingers claw my face to shreds
before I'd turn away
or lift a weapon to sight the life they know.
My face was never meant to frown nor to smile,
but to soften and to touch their cheeks to mine.
My heart was never meant to bite or scream or fight
for what I know is not mine.
My hands were never made to kill or hurt any living thing
but made to write and sing
a lullaby to children who have no one to love,
except the memorized corpses of an age that's hardly born . . .
Never to twist a finger or a hand,
or break a bone,
or throw a grenade,
or pull a trigger,
or set a bomb . . .

Days of
Dark
Corners

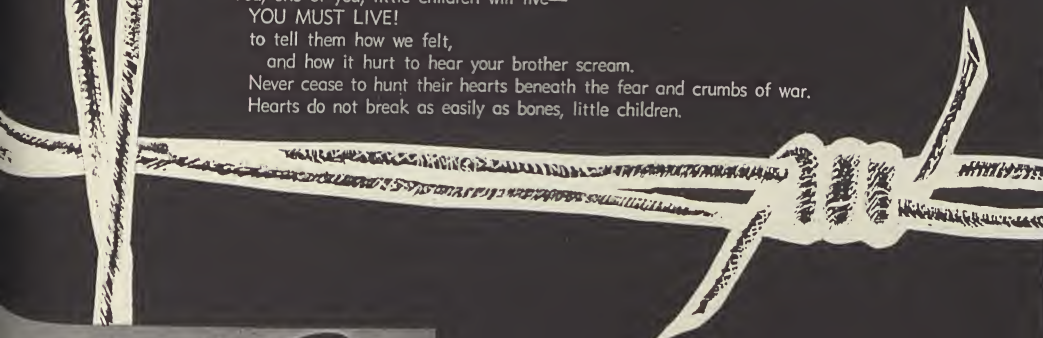




Come, little children, cry with me for those who kill and count each other.
Their hearts are like dark corners of a sewer.
their hands, barbed wire and nails,
their faces, the mountain steeps . . .
Their greed and anger never sleeps
but eats away at fallen bones and cries for more to grind.

We'll wait together for the tramp of stoney feet,
the rumble of weapons,
the smell of burnt powder,
and the silent sound of falling men.

You, one of you, little children will live—
YOU MUST LIVE!
to tell them how we felt,
and how it hurt to hear your brother scream.
Never cease to hunt their hearts beneath the fear and crumbs of war.
Hearts do not break as easily as bones, little children.



Dan W. Gaddy

A New Day

It was my last day home—New Year's Day,
a day that seemed so much like spring,
I had to take time to be outside.
I bridled up the fat pony. (We've sold the horse, you know.
No use to keep him—with me away so much.)
But the pony—the one I learned to ride on (how many
times did that old rascal throw me off?)—
he was still there. He's too fat now; he's hardly ever
ridden.

It's not good for him to always stay shut up in the pasture
like that, so I rode him—bareback. I felt his
broad back, his strong muscles tense,
and knew he'd throw me off again
if given half a chance.

At the old graveyard
he pretended that he was frightened.
I quietly told him to stop his foolish prancing.
The old graveyard's still the same,
quiet and peaceful as it always was.
forgotten about it—way back in the woods like that.

With the people dead
a hundred years or more—their stones weathered
and blackened—
they look almost like they belong there.
Over to one side were the slaves' graves. No names there,
just scattered rocks. Why, you can't even tell the headstone
from the foot.

And there was Micajah McGeehee. Died 1845. Blessed are
those that died in the Lord.

His stone was leaning forward, thoughtlessly pushed out
of the way by an oak that grew up. Not caring so much about
death, it was caught up in living.

I don't guess old Micajah minded that I let the pony eat
the acorns

that had fallen on his grave.

He probably had an appreciation for horses in his day.

The day, so warm it seemed like spring,
fooled a dandelion, blooming in the graveyard on

New Year's Day,
(all gay and yellow) not knowing there were killing frosts
and snows to come.

And not caring either.

I couldn't hold it all inside me.

You're not supposed to cry for no reason at all.

But only the fat pony was there.

And he just went on eating acorns.

—Daphne S. Carter

A September Settling

The chill September sunlight filtered
through the shedding trees, hung there,
then fell to earth with the falling leaves,
and played with the wind in my thinning hair.
Weeping, the willow is on the run—
each of us chasing the fading sun.

—Robert Peel Finn



The Gift

to C. A. C.

Knowing what it means to understand
you hide in the shadows of caring hands
and your love plays tag with loneliness
in the chill of passing days.

Then hearing hollow echoes
you are
caught in the distance
between
your questions
and my answers
quietly
in the silence
again you understand.

One day the questions die,
the answers go unneeded.
Vanishing: all your womanly fears
in the easy warmth of passing days
when time, as a thoughtful friend,
leaves distance no beginning.

—Robert Peel Finn



Rx FOR WFDD'S GROWING PAINS

by Bob Horton

The North Carolina Piedmont Triangle contains numerous country and western radio stations, innumerable rock and roll stations, and one classical music radio station, WFDD-FM, "The Voice of Wake Forest University." The latter fills a need which had long been neglected in this area; that is, gratification for the many people who want an opportunity to hear classical music every evening. At the same time, however, this lone station is violating some of its own avowed duties.

WFDD began as a small, understaffed station in a shack in Wake Forest, North Carolina. In 1949, it moved into larger facilities on "Pub Row." Here the station began to flourish, providing programming for the College and the people of the town, for most of the citizens of the town centered their activities around the College. In 1957, the station moved into studios in Reynolda Hall and after much transmitting difficulty, began programming to the College and a small portion of a city which was unconcerned about it.

It was the move to Winston-Salem which held so many mixed blessings for the College and for WFDD. The move meant growth, and growth meant leaving behind some traditions; but now Wake Forest radio has reached the point where it can look back and pick up the best of the past without disturbing the present. The general purpose of WFDD states that "the station should contribute to the intellectual, spiritual, and cultural growth of the students, faculty, and townspeople," implying that the students are the most important of these three, as they should be. The present method of operation, however, disavows this principle.

WFDD needs two complete operating staffs, one to continue operating the FM signal, which reaches most of the state, and another to begin operating a complete broadcast day on the AM carrier current, which is heard in the dormitories. This policy change would involve considerable initial expense and a larger operating budget, but could be easily initiated. The finances are readily available both from the University, which

receives more benefits than it realizes from the station, and from interested citizens who contributed \$32,000 toward the non-commercial classical music station.

WFDD proposes to provide six services, all of which would be enhanced by the dual programming. The first of these is to provide information. The present format provides for educational programs and public service announcements. Although some of the network information shows are of rather poor quality, they serve a very worthwhile purpose. There is no longer any provision for news shows, however, and this lack is especially felt by the students who must listen to local rock and roll stations to learn the latest news about the University. A separate AM facility would provide this service to the students without encumbering the citizens of Asheville or Raleigh with news which has no meaning for them.

The second service is to stimulate critical thinking. Radio has tremendous potential for provoking thought, but the present WFDD format does not take advantage of it. If student-oriented programming were instituted, interested and capable students could produce discussions, interviews, and above all, editorials on the campus scene. This would stimulate student interest and thought, but burden neither the general public with Wake Forest issues nor Wake Forest with public opinion.

The third is to raise the standard of taste. This is not truly a service but a part of the educational experience, which never stops. It is a failure for WFDD now, though, because the most important potential part of the audience does not listen to the station. Before the students of Wake Forest will listen to their own radio station it must present something they want to hear.

The fourth is to provide worthwhile entertainment. "Worthwhile" is a relative term; in this case, it must be applied to the audience. To the average college student, worthwhile entertainment includes popular music, rock and roll, sporting events, local entertainment, report on movies, coming events, etc. These things are almost totally ignored in the present general programming format, with the exception of the aforementioned public service announcements, a few basketball and baseball games, and seven hours of popular music each week. The advantages of having a separate schedule to include these events is obvious.

Bob Horton, from Brooklyn, N. Y., is a sophomore planning to major in psychology. Bob is Tuesday and Saturday host on "Deaconlight Serenade."

The fifth service is to provide a laboratory for students who are interested in broadcasting. Speech 241, the only course the University offers in radio broadcasting, implements the station regularly and employs the students taking it as station personnel. Most of these people, however, fade away as soon as the fall semester grades are in, and are seen no more. The station does not provide a wide enough base to hold the interest of these speech workers, many of whom have so great an interest in broadcasting that they often work at local commercial radio stations. In addition, many volunteers work only a few months before they become bored with the lack of variation in programming and resign. If there were two separate operations spanning the complete spectrum of radio broadcasting—rock and roll, classical music, news, sports, public service, education—students would be much more inclined to spend their time administering it, and the quality and ease of production would go up.

The final service is to provide an opportunity for experimentation in creative broadcasting. This is the last but hardly the least of the intended six services of WFDD. Expression is all important to human development. In the WFDD studios, however, where one should find the most self-expression, one finds almost no self-expression at all. Creativity is confined to the music staff which programs the classical music, seven disc-jockies who perform one hour a week, and a very few pre-recorded programs. The rest of WFDD's 73 hour week is devoted to music and recorded network programs. The announcer sits in his chair reading meters and occasionally telling the listeners that they "are listening to the Voice of Wake Forest." The job is not very stimulating to a creative mind.

Pointing out the obvious advantages of a system is worthless unless the system is practical and operable. A dual broadcast system at Wake Forest is both. In fact, its initiation would mean not only increased service, but better and easier production. Both the University and the student body would share the benefits with the staff of the station. WFDD has two fine Gates broadcasting consoles located in separate studios. In other words, it already has the equipment which would be needed to put on two shows at the same time, one in monaural sound, the other in stereo. The argument has arisen that one of these "boards," as they are called, must be available for production purposes. Both boards would be available from one A.M. until two P.M. every day (i.e., from sign-off until sign-on each day), allowing at least five hours of recording time out of the regular nine-to-five day from each board. Last minute recording, such as late news stories, could be done on a spot basis, just as they were done by WFDD before it duplicated its facilities. Thus, both boards would get a maximum amount of use. Furthermore, the carrier current broadcasting could be flexible, allowing the station to shut this service down

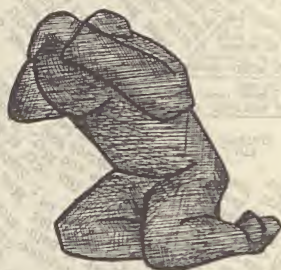
in an emergency. For instance, if a major piece of FM equipment failed, there would be no major effort involved in using AM equipment until FM was serviceable.

It would seem that a staff for two operations would be harder to enlist than for one. Actually, it would be easier to staff both. WFDD suffers from a manpower shortage for two major reasons. Under the present system, the work hours are long and the rewards few. If two operations were put into effect, the work hours would be even longer, but the rewards would be tremendously increased. In addition no federal license is required to broadcast over carrier current as is required on the present FM operation. Thus, in a few weeks a new staff member could be running his own show, rather than helping an experienced staff member with his. This would be a true training ground for broadcasters and one which would draw interest, and thus, a larger staff.

The second staff discontent is with its faculty advisor. He serves without pay in a position which takes much of his free time and effort; it is a true "labor of love." But he is resented by the staff members because he feels it is his duty to oversee the station, while they feel he should be an advisor—available for consultation. WFDD in its present form is not a student organization; it is a University service to the general public which relies on student labor to be run effectively. This being true, it follows that a faculty appointee is a necessary and proper director for the operation. He ought, however, to be a salaried employee of the University, just as the Alumni Affairs Director and all his help should be salaried also, on the same pay scale as assistants in the library, in the Registrar's office, or in any other University office. He directs an operation which has a wide range of influence for Wake Forest and as such bears the responsibility for the opinions which his listeners gain of the school. No student can bear this responsibility. WFDD—AM, however, should be student oriented in the same way as "The Student," "The Old Gold and Black," or the "Howler," and should be a volunteer organization with only the two top officials receiving compensation from the University. Many of the students who become involved with the student-run AM facility would obviously take the opportunity of earning a salary for working on the FM operation.

WFDD is no longer the baby of "Pub Row." In fact, it does not even belong on "Pub Row"; it has a scope far exceeding that of any of the organizations which share space with it. The time has come when it should accept the challenge which its unused potential presents to it. If it spawns a true student-oriented, student-operated, and student-run organization, the student body will respond favorably, and the "Voice of Wake Forest" will begin to speak to and for the Wake Forest student as well as to and for the University.

The Obituary



A Short Story

By Tom Collins

Someone in the motel room was chewing ice. It was a very irritating sound—a sort of thrashing and gnawing, and it woke Norman up almost the moment it began. He raised himself slowly on one arm, and in the blurry wash of the sunlight which filtered through the window blinds he saw Alice, his stepdaughter, brushing her bleached hair in front of the mirror. Their eyes met momentarily somewhere on the mirror, but the girl continued her vigorous strokes unmoved.

"Alice, what the hell are you doing in here? I thought I made it clear. . . ."

"For God's sake, go back to sleep, Norman," she said to the reflection in the mirror. "No one's bothering you."

"Christ, you have fourteen other places around here to do that." Norman sat up all the way now with a single sheet draped over his knees like a Roman toga.

"The maids are cleaning both the other bedrooms—meaning there simply IS no other place. So don't get all excited," she said. "Just go back to sleep."

He wasn't fully awake yet but he kept getting the feeling he was trapped in some giant crib and being coaxed to sleep by some neighborhood baby sitter. "Dammit! I can't sleep, Alice. Not with you standing there grinding those ice cubes like a damn garbage disposal. Why don't you try drinking water like everyone else in the world instead of eating it."

The idea of actually "eating" water struck him funny as he said it. But then he felt he had made no mistake. She was eating the stuff. She sure as hell wasn't drinking it or there wouldn't have been all the commotion and he wouldn't be awake right now. His voice was a bit

more caustic than usual today for he was suffering from what Emily termed a "lower-middle class breakdown"—the kind postmen get when their feet become blistered one hot July day or that barbers contract when the four stucco walls of their shop start to close in on them. She had let out a roar of her raucous laughter when she said this, and Norman was slightly dizzy and depressed at the time so he didn't know quite whether to laugh at her witticism or kill her. At any rate she just wasn't sympathetic. She felt for sure he was the closest he'd ever been to a total mental or physical collapse. Therefore these days at the beach were to be somewhat of an asylum for him. In the last hectic weeks of the months when the eight-hour day stretched to twelve, the months of paperwork, like Alice's ice cubes, had gnawed their way into his nerves and very soul.

"What are you combing your hair for, anyway?" he asked.

"Richard."

"Richard?"

"Yes," she said, managing to squeeze two syllables out of the word.

"He's here?"

"He will be. In about ten minutes or less. He just phoned from the village."

"Christ. Everybody in New York's coming up here. It's a convention or something. A damn world's fair. The Blaines were camped at our doorstep waiting for us before we ever pulled into this place. Jesus. And Harrison's bound to drop in sometime this week. I can bank on that. And now even Richard's coming."

Alice wasn't listening. She found a neglected pack of Winstons on the bureau, lit one up and flicked the first set of ashes in the general direction of the waste can. She was leaning against the bureau looking out the window like a model on the page of some department store flyer.

"Where's your mother, anyway?" Norman asked loudly, trying to regain her attention.

"She and the Blaines are having cocktails out by the pool."

"My God! Cocktails—for breakfast!"

"It's past two, for God's sake. It's afternoon. You don't know where you are, Norman. You've been laying there in a silly fog for eighteen and a half straight hours."

"Eighteen and a half straight. . . . What, were you standing outside the door with a stopwatch counting every damn minute?"

"No one's doing any counting, Norman. For God's sake. It's just that it's the most beautiful day in the world outside and you're missing it all. It's so silly. Besides, you ought to be eating something, anyway. Aren't you hungry?"

"No, not at all," he said, flopping down on his back and staring at the weird triangle patterns on the ceiling.

"I'm a very sick man. That's something that no one around here seems to realize. Yes, your father is experiencing the good old fashioned American breakdown . . . or something damn near it. Christ, I don't know."

"A breakdown, A BREAKDOWN," she repeated, drawing the words out as if to make fun of them. She shook her head for a brief moment and popped her cheeks loudly, then let out a long sigh. It was an act she did on almost any occasion and one that always irritated Norman.

"Look, Alice," he yelled raising up again. "Don't give me your smack and sigh routine. I just don't need that today or any day. Why don't you just go meet Richard and get out of here? Visitor's hours are over."

"Okay, Norman, Okay. I'm on my way out right now. I don't feel like standing here and getting yelled at for no reason at all. Just for no reason at all."

"And by all means do not—repeat, DO NOT leave that God-awful cigarette in here. It already smells like a poker lounge in here."

Alice nodded her head as if to obey and turned for a last look at her hair in the mirror. "You know what, Norman? I've just figured it out." She was still meditating on her hair. "Your problem is . . . I mean the reason you think you're having a silly breakdown is you have absolutely no outlet to let off steam. You simply abhor smoking because it smells; you won't even go near a drink for fear it'll blow your head off; you even turn your nose up at gold, of all things. What it is, is that you just got off the boat two hundred years too late. There hasn't been a Puritan of your strain since the Indians were still selling baskets on Long Island. I mean if you just had a few Daiquiri's now and then there wouldn't be any breakdown. You wouldn't know what the word meant. You'd be running up and down the beach right now laughing your silly head off."

"Also making a first class ass of myself," he said. "One alcoholic in the family is enough for my money. Do you realize, Alice . . . no, I'm sure you don't . . . what that stuff is costing me? Just for you and your mother to run happily up and down the beach laughing your fool heads off. Last week I got a bill for a hundred and forty-two dollars and sixty-seven. . . ."

"Now look who's doing the counting," she interrupted. "Entertainment is entertainment, for God's sake. You know that. Look! No one's asking you to become an alcoholic. You always think in extremes, Norman. That's your trouble. All you have to do is take a drink now and then and loosen up inside." There was a slight pause while she ground her filter tip into the ash tray and returned as if on a predetermined schedule to her glass of ice. "You run around all day like a silly tin soldier or something," she continued. "You can't even look relaxed lying there in bed. It's the honest-to-God truth. I swear. Look at yourself. Just look at yourself."

"Well, I swear."

"What?"

"I said 'I swear,' Alice. I curse. I use profane language all the damn time. Now that's vice for you and it keeps me happy. One good chorus of 'Goddamns' and I don't need a Daiquiri. To me it is one of life's simple . . . Dammit, Alice! Stop it!"

"Stop what?"

"Stop mincing on those ice cubes. That's a terrible habit to get into. By the time you're my age you'll be drinking soup out of a paper straw. Either that or be fed intravenously. There won't be a damn tooth left in your head. Now leave like I asked you to five minutes ago without any more bits of philosophy. Rude as that may sound—puritanical, Victorian. Just leave. No more loitering."

Alice obliged him at last. Norman closed his eyes for a few seconds, feeling as if he had just weathered the brunt of a roof-shaking storm and a rainbow of mercy had just come out, spreading its arc of colors over his head. But his serenity was short-lived. For the next hour and a half he did nothing more than explore all the uncomfortable positions on a strange motel bed. Like any seaman who rests his head on land for the first time in weeks and still experiences the sea's undulations inside him, Norman buried his head in the foam rubber of his pillow only to see even more vividly the world he'd tried to leave behind. There were visions of

frantic men in neat stay-pressed suits and gaudy ties darting from one desk to another. They kept returning, clogging his mind. At length he pulled himself up gloomily to the edge of the mattress and massaged his eyes for lack of something better to do.

Meanwhile, Emily was still poolside, happily seated just outside the shade of one of the huge striped umbrellas. There was a drink in her right hand, as there usually was, which became animated at certain intervals while she punctuated her remarks about her Manhasset Long Island neighbors. The subject had just about run its course and changed to painting and the Manhasset Art Show when Norman suddenly appeared on the sundeck. He was attired casually (one might even say slovenly) in a chartreuse bathing suit and terry-cloth robe which displayed a ridiculous emblem on the pocket.

"Good morn—I'm sorry, afternoon, Anson, Betty," he said flatly, with a gesture of one hand. "Good afternoon, Emily. You . . . ah . . . all go ahead with your conversation and don't mind me. I'm just going to get a little sun while there's still some left." The trio nodded and smiled as if in approval.

"Darling, I do hope you're feeling better," said Emily. Although she was twenty or more pounds overweight, her face, especially her brilliant blue eyes, suggested a beauty that had come and gone. She was dressed in-



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formally yet ornately. Several rings glittered from her fingers and her deep orange slacks seemed to glow in the afternoon sunlight.

"You know, it's still hot as hell out here," Norman said, stretching his white legs out on one of the plastic chairs.

"I think I have some lotion," his wife said, leaning over and mumbling something else into her large straw purse.

"No. Christ! Emily, forget it. I hate the smell of the damn stuff. I'm fine." He closed his eyes again and set about on the impossible task of not listening to his wife's conversation.

"It's simply the most beautiful thing I ever saw on canvas," she was saying. "Impressionistic is what they call it. Something like that. It shows a little girl walking alone in the big city with all the lights blinking around her. In fact you really become emotionally involved with the girl after a while. Honestly Betty, you've got to come over and see it the very minute you get home."

"Where did you say you have it, in your bedroom?" Mrs. Blaine asked.

"Yes. Some Frenchman painted it. He's world known. Montineau or Mantovani. No, Mantovani's the band leader. Montineau is it, I think. The art show had some of his other works there too, and they're just unbelievable. He has a certain style, or I guess a certain

brush stroke. I swear Betty it's electrifying. We paid thirty-six hundred for it, but. . ."

"Thirty-six hundred?" Mr. Blaine suddenly blurted.

"Yes, that's a frightful amount, don't you think? But, it's like anything nowadays. You just can't buy anything great, I mean really great like this, for peanuts. Believe me though, it's worth every cent. That sounds silly, but it is. Norman, of course, had a fit paying that much. But now he really likes it too. Spends as much time admiring it now as I do. . . You like it now don't you, Norman?" she asked, suddenly projecting her voice louder in the direction of his chair.

For a few seconds he said nothing, creating a silence that was beginning to be embarrassing. "Norman. I asked you a question. Are you asleep?"

Aware that his self-imposed anonymity would not work, he opened his eyes to cast a philosophical look to the other side of the pool and said, "Yes, Emily I like it very much. But for very different reasons. I like it because the colors just happen to blend in with the other various colors of the bedroom. The coincidence is really remarkable. I know it certainly shocked the hell out of me. It accents the mood. Yes, those were his words. You know, the interior decorator, Devacenzi or Vacenzo. One of the two. All those Spanish names have the same ring to me. But he's really unbelievable with colors, actually electrifying. Anyway he recom-



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mended the painting very highly for our bedroom. Like he pointed out, it draws the eye upward, keeping you aware of the total atmosphere of the room instead of staring at the beds which most people do when they look into a bedroom. No other painting could do that effectively. That's why \$3600 is actually a reasonable price—reasonable as hell."

Emily was stunned at his comments but changed the subject very rapidly to cover her anger at him. After a few moments Norman rose slowly and left the group unnoticed, letting their chatter gradually dissolve itself in the warm breeze that met his face. Prattle, he thought. Utter prattle. The Blaines, who seemed to sit spellbound, nailed in fascination to their deck chairs before Emily's verbal barrage, must live remarkably trite lives, he mused. Simple people. Simple lives.

He wandered down the wooden steps into the center of the asphalt parking area and there he eyed the most recent dent in his X-K-E. It was really more of a scratch than a dent, etched by an errant bumper, descending obliquely down the side of the freshly polished door. Because of the car's creamy color, it was literally an eyesore, a cruel blemish ruining the total appearance of the automobile he worshipped. He moved his hand over the area, wiping off the invisible dust, rubbing over, soothing it as if by some magic the unsightly scar would be healed. His silent mourning turned to anger. He could see the bastard who probably hit his car—a seedy, mush-mouthed yahoo in a tacky straw hat and driving a beat up old Dodge. With delight he imagined catching him in the act, yanking him from the seat of his car and thrusting his sorry face about two inches from the door in order to survey first hand the terrible damage he had wrought.

Suddenly another car pulled into the lot. It was a beige Thunderbird—the very familiar Thunderbird of his boss, Kenmore Harrison, accompanied in the front seat by his whiny-voiced wife, Harriet. Both were waving at him, looking somewhat like a pair of goggle-eyed eight-year-olds motioning outside a pet store window.

"Welcome to the World's Fair," Norman muttered as Harrison wheeled into one of the vacant slots. He was wearing one of his loud mustard sport coats and a pair of sunglasses with brown instead of the conventional green glass in them.

"Hi there, Prince," he said, emerging from the well of his driver's seat. "Didn't think you'd have to put up with us until Wednesday, did you?"

"Well, I guess. . . ."

"That's what I told Harriet as we were driving up. Bet old Norman's jumping for joy right about now. No, seriously, boy. I remembered how bad you looked Friday night and all those things you were saying. So naturally I've been worried sick over you."

"What was I saying?" Norman asked.

"Oh God, I don't remember. Things. Incoherent



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things like being on a merry-go-round and wanting to dive off head first, wanting to be . . . God. I don't remember. You were depressed. Overworked. Drunk or something. But now, now you look good, boy. My God! Got a tan already."

"Christ! I just walked out in the sun for the first time fifteen minutes ago. How could I have a tan?"

"Well, you've got some color in your cheeks now, Prince. That's what I meant."

Prince. The name always irritated Norman. It sounded like someone's German sheppard or something. Two years ago Emily had their family tree traced. There was an English duke by the name of Fenwick on there somewhere. A button hole relation. He was tucked in there somewhere, hiding for some two hundred years on some niche in the endless chain of Turnbells and Treadways. Harrison evidently delighted in it and applied the nickname as a symbol of nobility ever since.

Harrison pulled a cigar from inside his coat and lit it. He always kept the band on for some reason. It seemed obnoxiously big to Norman.

"You know, we didn't have a bit of trouble getting here," he said, ejecting a cloud of white smoke out of the side of his mouth. "Not a bit. Followed Emily's little diagram perfectly. We took the Interstate all the way to Mt. Pleasant, then cut off on Merrit Drive or Parkway, whatever the hell it is. Anyway, when we got to the village we just asked. . ."

"What's Harriet doing just sitting in the car?" Norman interrupted. "She must be roasting. Pull her out and come meet the Blaines. You remember them, don't you?"

"The Blaines. My God. I haven't seen them since . . . oh . . . since that Bon Voyage party at Dr. Zanegrayer's. That's right, the Zanegrayers' party. That was the night . . . Good God! . . . that was funny. That was the night you and Emily were at odds with each other for some reason and all of a sudden, right in the middle of everything Alice showed up with this Berkeley beach bum type guy nobody knew. . ."

"Yeah. Yeah. Christ, don't go into that." Norman backed off a bit. Harrison was laughing and the smoke from his cigar was beginning to form a haze around them and nauseating him.

Harriet by this time received the hint that she was wanted, and, in lieu of better stage direction, wandered around the front of the car where a steep, grassy incline blocked her passage. The woman retraced her steps, mumbling in her whiny tone something about still not being awake from her little nap she had on the way over. She skirted the trunk-end of the car and then the three of them ascended the wooden steps to join the Blaines and Emily. Richard was there by that time and he and Alice were both seated near the diving board dangling their feet in the chlorine pond.

For the next quarter hour Norman sat brooding in a chair just to the rear of his boss's. Harrison and Emily were monopolizing the conversation, as usual, and the Blaines were both bent forward at precisely the right social angle, emitting fresh salvos of laughter after each quip or anecdote.

Norman stared for a while at Harriet, who never seemed to say anything in a crowd of two or more. She sat placidly with a semi-smile taped to her face, constantly rattling the ice cubes in her drink as if to remind the hostess it wasn't cold enough.

When the topic of the Manhasset Art Show rolled around again, Norman found himself making a quick exit. He had sat there a full fifteen minutes storing up mental venom for every person in his view. Now suddenly his face was flush and burning with anger. He broke into a stiff little run once he passed the hot concrete and there were people yelling at him but their words sounded on top of one another and made little sense.

* * *

He drove too fast at first. The top was down and his thoughts seemed to swirl in the roar of the wind which even drowned the noise of the motor. A car zipped past on the other side spoiling his illusion of a private one-way road. He realized too that this highway would take him inland—back to his tenth story office suite.

When the first red light appeared, Norman jerked his machine to a stop though his nerves begged him to run it. From behind, the mammoth head of a woman looked down at him from a billboard. She was holding a cup of coffee in one hand with its enticing steam rising into the brilliantly colored letters of its message—"Old Time Goodness in a New Brand." Her smile sickened him. It was too much a carbon copy of Harriet's. He imagined the same sign with a cavity-ridden smile instead, and huge thyroid eyes and tangly unkempt hair. No guts, he thought. Somebody ought to have the guts to do something like that. Somebody out of all the billions in this damn world.

When the light changed Norman skidded into a quick right turn onto the four-laned Merrit Drive. It was clogged with beach traffic. An old Ford pickup poked in front of him bearing a troupe of thinly clad high school kids in the back. He tried to pass but the left lane was filled.

"Jesus Christ, truck! Let's go. Either go or get out of the damn way!"

His X-K-E rested so close to the truck's bumper the kids seemed almost inside his car. He lay on the horn but the kids only yelled at him, making it worse. He felt restricted, terribly restricted. He loathed the sensation of being boxed in.

To each side, huge green and white road signs shouting "Garden Parkway Exit Ahead" leered at him. At last

the Route 40 junction appeared and Norman jumped off on it, knowing its narrow concrete path coiled its way along the coastline. There he knew the traffic would be much lighter.

He was heading north and that was all he knew except that nothing was going to stop his car or make it turn around. The roar of the open road caused his mind to wander again. Somehow mixed in the wind were the distinct voices of people. People like Harrison. The smell of the man's cigar, his very breath smothered him. Funny how a man like that sticks in your throat, he thought. You can't think past him.

And then there was Emily—tiptoeing through the social world with a loud, overbearing style everyone worshipped. Her raucous laugh—a symbol of her vitality and slap-life-on-the-back attitude. Her first husband must have been a proud man, so thoroughly soaked in egocentrism that their worlds barely touched. Marriage was only a matter of neutralization for them. Neither one's words ate through the first layer of skin. He died on that airplane, a happy man, so the story went, unscarred by any domestic problems. No man wished suddenly he could have been on that flight. He wished he could have smelled those flames and have perished so happily. But he was just like all the rest, he reminded himself, expiring just a little each day instead of exploding all in one fiery mass, excreting a thin filament of himself like a snail as he passed from one place and one event to another. The ordinary people don't perish on fated airplanes that scream thick black print in the morning paper. They don't get machine gunned down against a dirty garage wall on St. Valentine's Day. They just go back to work and that's the real way people die, he thought. That's the real way people die.

Meanwhile the land refused to change. The more he drove the more he saw the same coarse sand and shaggy palmetto scrubs that marked the region around his motel. He realized for the first time that he was a criminal, that he was running away. Running away with seven dollars in his wallet and a quarter of a tank of gas. Restrictions again. Boxed in. There was no success in running away ever, he told himself, only the humiliation of being sought after and found.

Dusk was about to set in now. The last ochre rays calmed his hostility. A sense of melancholy began to engulf him. Emily, Harrison, Alice, Harriet, the Blaines. The procession began all over again. Such empty people these were, he kept telling himself. He felt he had worked too hard in his half century of life, he had had too much success, too much money, too much talent to have his existence clogged by such petty people. Substance. That was it. There wasn't an ounce of substance in any of them.

The ocean now came into view, several hundred feet below the highway. Its tide was creeping in silently at the foot of the cliffs that looked half sand and half

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IN THE JANUARY, 1968
ISSUE.

rock to him. As the patches of beach unfolded below him on certain curves of the road, an old poem came to haunt him. The title was "Gifts of the Sea" or something like that. How did it go? "The old man of the sea tiptoes in on foamy fingers during the night bearing gifts on the sand and then quietly leaves while all were asleep." Christ, that didn't even rhyme. He thought of the words again, running them over and over in his mind but they wouldn't fall into any poetic order. Leaning sideways in his bucket seat, he strained his eyes to make out what lay on the narrow strands of beach, but only shadows of the cliff and other patches darker still came into focus. There were no gifts down there. There never were. His imagination gave form to the patches—tangled sea weed, shattered conch shells, rotted flounder—all strewn in no conceivable pattern for as far as the naked eye could see. They seemed to litter rather than adorn. And that was just it. They weren't meant to be gifts after all. Not an offering but simply west—an immense cemetery for the sea's useless and dead. And this is what people saved for fifty weeks of the goddam year just so they could come here and lounge on a dung heap, a trash pile, and foul smelling cemetery. This was where swarthy businessmen built million dollar motels to catch this two week monkey and this of all places in the world was where he came to rest up and nurse himself back to good health.

What irony. He had been depressed, so he had come to a damn cemetery. The word "cemetery" caught in his throat. He wanted to floor the accelerator and sail over one of the embankments—to savor those few precious moments of freedom in the air, then become a part of the sickening flotsam on the beach. He saw with grisly horror exactly how it would be, his car plunging with its headlights shining eerily on the sandy stretch below. Then the words came to him:

Norman S. Trumbull, 47, of Manhasset, Long Island. Mr. Trumbull was born in Shillington, Pa. to the Rev. Thomas H. and Clara Wallace Trumbull. He was the executive vice president of the Liberty Mutual Trust Company of New York City. He was a member of the Walnut Cove Methodist Church.

Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Emily Hutchins Trumbull; a step-daughter, Alice Fay; a brother, Mr. William S. Trumbull of Philadelphia; and two sisters, Mrs. Arnold Weisner of Oklahoma City, Okla., and Mrs. Filbert Wall of Shillington.

Burial will be Monday, 4 p.m., at the Manhasset Cemetery. Hawthorne Funeral Home is in charge of services.

What a wonderful obituary, he thought. Such detail. Such accuracy. And Emily would clip it out quite neatly as she had done the first one and save it. Then she'd frequent the Knickerbocker Bar again right in the arm-



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pit of Manhattan, moving in on some new \$575 a week man either drunk enough or foolish enough to buy her Vodka Gimlets and take her to buffet luncheons at the Whistling Oyster.

And Harrison would begin a thirteen day binge of chain smoking cigars, not so much out of mourning, but out of nervous concern for the company. Alice. She would cry, of course. She cried when John Glenn waved at her on TV from his black Continental in the heart of his parade. She cried when the Manhasset Traffic Commission made Washington Street one way. They, all of them, would in a sense perish with him because he would never have to look at them again. The three people fused into one, clinging together to form a tight knot floating around inside him. Darkness had come by now. The road unraveled with infuriating slowness, its black wall rising unceasingly in front of his headlights no matter how they twisted.

But still there was the sense of restriction. Electricity sped through his bloodstream. The steering wheel felt like a whip, limp in his hand. His arms began to shake a bit and then his whole body. And Norman sailed on, hoping, even praying, that the night would hide him, that it might engulf him, accepting the meager offering of his soul and his car, that the night might show mercy and like some primeval god reach out and destroy him. . . .

The picture the "Manhasset Sentinel" ran of Norman was different from the usual one. The head shot showed a sort of profile which made him seem skinnier than he was. The photo of Emily was the same, though. Her old standby—the one they always ran when certain civic events were announced.

Harriet was staring at the two pictures with her paper partially folded on the breakfast table when her husband came down the stairs to join her. She read it aloud to him, as it was a sort of habit of hers to read him the choicest slips of gossip from the society page before they began their morning meal:

Back after a fun-filled week of rest and sun on the beach are the Trumbulls—Norman, of Liberty Mutual Trust Company, N. Y.; his vivacious wife Emily and their daughter Alice, who will be a junior this fall at Brown University. The family made the luxurious "Sea Spray" their home for their eight-day stay at Oceanside and received a number of guests during that time.

Among them were Kenmore Harrison, Managing President of Liberty Mutual, and his wife Harriet; Mr. and Mrs. Anson W. Blaine, also of Manhasset, and Mr. Richard Gardner. . . .

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Blood and Guts in the Movies

(or The Saga of Arthur, Warren, Bonnie, and Clyde)

by Doug Lemza

Embellishing fact with legend has long been man's way of getting around specific explanations to questions that probe far beyond his immediate knowledge. Often the legend is blown up in such proportion that the original facts are lost and sink into the mire of the forgotten. Folk heroes and other figures of superman characteristics emerge as a result. Whether they are to be accepted the way they are or whether they are to be raised to new levels of imagination is left for future generations to decide. Such is the case with the American folk antiheroes, Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow; for their spree of love, robbery, and killings has not meshed with today's hero-prototype of the "superman."

It is in the recent movie, "Bonnie and Clyde," that much of this current boo-hoing of violence, legend-conflict, and interpretations of American subculture has found a new home. "Bonnie and Clyde" is genuinely unnerving. The film lashes out at much of what was wrong in our land during the Thirties, and yet it keeps

a vital quality which leads one to believe that it also underscores the shallowness of today's problems. Unfortunately, a great majority of the people who have seen the film find its violence to be obscene, unrealistic, and a pure waste of time. This critical group seems to be composed of two factions: the first abhors violence, hates sentimentality, and pushes the "win" philosophy. The second group, however, loves violence for the emotional charge they can get from it. Unfortunately for this latter group, there is from "Bonnie and Clyde" a notable absence of the music and wit that accompanies Lee Marvin's karate chops to the stomach or groin delivered in such outings as "The Dirty Dozen" and "Point Blank."

"Bonnie and Clyde" certainly does not exemplify the lighthearted movie which tells of the wonders and joys of living (a la "Sound of Music"). Instead, the film displays a different, yet capable understanding of the ugliness of human existence under pressure and in bizarre circumstances. Bonnie and Clyde—as persons, lovers, and partners in crime—find life brutal and lacking a system of redemption. Thus the movie is beautiful in its wretched, sordid but truthful portrayal of life. Because of its honesty, "Bonnie and Clyde" is one of the best American films to pass our way in quite some

Doug Lemza, a sophomore from Kendell Park, N. J., is a potential English major with a special interest in writing and films.

time. It follows in the shattering path first blazed by "Dr. Strangelove" and "Lolita," where the action is kept at an honest level. "Bonnie and Clyde," therefore, is not an amusement.

In the midst of this examination of life and truth, however, the audience finds themselves laughing; for the film is exploring both the humor and horror of life. During the first half of the film, most of the viewers think that the challenges, robberies, and tableaux are a real scream. Such reaction implies that the audience has thus far viewed the film as a left-over Dick Foran and Ruby Keeler movie.* Soon, however, the humor becomes a forthright statement of morality: that in this absolute mess of human waste (and that is what it is for the keen but shifting minds of Bonnie and Clyde), there is some love, some feeling that transcends the blood and gore of their ruthless escapades. Critic Pauline Kael offers a poignant summary when she says, "'Bonnie and Clyde,' by making us care about the robber-lovers by the intrusion of humor and not the joy-happy use of violence, puts the sting back into death."

Many critics (both professional and amateur) have failed to see what director Arthur Penn makes explicit in his film: that its importance is the mood, the evocation of an era, the shattering of many of our preconceptions—not the detailed re-creation of someone's habits. Possibly it would have been better if Bonnie and Clyde had been fictitious characters rather than portrayals of people who once lived, only to be pulled apart by those directing their appetites toward the destruction of things and events that are too remote to revive for actual documentation. The nearest one can come to recreating the actual Bonnie and Clyde is in the artificial portrayal of the mood of the people in that era.

The final masters of the creative process, then, are the actors, director, producer, and editor who have pooled their efforts in one of the best products of modern cinema. Warren Beatty as Clyde, Faye Dunaway as Bonnie, Michael Pollard as C. W., Gene Hackman as brother Buck, and Estelle Parsons as Buck's wife will go down as the most cohesive group of actors of our time. They set out to play their parts as people of the Thirties, and this they did.

As a work of personal and technical brilliance, "Bonnie and Clyde" offers an important option to us in the college-cloistered society. The film is a hideous Gorgon of truth and sordidness, but the "flower in the dunghill" beckons viewers to see life anew. If the viewer can look the Gorgon in the eye without running for fear of his morals, something good might be accomplished—something which countless viewings of "The Dirty Dozen" and its kind could never provide.



Photographs courtesy of Warner Bros.-Tatira Productions

* Dick Foran was the mainstay of thousands of B movies either playing a hick or a detective. Miss Keeler seemed to be always glued into some Warner Brothers musical. "Bonnie and Clyde" exploits these movie cycles of the thirties.

All right. So we've finally talked Brown into a poetry issue. And it'll be published in April. So what we need now is a name for it; after all, the Baptists wouldn't let an unnamed magazine run loose here—you know what it'd be called. So what we need are suggestions for a name. Carol. . . . Too sing-songy. Norma. . . . To normal. Mickey. You're kidding.

. . . What about him. Well maybe. Hey Brown what about a name for the new issue. Got any ideas? . . . See what I mean.

. . . What's that, Carol. Yeah, great idea. We'll run a contest for the best name for the new poetry magazine at Wake Forest. We'll offer a prize of . . . yeah, five dollars.

. . . Hey Brown! How about five dollars from the budget for the contest prize? . . . Maybe we could split it four ways.

Now what's the deadline for entries? . . . Good idea, Carol. . . . We'll be making a what?

All right. Let's write it all down: five dollars to the student who sends in the best suggestion of a name for the new poetry magazine by February 29th, 1968.

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FEATURES

- | | | |
|--------------------|----|---|
| Kirk Jonas | 4 | A New Approach to the New Morality |
| Charles H. Talbert | 9 | Diary of My Dealings with a Denominational Editor |
| Calvin Huber | 12 | The Crisis of Music at Wake Forest |

ESSAYS

- | | | |
|--------------|----|--------------------------|
| Doug Stokes | 19 | Exodus to Genesis |
| Dave Roberts | 21 | Assembly Line Education |
| Ed Myers | 28 | The Annette Koser Affair |

POETRY

- | | | |
|--------------------|----|-------------------------|
| Mary Marshall Rand | 24 | A Chimney |
| Alice Stewart | 25 | When I Knew Him |
| Doug Wright | 26 | Lord of the Dance |
| Sharon Dowd | 26 | 1/1/67 |
| Emory Cason | 27 | Running Running Running |
| Kirk Jonas | 27 | Here: People |

FICTION

- | | | |
|--------------------|----|---------------|
| Theodore F. Boushy | 32 | Winter Leaves |
|--------------------|----|---------------|

REVIEW

- | | | |
|------------|----|---------------------|
| Doug Lemza | 38 | The Utter Stupidity |
|------------|----|---------------------|



Jim Grout

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Editorial

The University's Responsibility

Wake Forest University should close its doors—or recognize that creativity and experimentation is an essential part of the educational process and especially a part of the continued development of an educational institution. Too often the administrative leadership of Wake Forest lacks imagination and initiative. When prodded because of their lackadaisical ways these administrators sigh in disgust and mumble about the “academic quality” of Wake Forest and about our illustrious quest for “national status” as a university. We do not deny that academic quality exists in certain areas or that progress is being made toward the goal of national university.

But aren't we just jousting with windmills? Yes! We have become too preoccupied with the mere admiration of our shining ideals of “academic quality” and “national status.” Trust is not born of rhetoric. But those administrators and academicians supposedly concerned with the fate of Wake Forest University have become mere rhetoricians: always promulgating the “master plan” but never approaching it.

There are students who come to Wake Forest with the imagination and with the initiative needed to provide impetus to the institution. The Men's Residence Council, the Challenge Symposium, and the Experimental College are three of the most notable examples of student sophistication. These three organizations are tangible proof that students recognize Wake Forest's dull-and-unimaginative-but-adequate image. Yet these same individuals who enter the University with an indomitable spirit born of accomplishment and who offer to the University their time and their ideas often leave with cynicism imbedded within them. (Wake Forest, for example, has one of the lowest percentages of alumni interest and attachment.)

We feel that such cynicism reveals this basic fault of Wake Forest: the student is asked and many times expected to risk his time and his energy to serve; yet Wake Forest refuses to risk anything in return. When the administrative leadership finally conceives a unique and exciting idea, such as the Ecumenical Council recently established by President Scales, they are usually thwarted by a conservative board of trustees which attempts to mold the institution to antiquated ideas or, more often, to unfounded prejudices which are out of tune with the diverse spirit of the University. Wake Forest is ideally suited for the establishment of a center for urban studies and to thus become a dynamic force in the surrounding communities. Yet, if previous indications hold true the first such center will be established at Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond, Virginia, and thus the notoriety of uniqueness will be lost.

If Wake Forest University continues to deny that risk is necessary in any venture; if it continually refuses to seek unique solutions and to propose imaginative programs; if it will not risk as its students risk, then the doors of the University will eventually close and one hundred thirty-four proud years will be but a footnote in educational history.

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Takes the worry out of being close ?

Courtesy MOTIVE Magazine

PHOTO: BOB FITCH

A New Approach to the New Morality

by Kirk Jonas

Did the Harebell loose her girdle
To the lover Bee
Would the Bee the Harebell hallow
Much as formerly?

—Emily Dickinson

Wake Forest coeds are highly moral, aware of sexual attitudes, and mostly virgins. Only 19.5% of Wake Forest's coeds have had premarital sexual relations and most of these are engaged or soon to be. This and similar information was taken from a research questionnaire distributed to Wake coeds which gathered responses on the desirability and availability of contraceptives on the Wake Forest campus.

Sexual attitudes are a highly personal matter and any survey concerning sexual attitudes may be misleading. Thus these percentages are only statistical answers to questions and should be considered only as such. The question of the use of contraceptives anywhere is yet unanswered and beneath the social and religious overtones are personal attitudes which will eventually decide the issue. Whether Wake Forest University should supply its coeds with contraceptives is a particularly contestable question.

Premarital sexual relations are not a Wake Forest social issue. Nor is the use of contraceptives. The apartment rule could logically fall into the same category. And using the Wake Forest "in loco parentis" reasoning, it seems logical that the University would want to protect from pregnancy those coeds whom it can not protect from sex. But this is not the case and indicates a lack of consistency in the University's present attitudes.

The coed's attitudes concerning premarital sex range between extremes. Where some coeds consider even thinking of premarital sex to be a moral sin and a few coeds admit having sexual relations with the "casual date," the great majority are virgins who want to stay that way until marriage. This majority is also sympathetic to those who don't wait, considering the decision to be a very personal and relative one. They consider the question of sex without marriage to be a natural one and 61% say they have considered it seriously. One coed explained that "college is an unnatural situation



Kirk Jones is a freshman from Richmond, Virginia. Evee.

for a woman. While most women are married at college age and women have always considered being wives more important than a career, the college girl must wait an unnaturally long time for sex. Women don't change on the first night of their honeymoon. Consideration of sex starts early, naturally." Still, most coeds, the one who expressed this opinion included, have decided to save themselves for their husbands. Of those who have had premarital intercourse, the great majority are either engaged or have seriously considered marriage with their partner.

The coeds look at premarital sexual relations as a matter of personal morality and personal situation. Only one coed said that school rules influenced her decision in any manner. Many of the coeds who have not considered premarital sex say they have never been in a situation where they would have to. The coeds who have not considered premarital sex (39%) are generally less sympathetic to those having premarital sexual relations than those who have seriously considered it. More than situation, or any other factor, the coed's decisions on premarital sex are usually based on the individual's personal morality. Others expressed a fear that sexual relations would damage their relationship. One coed wrote that "discussion of marriage" ended soon after intercourse with her partner. For all of society's talk of changing sexual attitudes, Wake Forest women generally want to remain virgin until marriage and perhaps the issue of "free love" has given them more of a choice than they would have in a less promiscuous society. Their attitude is understandable as most men still want to marry virgins (this is an assumption on the author's part) and unmarried pregnancies are still considered a social and moral wrong.

The decision of having premarital sex is a very personal and thought about question with Wake Forest coeds, yet the University has not left them to make a personal choice. Playing the protective parent, the University has placed extremely strict hours on the coeds, conceived the apartment rule, and made visiting a boy's room grounds for expulsion for both parties. On a campus where dancing was not officially permitted until this year, even the discussion of contraceptive availability on campus seems ludicrous. Wake Forest, with these overly strict restrictions, is doing a more thorough job of protecting some of its members from contemporary life than of preparing them.

In a serious, confidential response to the question of contraceptive availability, 40% of the coeds thought they should be available at the college hospital for the use of coeds in general. Reasons for contraceptive availability followed a theme of security. These coeds thought that the availability of contraceptives would not influence one's personal decision on whether or not to use them. Here are some of the coeds' arguments who thought that it would be desirable to have contraceptives made

available at the University's hospital: "The hospital would be a reliable source for those who need or use contraceptives. The hospital could help prevent misconceptions and provide reliable information. Why risk a possible pregnancy if you have relations anyway? Girls won't change their morals just because contraceptives are available. It's none of society's business. Contraceptives, if made available, would relieve much very unnecessary unhappiness. Rules have nothing to do with personal conduct in most cases. The use of a medically prescribed contraceptive (the pill) would give you two months to make up your mind definitely. The availability would indicate WFU is growing up."

As indicated by the response percentages, many coeds (60%) were against the availability of contraceptives on campus. Here are some of their arguments: "The school would look very bad, almost like it was condoning premarital sex. If pills were available to everyone it would encourage promiscuity. Girls would be too embarrassed to use the service. The drugs are dangerous. It's not the college's responsibility. The girls wouldn't use it and would be afraid to give their names. Fear of premarital pregnancies limits immoral promiscuity. Contraceptives should be used only by marrieds."

The debate is mostly speculative but indicates many of the coeds' attitudes. Many of those in favor of having contraceptives at the University hospital commented that this should be done with no questions asked; an attitude that is both unreasonable and impossible. Oral contraceptives require a medical examination and the hospital must keep records of this nature. Dr. Taylor at the University hospital was asked some questions about the hospital's present policy on contraceptives.

THE STUDENT: Are contraceptives now available at the hospital?

DR. TAYLOR: Yes, contraceptives, oral contraceptives and contraceptive advice are available at the hospital. At the moment they are only given to those girls who are married or are contemplating marriage in the very near future.

THE STUDENT: Do you think that the availability of contraceptives would affect a coed's decision on whether or not to have relations?

DR. TAYLOR: This is a tough question to answer, however, I feel that does not really have that much to do with going ahead with sexual relations. It is my opinion from what I have heard and read from other campuses and other sources, that anyone who is inclined to go ahead with sexual relations, it does not matter whether they are using contraceptives of one form or another, or not. They will go ahead if they want to.

THE STUDENT: Do you think that contraceptives should be available to all coeds on their request?

DR. TAYLOR: No, I do not.

There does not really appear to be sufficient reason for a change in the hospital policy. There is neither sufficient reason nor even a mandate for change. Contraceptives should not be available to the coed in general at a college facility. A great percentage of the coeds do not need contraceptives and less than half of those who need them use them. Even fewer would use a campus facility. Nor is it the University's responsibility to supply them. If the University were to do so it would represent at least a symbolic condonement of premarital sex on the part of the University. Wake Forest has responsibilities to parents and the church as well as to the student minority that it would be helping. It is an instance in which the University could do little good and a substantial harm.

Though the University's policy on contraceptives should remain unchanged, its attitudes toward the coed are still seriously lacking. The survey indicates that Wake coeds are mature enough to manage their personal lives, even during a school session. The men's dorm rule, apartment rule, and hours are unpopular and unneeded rules. It is also doubtful that these rules are accomplishing their intended objectives. The University must begin to re-evaluate these policies in light of contemporary situations and the high personal morality of its coeds. Indeed the high morality of the coeds is the main argument for an easing of the restrictions that try to prescribe and enforce morality. The Wake Forest administration must examine some of its policies and involve the entire academic community in its decisions. Otherwise it will fail to secure either the consensus or respect of those affected.

The counseling aspect of the survey indicated significantly different attitudes in the coeds' answers and the University's policies. Seventy-eight percent of the coeds thought that counseling should be available on the use of contraceptives and inherently premarital sexual relations. Several University sources replied when interviewed that counseling is now available, though not used frequently. One hundred twenty four Wake Forest coeds wanted counseling on contraceptive use available at the University hospital. THE STUDENT interviewed Dr. Taylor and asked her about the availability of contraceptive counseling at the University hospital.

THE STUDENT: Do you think that counseling should be available and is it available to all coeds on their asking?

DR. TAYLOR: Yes, we are perfectly willing to discuss contraceptive methods and any counseling that girls ask for on the subject whether they are contemplating marriage or not. This service is available now and has been requested by only a few coeds up to this point.

THE STUDENT: How effective and safe are oral contraceptives?

DR. TAYLOR: So far as we are able to determine now, oral contraceptives are very effective and are safe for the most part. However, it is not known about the safety of long term usage of oral contraceptives; that is, using them for over a period of years. Therefore, for girls in their early married years, we recommend that they use them for only 1½-2 years and then change to another method or maybe they're ready for a pregnancy by then. But anyway, not more than two years without a change.

While the hospital could answer technical problems on the use of contraceptives, the coeds more often consider the psychological and moral consequences of premarital sex. Although comparatively few coeds indicated they would use the chaplain's office for counseling, THE STUDENT found that it has been used and that the chaplain is understanding and cooperative in these instances. Chaplain Hollingsworth was interviewed and his responses are indicative of the nature and attitudes of the man and his office.

THE STUDENT: Is counseling for premarital sexual relations available on campus and specifically in your office? What do you think is the attitude of the people who would be doing the interviewing?

CHAPLAIN HOLLINGSWORTH: Let me say that counseling is available and in so far as I know there is no restriction as to the subject matter. I think that no Wake Forest student is deprived of the opportunity to discuss anything that concerns him, with a number of different people. Certainly the Chaplain's Office is open and frequently we do have the opportunity to counsel the students about matters of sex as well as many, many other matters. I am certain that the deans are available to students in this regard. I would think that counseling possibilities exist, in fact I know them to exist, in the center for psychological services. I would imagine that counseling concerning sexual matters at perhaps some others are available to students through the infirmary and the medical officers of the school. And obviously, since students can and do in fact select the people to whom they will go for counsel, some elect to do this with a given faculty member who may not have any officially designated responsibility in this area. But I know, for example, some faculty who do do a great deal of counseling because they are disposed this way. They're sympathetic towards students. They're understanding and compassionate and interested. I guess the most important word is interested. Certainly where the Chaplain's Office is concerned, I consider the major reason for my being here—the whole area of counseling and what I can mean to students at the individual level or small group level. Students have been in this office and I have seen them in other places, increasingly every

year since I have been at Wake Forest. In all honesty, the first year they didn't bother me very much. I suppose they were looking me over to see whether they could talk to me about something, which is perfectly understandable, from questions about marriage or sex or finance or academic concern or cheating or, oh, whatever bothers students. And certainly they are welcome here and I should say that anything they say in this room or to me in any other context is absolutely confidential and will not be reported no matter how shocking it may be. I do not keep any case records.

The Chaplain's Office, in addition to the Chaplain's own sympathies and understanding, is free from administrative responsibilities which might restrict one's confidence. He is not in an administrative capacity and his independence is noteworthy. Conferences are private. No records are kept.

The Center for Psychological Services was also interviewed by THE STUDENT. It offers a different approach, possibly a compromise or combination of the hospital and the Chaplain's Office.

THE STUDENT: Is counseling on premarital sexual relations and contraceptive use now available at the Center for Psychological Services?

DR. DAVE HILL: Not in a specific sort of way, in that we deliberately set out to make this an important part of what we do. My view would be that it would be

a very individual sort of matter. That since we try to offer individual counseling, yes, then this would be one of the things we try to offer. If we were going to set it up as sort of a, almost a course, or sort of a program, where a lot of people could come in and avail themselves of this, I would want to get some of the people who are interested in sex education. . . . If just somebody walks in off the street and says "I got a problem," then I'd be glad to try to deal with him or any of us would. Right now we've got enough to do that I don't know how available we'd be if, say twenty-five people walked in off the street, say in response to THE STUDENT article. . . .

Counseling on premarital sex and contraceptive use are convenient and available for those who wish to use them. Queries are treated with confidence and understanding. There are a lot of good things about Wake Forest and this is one of them. We should not be the first to forget it. Nor should the University administrators forget that one hundred thirty-four years of change made Wake Forest what it is today. More of the same is especially needed in the area of the contemporary situations of the school. The academic community—faculty, students, and administrators must work together in considering these situations if the University is to continue in its growth. It is regrettable that the mutual respect shown in counseling attitudes is acutely lacking in some of the rules to which Wake coeds are subject.

American Gothic

Grant Wood



Thou hypocrite, first cast out th shalt thou see clearly to cast ou

Matthew 7:5

Prolegomena

THE STUDENT: Were you aware that the sort of editing which you discuss in your Diary occurred?

DR. TALBERT: I was very suspicious, and that is the reason that when Mr. . . . wrote me and said that he wouldn't do violence to my ideas I thought maybe his journal was an exception. And it is also the reason why when I wrote him back I said if your editorial policy is limited to style rather than ideas, I will do the article. Some of my friends had told me that they might not stand by their word.

THE STUDENT: What is the attitude of the denomination toward this activity? Are they aware that the materials they receive from the church are edited in such a way?

DR. TALBERT: I don't know that you can give a straight answer to that. Everyone is aware that the Sunday School materials are edited. Now, it depends upon who you are whether you are in favor of this or not. They are edited in favor of the conservative side. They are edited so that they won't offend the churches that are segregationist and the churches that are fundamentalist. This is probably because of financial reasons. Some literature is shipped back by these churches. A liberal, for example, might not like it but he doesn't beat a drum against it. So what they do is shape the literature in the direction of the people that make the noise, the segregationists and the funda-

mentalists. As a result, the people who write for them are usually safe people. I was so surprised to be asked, and I thought that maybe this indicated a loosening of the editorial policies. I was pleased. If you are raised in a tradition, you feel you have a debt to it and you would like to make a contribution, if it is possible to do so. And when I got the invitation, I assumed that this was an opportunity to make a contribution.

THE STUDENT: Did you get the impression that the editor of the magazine felt an obligation to maintain conservative views? Is the editor just upholding these conservative views because they are imbedded in the system? Does he feel that other people believe this and he does not want to disillusion them?

DR. TALBERT: This is a personal opinion, but I think that the people who work there probably do not believe what they publish. He said in his phone conversation (of course, I don't have that in writing, and it is simply my word) that there had been a directive from the top of the Sunday School Board: that there were too many people writing on race favoring integration and that this had to stop, because it would look like the magazine was favoring integration. And unless they lose their opportunity to minister to those who believe in segregation they could not take this stand. Now since we did not converse about the problem of Adam, I don't know what his rationale is there. It is my opinion that he knows better.

Diary of Team out of thine own eye; and then My Dealings with The mote out of thy brother's eye. A Denominational Editor

by Charles H. Talbert

April 16, 1967. Received a request today from Mr. . . . to do an article for the February, 1968, BAPTIST STUDENT, on the theme "The Anatomy of Stand-Taking." Felt real excitement over the prospects. My wife's response was: "Why would you want to do anything for them? They won't accept what you write. I don't understand you, Charles." Interesting: some things my colleagues said. My desire to do the article persisted. Enter rationalization. I need the money. Besides, Mr. . . . said in his letter—let's see, what was it exactly? Oh yes, —"We, of course, reserve the right to edit all materials which appear in the magazine; however, **we would not do violence to any of your ideas.**" Isn't that assurance enough? Behind the rationalizations, what is my real motivation? Yes, there it is: I really want to do something for those in my denomination. Reply typed. Just to make sure, I wrote: If your editorial policy concerns itself with style rather than content, I would be glad to do the article.

April 22, 1967. Today I received another letter from Mr. . . . , editor of the BAPTIST STUDENT. "Thank you for agreeing to write the article for the February, 1968, BAPTIST STUDENT." No response made to my

remark about editorial procedure. All must be well. Good, I'll get that article out right away.

July 19, 1967. Received a letter from Mr. . . . again, acknowledging receipt of my manuscript mailed early in May. It appears that he has two problems with it. First, "Under the section, 'The Ambiguities,' I'm not sure you quite illustrate what seems to me, at least, to be **the full complexity of this matter.** In both of your illustrations (Segregation and sex) you show how the person who makes the wrong decision does this under inadequate motivation, but you do not show how a person may also come up with the 'right' stand through faulty motivation." Second, "In the process, if you can carve out two hundred to three hundred words from your manuscript, it will be almost exactly what we requested." "Return it to us by July 26." Oh boy! Here I am in the midst of summer school and in the midst of doing research for another writing project and he sends this to me, now of all times—and how can his two requests be anything but mutually exclusive? Reply finished. I told Mr. . . . that I could not comply with his requests for two reasons: (1) his request to deal with the problem more fully and his request to shorten the article are contradictory; (2) I simply do not have the time at this late date to get into the material again. Conclusion: Deal gently with my brain child.

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August 9, 1967. Received another letter from Mr. He edited the manuscript himself. This involved (1) deletion of the last section—that is all right— (2) reworking the section on "the ambiguities." That could cause problems. But remember his word about his editorial procedure: **"we would not do violence to any of your ideas."** My wife is suspicious of what the outcome will be. I trust the man though. Why shouldn't I in light of what he said?

September 21, 1967. Received a letter from Mr. 's secretary today. "Mr. asked that I send the enclosed copy of your manuscript **as it will appear** in the February, 1968, BAPTIST STUDENT." Let's see how he dealt with the issue so that he treated the full complexity of the matter. I can't believe my eyes! Just compare the section that he edited with what I wrote.

Original manuscript

The very first thing that must be noted is the ambiguity in a person's taking or not taking a stand. This is so because two entirely different types of responses to issues can spring out of virtually identical motives. On the one side, consider the kinds of motivations that often lie behind the stand one takes on a given issue. Three such motives should be adequate illustration.

First, one may take a stand on an issue out of the motive of self-preservation. This is often what lies behind a staunch segregationist stand. The white man is fearful of what will happen to him if he acts for or allows racial justice. So self-preservation leads to racial injustice.

Edited manuscript

The first thing that must be noted about stand-taking is the ambiguity of it. Two entirely different types of responses can spring out of virtually identical motives. And regardless of the noble reasons a person may give himself as justification for his action, his real motives may be something else indeed. On the one side, consider the kinds of motivations that often lie behind the stand one takes on a given issue. Three such motives should be adequate illustration. Let us consider stands on race, for instance.

First, one may take a stand on an issue out of the motive of self-preservation. The white man who takes a staunch segregationist stand may fear what will happen to him if he acts in favor of or allows racial justice. Self-preservation in this case leads to racial injustice. [On the other hand, a person who is at heart a segregationist may be "pressured" by fear of popular opinion to remain silent or even to appear to favor integration.]

"We would not do violence

Second, one may take a stand on an issue out of the motive of self-importance. A person sees the racial issue as a means of propelling himself into prominence. He takes a certain position because it is expedient to the accomplishment of his own goals.

Third, one may take a stand on an issue out of the motive of self-destruction. This is occasionally what lies behind a white society's stand against racial justice. Like a rowdy child that determines to cause more disorder in spite of knowing that such behavior only creates an even greater estrangement from his community, a state or church may do the very thing that they know will ultimately be their downfall. It seems as if a compulsive self-destructive motive propels them to stand against their better interests.

Second, one may take a stand on an issue out of the motive of self-importance. **This is sometimes what lies behind segregationist stands.** A person sees the racial issue as a means of propelling himself into a position of prominence. The stand taken is motivated by the drive for self-importance.

Third, one may take a stand on an issue out of the desire for self-destruction. This seems sometimes to lie behind a white society's stand against racial justice. [I'm sure this subconscious "drive" is what motivates many individuals to take extreme views on race, both conservative and liberal.] Like a rowdy child that determines to cause more disorder in spite of knowing that such behavior only creates an even greater estrangement from his community, a state, a church, or an individual may do the very things that it knows will ultimately be its downfall. It seems as though a compulsive self-destructive motive propels him to stand against his better interests.

to any of your ideas."

Apart from the editorial revisions in matters of style there are clearly three instances where violence is done to my thought. There are two interpolations (the sentences in brackets) and one sentence is omitted to change the thrust (the sentence in bold). There can be no doubt that the interpolations and the omitted sentence are in the interest of weakening my remarks against segregation. Oh well, my wife warned me. So did my friends. I just had to learn for myself.

October 3, 1967. Happened to see Miss, a friend and student of literature this A. M. Since we had been talking recently about the problem of interpolations in various literatures, I thought I would issue a challenge to her and see if she could spot the interpolations in the revised manuscript. It took her less than ten minutes. Maybe there is something to literary criticism after all. Wrote Mr. to tell him of my experiment. "I had a young lady read the edited manuscript and told her only that she should apply literary criticism to the document in an attempt to isolate the interpolations on the basis of style and theology, to describe the mind of the interpolator, to indicate how the interpolations altered the original thrust of the document, etc. The young lady's findings I now report to you." The second interpolation was spotted first. Why? "The style is not that of the author who never uses 'I'. The thought is not that of the author for it tones down his strictly liberal tendencies." Then the second interpolation was spotted. Why? "Stylistically, only here and in the other interpolation is there a word in quotation marks. Moreover, the thought of this sentence is more in harmony with that of the other interpolation than with the rest of the article." "The interpolator is a person who feels that it is necessary to tone down the liberal thrust of the author. He feels this in **only one** section of the article, the section on **race**. There only does he reveal a moderating tendency. The interpolations, therefore, are in the interest of a moderating tendency on race and change the original thrust of the author in that direction." "I could only respond to this young lady that she was exactly correct on all counts." I also informed Mr. of the student's reply and that of an innocent by-stander: "But is that ethical?"

To which I could only reply: "It was more ethical in the ancient world than it is in the modern world."

Middle of October (day uncertain). Received a long distance phone call today from Mr. about my letter of October 3rd. Thirty minutes is a long time to talk long distance. Let's see now, what was the gist of his remarks (I listened mostly)? (1) Too many authors, when writing articles on subjects not dealing specifically with race, have been favoring integration, so that, if they were all published, a reader would get the impression that the BAPTIST STUDENT was favoring one side over the other on the racial situation. (2) Such favoritism would break relations with some Baptists and cause the BAPTIST STUDENT to be unable to minister to them in the future. (3) The author is offered three alternatives: (a) withdraw the article altogether; (b) cut out the section on race altogether; (c) allow the style to be altered so it would be in line with the author's, without altering the modified contents. In no case was the alternative of publishing the thought of the article as written considered a live option. Resignation on my part. What is the use? I was warned not to take Mr. at his word on the BAPTIST STUDENT'S editorial policy. Change the style and go ahead. Secret thoughts: Never again. Never.

January 9, 1968. Received three copies of the February, 1968, issue of the BAPTIST STUDENT a couple of days ago. Time to take a few minutes to read through "my" article. Oh no! I didn't say that! Had they made that change on the copy I received from them on September 21, 1967? Let's check. No they hadn't. These two changes were made between the copy of my manuscript "as it will appear in the February, 1968, BAPTIST STUDENT" (so the letter received September 21st) and the appearing of the February issue. Note the changes. They are within the parentheses.

Copy as it appears in the February Baptist Student

First, when Adam (as the representative of every man) sinned, the wholeness of the relation he had with God was broken. God's intention in creation was the wholeness of the four basic relations of Adam's (and every man's) life.

Copy of September 21st and original manuscript

First, when Adam (every man) sinned, the wholeness of the relation he had with God was broken.

God's intention in creation was the wholeness of the four basic relations of Adam's (every man's) life.

These guys really believe that Adam was one man who lived a long time ago. Well, even that is more honest than making the alterations **after** sending the author a copy of the article "as it will appear in the February, 1968, BAPTIST STUDENT." Irony. Unethical practices in an issue on ethical decisions! Oh well, I was warned.

The Crisis of Music

At Wake Forest

by Calvin Huber

During the past decade we have heard much of the burgeoning interest in the arts in this country. We have been bludgeoned with statistics designed to disprove the image of the uncultured American. We read, for example, that the United States spends more money annually on the arts than all the other countries of the world put together. Not everyone agrees, however, that mere dollar volume means increased culture. Some counter that our artistic binge is merely a reflection of a desire for ornamentation or the status of pseudo-culture. What are the facts as they apply to music?

First, despite an apparent explosion of interest in the arts, music remains the worst taught subject in American schools and colleges. At least 85 per cent of this nation's population is musically illiterate, that is, our citizens are unable to read simple musical notation. Comparably, "it is as if most Americans were unable to spell simple English words, and of those who could, many could not understand the Declaration of Independence or 'Huckleberry Finn'." Even America's foremost scholars are frequently ignorant about music; music is seldom included in the cultural histories or the social analyses they produce.

What are the facts behind the dismal failure of music education? They are as interesting and complex as the American educative process itself and the diverse backgrounds from which it stems. To begin with, music education lacks coordination of instruction between the various levels of schooling. The elementary, junior high schools, senior high schools, and colleges seem to be working independently as if consciously avoiding a pre-determined design for music teaching and learning. Scattered instruction in the public schools is generally bad and that which is not tends to be superficial. In either case, music occupies a microscopic part of the school curriculum at all levels. Most school administrators and patrons regard music as a frill. If we agree in principle that the schools mirror public demand, then the responsibility for musical illiteracy must rest squarely

with the school's patrons who, we must remember, are themselves at least 85 per cent musically illiterate.

If a student somehow reaches college and is able to read music, it is unlikely that literacy was acquired in the required elementary or junior high school "general music" courses, where instruction consists mostly of the singing of "rote" songs from memory, and so-called music "appreciation" lessons. If literacy was acquired playing in the school band, orchestra, or singing in the chorus, the student's familiarity with the history, theory, and literature of music is probably superficial. Much the same applies to the products of the private piano, organ, and voice teachers, and, more recently, the army of commercial guitar and accordion teachers. Those studying the problems of musical illiteracy are continually led to two basic problems: the inadequate training of those charged with the responsibility of teaching music and the disinterest in music on the part of administrators and parents.

It is well to note at this point, that music education at all levels suffers from three major handicaps: the strange attitude of Americans toward music, the peculiar nature of music as a discipline, and the newness of musical scholarship (musicology). Let us consider each of these briefly.

Americans developed their peculiar attitude toward music within the last one hundred years. Until the middle of the last century music in America had developed in an orderly and promising fashion. With the burst of westward expansion and the industrialization of the country, the new rich, in an effort to set themselves apart from the pioneers, immigrants, and Negroes, and to appear "cultured," turned to Europe for musical art, importing Jenny Lind, Offenbach, Paderewski, Strauss, and many others. The personnel of American orchestras and opera companies were soon largely European or European-trained. Waves of American musicians, including Griffes, MacDowell, and even Gershwin, journeyed to Europe to receive instruction from European (particularly German) masters. The American concert hall became a moribund facsimile of the European original. The efforts of the bourgeoisie to hear "what

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was new in Europe" instituted a tradition from which music in America has yet to recover. Americans in this day and age—and particularly the music teachers at the college level who are trained to esteem European concert music over all other—are understandably confused and perplexed that an American music was not only able to survive, but was able to achieve significant stature.

The pro-European, anti-American bias among musicians and amateurs takes many forms. For example, Professor Claude Paliska of Yale, in the introductory chapter of "Music in Our Schools," complains that in American schools ballads by Leadbelly and "trite cowboy songs" are preferred to the popular songs of the 16th century France and Spain. Along this same line Professor Joseph Kerman of the University of California, in an article which appeared in the "Journal of the American Musicological Society" (Spring 1965), finds American folk song inadequate for study. "Unfortunately," he writes, "American music has not been interesting enough, artistically, to merit from us that commitment." In these cavalier statements, made from an obvious pro-European bias, three centuries of this country's music are summarily dismissed. It is an unfortunate and irresponsible attitude.

Our pro-European musical outlook is seen in other ways. The chauvenism and sickening social spectacle that attends symphonic and operatic performances* is a direct consequence of the "ugly American's" desire to appear cultured. That this same segment of polite society shuns worthy, even exciting musical performances by non-orchestral and operatic media (chamber music, wind bands, ensembles, and the like) further reflects this attitude. Daily papers regularly carry reviews of concerts of European music, no matter how banal, but largely ignore significant American currents and trends. Our symphonies regularly perform Sibelius while virtually ignoring Charles Ives.

The apparent disdain for all American popular music, whether good or bad, and the preference for almost any

uninspired pre-20th-century popular melody from Europe (over Gershwin, Cole Porter, Rodger, and some of the new generation popular song writers) perpetuates the myth that "if it comes from outside the border of the continental United States, it has to be good." Americans have tried for years to ignore jazz while secretly hoping it would quietly go away. It did—to Europe. Lovers of "good" music were horrified, fearing that to export such "base" music would substantiate the belief held by Europeans that, indeed, Americans were wallowing in a cultural gutter.

The second class status of musicians in general and jazz musicians in particular is a throw-back to and perpetuates centuries-old European custom. Although the 16th century humanists regarded knowledge of and ability in music as indispensable to the concept of the "homo universale," it was generally felt that no "gentleman" would pursue music as a career. Then, as now, the bourgeoisie regarded the professional musician at a distance, a sometime guest who, in the final analysis, works with his hands and, in the practice of his art, sweats.

The jazz musician, largely ignored by the American concert-goer, stands at a lower social level than his colleague in "serious" music, for his American art is largely rejected, its integrity impugned in his own land. We see efforts to clean him up, to remove the rough edges, to "polish" his music so that he will be socially acceptable—perhaps even at the White House. Enter the world of musical eunuchs: the Lee Evans Trio. Consequently the gulf separating those representing European "serious" music on the one hand and those who seek out American popular music grows ever wider.

A second handicap under which music struggles is the peculiar nature of music as a discipline and the unique problems it presents in its teaching. We have come to accept the general feeling that Americans are aurally underdeveloped, that we do not train our ears as well as our other senses. Our ability to discriminate sounds as to pitch, rhythm, dynamics, harmonics, is unrefined. We deal effectively in words and numbers because we feel they are more useful in manipulating nature (and each other) more profitably. We must begin to ask ourselves first why we assume that words and numbers are the only legitimate vehicles for the exchange of ideas,

* Preceding the appearance of the road company Metropolitan Opera last spring the local newspaper's headline read: "The Big Question: What to Wear to the Opera."



and second, why are we so suspicious of the whole of the human mind and spirit?

Another unique aspect of music as a discipline is its need for three different kinds of teachers, working in combination, to be taught effectively: music scholars, composers, and performers. Unlike paintings, sculptures, or books, musical scores cannot be read or experienced directly; they require a performance to bring them to life. Only drama approaches music in this respect. Where plays lose something if they are only read, music loses everything (except to a few highly trained and gifted specialists). To quote Dr. Jacques Barzun:

Musicology (music scholarship) without performances can become removed and dry. Performances without scholarship behind them can become inaccurate and mechanical. Composition, divorced from scholarship and performance, can become clumsy and pointless.

Yet a third handicap to music in America, particularly at the university levels, is the comparative newness of musical scholarship as a field. Serious music scholarship began only 82 years ago with Guido Adler, professor of musical science at Prague and, later, at Vienna where he taught students like Arnold Schoenberg and Anton Webern, and founded the influential musicological publication "*Vierteljahrsschrift für Musikwissenschaft*." Its avowed object was seeing scholarship in music accepted into the humanities. His influence was profound and musicology today is still working largely within the framework of Adler's principles. Some men, such as Paul Henry Lang of Columbia, have attempted to cement the bond of music and the humanities by emphasizing that one of the principal objectives of musicology is the study of men in society, in all ages and cultures, as they express themselves through music and behave because of music. In this context all music is a reflection of the age in which it was created and, therefore, worthy of scholarly study.

There is convincing recorded evidence that music enjoyed a prominent and esteemed position in education from the time of the western world's oldest civilizations. Its influence and importance never diminished. In the middle ages, music was a vital part of the "quadrivium," one of the basic courses of study comprising the liberal arts curriculum of the medieval university. Music was regarded as a discipline suitable for scholars of any disposition and inclination. The gradually changing attitude is reflected in the account of the "Publick Act," or commencement, at Oxford on July 5, 1733, where the traditionally solemn occasion was enlivened by rousing musical performances. Records reveal that Dr. Thomas Hearne, then the learned and irascible head of the Bodleian Library, rebuked the university's Vice Chancellor for permitting "one Handel, a Forreigner, and his lowsy Crew of forreign Fiddlers" to perform in place of the "Musick Speech," a scholarly lecture that was a customary ritual on this occasion. Not only does this

event reflect the change in the nature of musical instruction, it heralded the twilight of music's position in relation to the other humanities in the university. Only recently was musical study re-established in European institutions of higher learning.

In America, musical scholarship has yet to be accepted fully into the framework of the humanities by this nation's college and university scholars. Universities are now, and likely will remain, in the control of humanities faculties or non-musicians. It is to be lamented that few lovers of music exist among the ranks of humane professors and still fewer have any use for contemporary music. For such professors any music worthy of performance should have been composed sufficiently long ago to provide what might be referred to as "the necessary contemplative interval." The general attitude of many university professors can be described with the phrases: resigned but amused acceptance; grumpy suspicion of music's academic "content"; willful disregard; haughty disdain; and, in some cases, open attack. The nation's 85 per cent musical illiteracy figure extends through the ranks of university professors as well as other segments of our society.

The place of music at Wake Forest can best be understood in its proper context if the foregoing facts and observations are clearly understood. These, then, are the relevant questions that follow therefrom. What is the current status of music on the Wake Forest campus? How does it compare with music programs on other campuses? Is there room and need for improvement? In what ways can music be improved on the Wake Forest campus? How can changes best be implemented?

First, we should observe what is patently obvious: that Wake Forest historically, by inclination and by design, has stood primarily as a liberal arts institution with a strong emphasis on the humanities and, somewhat later, science. For the many reasons cited earlier, music lost its position in the universities' liberal arts curriculums long before the founding of Wake Forest College, indeed long before Handel and his "lowsy Crew of forreign Fiddlers" demeaned the Oxford University campus. There was no one in those early years of Wake Forest's history to urge that the study of music be included in the curriculum. As I have pointed out, musical scholarship, unknown a century ago, is even today in its infancy. Cornell was the first American university to appoint a musical scholar to its faculty in 1930, when Dr. Otto Kinkelley was appointed professor of music. Wake Forest has yet to make such an appointment or to accept the premise that serious musical scholarship and study should be a part of the humanities. There seems to be a grudging acceptance of musical performance; but the two musical scholarship and musical composition, the two other ingredients necessary to the successful teaching of music on a university campus, are, for the most part, lacking.

As for musical performance, here again we see European attitudes prevailing. The study of music in the active sense, many professors feel, is not truly a humanistic pursuit. It was my personal feeling that some of our professors tacitly (and in several cases, openly) embraced the North Carolina School of the Arts upon its establishment in Winston-Salem because its creation solved the vexing problem of what to do with those strange young men and women who felt it was more important than anything else to play oboes, violins, and tubas. While we are agreed that it is a fine thing for lawyers and businessmen to play the piano or sing in the church choir if they wish, they are still persuaded that such activities are avocational, and, if they insist on a career of music making, it should be carried on somewhere else, preferably in a special school as far removed from the Wake Forest campus as possible, in

a strong, well-balanced, triple-threat curriculum consisting of the three necessary ingredients referred to earlier: music scholarship, composition, and performance. Only with such an emphasis can a music program be consistent with and complementary to the objectives and the avowed purpose of Wake Forest University. For a music curriculum at Wake Forest to be heavily weighted toward performance alone would be a mistake of the gravest consequences, in my judgment, for the University would then be attempting to perform the function of the trade-school-minded conservatories and "professional" schools. To substantiate this view it is necessary for me to digress, momentarily, in order to present a realistic picture of the current status of the performing musician.

In this community we have heard much of the performing arts. We have been led to believe that there



this case, in the southeast corner of Winston-Salem.

For the music major at Wake Forest University the music department provides many opportunities, particularly in the area of performance. Musical scholarship and composition are not a significant part of the Wake Forest picture. Pressures in the music majors' so-called "academic" courses place heavy demands on the student's time needed for practice and performance. His facilities for practice and study are pitifully inadequate, but he lives with the hope that the long promised music building will soon be forthcoming. In some areas he is receiving training superior to that of any college or university in the state. In others his training and preparation need to be re-studied and re-examined. The need for a strong major at Wake Forest cannot be overemphasized. It is important to the University that a vital, full-blooded major in music be predicated on

is a shortage of trained musicians, that communities throughout the land are desperately seeking qualified players. Both statements are misleading. **The only thing preventing the establishment of a professional orchestra in this or any other community is money.** What most communities are saying, in essence, is "there is a shortage of qualified professional-level players who will work for little or nothing." Our conservatories and large music schools are graduating qualified young performing musicians at an unprecedented rate. The major concern of the graduates is finding a position promising a salary sufficient to sustain themselves. Furthermore, our major cities have an abundance of fine players who are seeking an opportunity to play—at a living wage. It may be something of a surprise to learn that only two years ago just two symphony orchestras in this country guaranteed a living wage for the full 52 weeks of the year—

and these contracts were signed comparatively recently. Most orchestras, such as the New Orleans, Atlanta, Tucson, etc., feel they are fortunate if they can guarantee musicians a 28 to 36 week season; and many of the major orchestras, the Cleveland, Minneapolis, Chicago, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, fare only slightly better. Very few performing musicians are able to provide for themselves and their families without supplementing their wages by teaching, working in industry, selling insurance, and the like. The picture for the performing singer is more bleak. The American Symphony Orchestra League and the American Federation of Musicians are bringing up their biggest guns in support of federal subsidization of the arts. Passage of impending legislation in this area is one of the major hopes for the performing musician in this decade. Without federal subsidies and increased support from the communities, orchestras will continually find themselves short of funds and, consequently, qualified players.

What, then, becomes of the graduates of conservatories and art schools? Some, indeed, go into music. The rest turn to teaching in the schools (for which they are unprepared academically or temperamentally), find other work of some kind while pursuing music avocationally, or give up music entirely. It is not, in my judgment, the responsibility or purpose of Wake Forest University to contribute, through misguided curriculum planning, to the dilemma of the performing musician. Wake Forest must immediately close its ears to special interests; to the unscrupulous professional "music maker"; to the well-meaning counsel of the dilettante posing as an authority who, in ignorance and through lack of training and experience, would lead the University down the primrose path; to those in the community who, through lack of sufficiently broad training, would stress performance to the exclusion of concomitant training and background in the liberal arts. Attitudes toward music at Wake Forest and in the community must mature to the extent that music becomes something more than mere performance offering an occasion for social ostentation. The need for intelligent musicians, music teachers, music historians, and composers, of broad background, who have had solid training in the humanities, is urgent. It is here that I see Wake Forest's opportunity and mission to serve music, the Wake Forest students, and the community at large.

But what of the 85 per cent of the student body on campus who constitute the musically illiterate? What is the University doing to provide opportunities for this large majority? What of those who are majoring in another field who are musically literate? How does music touch their lives while at Wake Forest?

Wake Forest provides musical opportunity in three general areas to the non-major: course work in music, extra-curricular listening opportunities, and the privilege of participating in campus musical organizations.

The weakest feature of the Wake Forest curriculum,

in my judgment, is the failure to require a course in music literature of all general college students. A requirement of this kind was instituted some years ago at Columbia and has been imitated by several other of the Ivy League universities. From my observations at the outset of this article, it seems rather obvious that our public schools will not, in the near future, provide a reasonable musical background to college-bound students. Under the circumstances, the University could, through a course in general music, do much to fill the void after the student arrives on campus. Such a course would attempt basically to acquaint the student with the great monuments of music and the characteristics of the major stylistic periods. It should provide the student with the opportunity to explore and discover great music for himself, unencumbered by extra-musical trivia, historically interesting but musically sterile European museum pieces, and purported "unknown" works of the masters. Enthusiasm, imagination, and professional skill in presentation could prevent the customary "music appreciation" stereotype.

The Wake Forest Music Department currently offers two elective courses in music for the general student: music fundamentals (basically an effort to overcome the failure of the public schools to teach rudimentary music) and music "appreciation" (a term I am pleased to see vanishing from most university catalogues). The music appreciation course as I taught it during the past four summers neither inspired the students to seek out good music thereafter, answered their needs, nor fulfilled by expectations as to what such a course should be at a liberal arts university. If a general introduction to music were to be required, intensified follow-up courses, offered as electives, on such subjects as contemporary music, opera, jazz, chamber music, etc., should be added. Considered as a whole such courses would add substantially to the enrichment of the University's liberal arts curriculum.

Extracurricular opportunities to hear good music abound at Wake Forest. These include the programming and broadcasting of excellent music over WFDD, musical opportunities in the Winston-Salem community, campus musical events, the College Artist Series, and the College Union offerings. Most of these are to be had for the taking. With WFDD, it is simply a matter of turning on a FM radio to have wonderful music come to the listener. Programs by campus organizations and the Artist Series require only a walk to Wait Chapel to be heard. It is cause for grave concern that far too few students and, in many cases, faculty take advantage of the free musical opportunities presented on campus. College Union programs, on the other hand, generally attract large numbers of students despite occasional admission charges.

Many reasons have been advanced for student apathy toward good music programs, from the ridiculous (I don't have time) to the utterly ludicrous (it's an activity



for women and effeminate men). I suspect that sociologists could, perhaps, offer convincing arguments that, for the majority of students, dating habits preclude listening to good music! The real reasons, the critical reasons for student apathy, however, can be inferred from the background material presented in the initial pages of this article. We must accept the fact that the majority of our students are musically illiterate, that they lack background in the theory, history, and literature of music. They are a product of our public schools which in turn respond to the will of the parents. These American parents are frequently too little concerned with the teaching of music in the schools. Even those parents who profess a real interest in good music are often hypocritical about it—or to be kinder reflect a kind of ambivalence toward it. Lt. Col. James Alfante, manager of the Winston-Salem Symphony, remarked at a recent public meeting that he was concerned about those who worked tirelessly for the symphony but whose personal record library consisted mostly of recordings by Frank Sinatra and the Tijuana Brass. It is little wonder that students are both uneducated and confused about music. On the other hand, we do not help the cause of serious interest in good music by presenting programs that are alien (European), antique (19th century or earlier), and abstruse. Many times I have chafed at programs that seemed to take demonic delight in making music esoteric and, consequently, in-

accessible to the neophyte. There is a real need to encourage the performance of the "old warhorses" in musical literature as we discover afresh the thrill of sharing in the discovery of the beauty of these works through the enthusiasm of the uninitiated. We also need to turn to the music of our own time to provide the immediacy that attracts the mind of the young listener. We should advance the cause of American music and American artists. We must learn to be tolerant of, knowledgeable about, and critical of American popular music, rejecting that which is poor in quality while acknowledging that which is worthy. We must attempt to provide the student with the training to make the listening of fine music a rich and rewarding experience. Until such time as we make efforts in these directions, many students—and faculty—will continue to ignore the fine music offerings on the Wake Forest campus.

Finally, available to the general student, are the musical organizations on campus. These comprise the Chapel and Touring Choirs, the Little Symphony, the Bands (Marching Deacons, Concert, Varsity, Stage, Basketball Pep Bands, and R.O.T.C.), the Madrigal Singers, and several others. Each presupposes musical training in some measure and, in most cases, the ability to read music. The quality of the musical organizations varies, but all are good within the context of a comparatively small university. The Marching Band, for

example, is unquestionably the best in North Carolina. Participation percentage in the bands exceeds that of any college in the state.* Yet we still have many qualified players on the campus who find it personally inconvenient to be involved directly in the making of music. Somehow music has failed to make a real impact on their lives; their sense of values shows signs of youthful malfunction.

Instrumental music at Wake Forest University has a fourfold purpose: to enrich the lives of student-musicians by playing and studying worthwhile literature, to share the results of their efforts with the campus and community, to provide an outlet for learning that is of particular concern and interest to the music major, and to represent the University as public relations media at concerts, athletic contests and the like.

No one can deny that significant improvement has been made in the Wake Forest University Bands in the last several years. Many reasons can be offered for the improvement, but basically we must recognize the students themselves for the wonderful spirit, enthusiasm, and talent they have brought to the bands. We owe them a great deal. But like most of us, our people in the bands have grievances. The principal complaint is directed toward Wake Forest's poor facilities. In this the entire instrumental music department agrees. The rehearsal room for band and orchestra is located in the gym. Initially designated a bowling alley in the original plans, the room has been partitioned off to provide office space for the director, a storage area, and five practice rooms. Owing to critical space problems all the practice rooms also serve as storage areas. The Music Educators National Conference recommends that an instrumental rehearsal room for a 100-piece band should be a minimum of 40 x 60 feet with minimum 20 feet ceilings. Wake Forest's rehearsal room is 22 x 48 feet with 10 feet ceilings (8 feet clearance at beam level). The acoustics of the room are such that players are unable to hear beyond their immediate right or left. It is impossible to hear "across the room." Problems arising from the inability of players to hear one another include intonation, balance, and blend. It is my opinion that no musical organization could achieve good ensemble sound in this room. **Wake Forest will be denied the kind of orchestra and bands I envision for this University until such time as this situation is dramatically improved.** Ventilation in the present facility is poor. It has been necessary, on warm spring days, to

cancel rehearsals because of the heat. Temperatures of 102 degrees were recorded last year; 95 degrees is not uncommon. Furthermore, the door must remain open to the hall where the ping pong tables are located. Several years ago a player remarked, after a pre-concert rehearsal in Wait Chapel, that he finally figured out why the Concert Band sounded so different: the click-click of the ping pong balls was missing!

In addition to improved facilities, instrumental music desperately needs both an additional faculty member and scholarships to attract outstanding high school musician-scholars. Of the colleges and universities in North Carolina with enrollments exceeding 1800, Wake Forest alone has a single faculty member in charge of the band program. Most schools, in addition, have a third staff member in charge of the orchestra. It is obvious that the department is only able to offer the present level of instruction to students and service to the institution through great effort. There is virtually no opportunity for faculty improvement, composition, or publication. It is a condition that suggests a need for immediate relief.

If the bands and the orchestra are to continue to improve I see the need to attract talented young players to the campus, particularly string players, through a music scholarship program. In order to improve the performance capability of these organizations, critical solo chairs should be filled by students who are receiving private instruction and studying their instruments at Wake Forest. These young people have much to offer Wake Forest and Wake Forest has much to offer them—far more than any professional school or conservatory with which I am acquainted. Wake Forest is in a position to provide the student musician with a balanced, academically excellent, effective, training in the humanities that would be distinctive. In this desperate time, music and its teachers must not turn away nor be turned away from mankind or the study of mankind. There is a compelling reason why they may not. In this world of frantic change one of the few remaining constants is man, with his eyes, legs, lungs, belly and troubled spirit. Music, indeed all art, cannot for long tell man, in his peril and uncertainty, that the world about him is without value and that all harmony is anachronistic. His body refutes both assertions, and only at their peril may artists and humanists of all persuasions ignore the basic truth of human centrality for too long. We should, rather, take up the cause of man and, in the process, resuscitate both music and the man of which it is so vital a part. Wake Forest University needs music and music desperately needs Wake Forest. I would urge that we move ahead.

* If the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill had, for example, the same proportion of members to enrollment at Wake Forest, the UNC Band would number nearly 500 players! North Carolina State would have a mere 350!

Exodus To Genesis

by
Doug Stokes



Time after time in the last few years, the ringing question "Is God dead?" has assailed my ears. By way of answering this question, I would like to use a Biblical device and answer one question by asking another. My question: "Why does Santa Claus offer little girls candy?" These questions may seem dissimilar, but actually they are quite alike. You see few people are really qualified to answer either, and at present it is hard to find anyone who gives a damn anyway. I realize that this statement demands explanation, so allow me to elaborate.

Far back in history, when both of the above questions held more relevancy, man relied heavily on an after life

which he hoped might deliver him from the pain and struggle of earthly existence. The entire period of the Middle Ages takes this attitude as its theme. However, with the coming of the Renaissance, this "other world" orientation began to fade. Since that time, man has become increasingly interested in this life and increasingly concerned with attaining his happiness this side of Jordan.

This evolution of man's secular life is leaving orthodox western religion far behind in the traces of an on-rushing, ever changing culture. And while man's actual belief in religion has slackened, his need to believe and his need to have something to cling to, have, if anything, increased.

This situation becomes more alarming when every day we see about us evidence of the fact that this breach is growing always wider. Modern man has grown so alien-

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ated from his religion that the one hardly recognizes, let alone comprehends, the new face of the other. What can man do to stem this ever ebbing tide?

As we balance precariously on the brink of nuclear obliteration and social disintegration, some forward looking, decisive steps must be taken! The time for half measures is past. The time for revolution, a revolution in religion, is upon us.

Only one answer presents itself. We must sever the withering limb of our present religion from the tree of human development. We must purge this long festering sore from the body universal.

"But," one might say, "man has basic needs to be fulfilled; among them, the need to have the emotional stability of religion is primary. What is to fill the vacuum left by this purged orthodoxy?" It is my purpose to answer this one simple question. My solution is most certainly not to clear away the dead and dying stumps of one religion without planting the seeds of a new and saving hope of the future.

Actually, I propose nothing very alien to man's experience. I advocate no addition to his basic desire to gain emotional support. Instead, I turn to one of man's oldest comforts in time of adversity. In short, our only hope is to replace western orthodox religion with the worship of Alcoholic Beverage. (Here capitalized, as are the names of all religions.)

In replacing our present religion with Alcoholic Beverage worship, man could realize several immediate advantages. First, it would maintain all of the functions of the present orthodoxy and even inaugurate new and more efficient methods of perpetuation. Second, Alcoholic Beverage worship would, without doubt, solve many problems with which our present religion has been unable to cope.

As I have implied, Alcoholic Beverage has always given man great solace in time of adversity. This comforting faculty of "AB" could, I contend, more than adequately replace the comforting quality of the existing religion. Furthermore, one of the essential shortcomings of our religion, the failure to inspire great numbers of truly devout followers, could be overcome.

Alcoholic Beverage worship would most certainly inspire a large and enthusiastic following. For who among us can deny that it is harder to find a bench at the Tavern on the Green on Saturday night than it is to locate a seat in Wait Chapel on Sunday morning? How can one compare the enthusiastic fellowship of a beer hall to the morose gatherings of our religious groups? And does not a comparison between the riotous fervor of a drinking song and the dirge-like, pained, droning of a hymn further suggest to the alert mind that Alcoholic Beverage worship should undoubtedly gain great numbers of previously irreligious persons to the cause?

Think further of the great world-unifying force of this movement. Visualize, if you will, the total dissolution of all ecumenical conflict under the one great brotherhood

of the cup. The age old barriers of ecclesiastical bigotry and hatred would at last be smashed to the ground. And let me remind you that while religion has often attacked alcohol, alcohol has never before attacked religion. There is simply no such thing as an intolerant drunk or a narrowed minded derelict.

No more would the tedious arguments of procedure and dogma stifle man's unity. All varied doctrines would be reduced to the common denominator of the grape. Would such unity be less than the definition of utopia?

Alleviating structural problems would be only a part of the benefits to be realized through the adoption of this "new" religion. The warming radiance of Alcoholic Beverage would finally be able to disperse much of the strangling fog of social problems which has choked man's progress since his beginning.

For example, one of man's enduring problems, under the present religious system, is habitual drunkenness. But since the average human constitution cannot withstand worshipping more than once or twice a week, the Alcoholic Beverage worshipper would be deterred from constant inebriation. Some individuals can never seem to give themselves even to so worthy a cause as I propose. Consequently, many worshippers would not even drink on Sunday unless it were Brewer's Week or some other comparable religious holiday.

However, there would be those who would not allow their zeal to be stemmed by the usual aversion to worship. Those people, today classified as social deviates, derelicts, town drunks, or alcoholics, would no longer present a problem. Instead of being condemned as wastrels, these people would be revered for their total devotion and denial. They should probably attain somewhat the high status of the ancient and much lauded monk. Imagine the great boon this would be to the perpetuation of the religion. For today in America alone there are millions of highly qualified alcoholics, all awaiting the call to take up their chalice and go abroad preaching the gospel.

The possibilities of Alcoholic Beverage worship are practically unlimited. But need I delve deeper into the obvious? Are the implications, the possibilities, the well founded hopes of this new religion not obvious to a World wide unity, large scale devotion to a cause, renewed enthusiasm in religion, emotional reassurance, social and political renovation are all within our grasp.

Let us move forward with determination. Let us not be diverted from our purpose. The time is short; the need pressing. The light of our nation, our civilization is falling into the eclipse of a new and darker age than man has yet experienced. I urge each man to take my message as a personal challenge, and not only preach the gospel abroad, but reflect its ideals in his very person. I close with a quotation from Proverbs, Chapter nine.

"... drink of the wine which I have mingled
Forsake the foolish and live;
And go in understanding"

You Are Lucky To Be Reading This Essay:

ASSEMBLY LINE EDUCATION

by Dave Roberts

You are REALLY lucky to be reading this essay. It almost failed to survive the academic marathon which it attacks and of which it is a part. The endless process of read, read, read, cram, cram, cram, regurgitate, regurgitate, regurgitate leaves little time for creative thinking and writing. I believe steps should be taken to improve our educational system, which is seemingly designed to mass produce graduates with a vague memory of having studied numerous subjects but with knowledge of only one or less.

The primary cause of this shallow education is that students must study too many subjects at once. At Wake Forest, for example, 128 semester hours are required for graduation, an average of 16 per semester. To meet this requirement, a student must take either five or six academic courses in most of his eight semesters, or he must attend summer school. Ask any student who has taken five or six courses how many of them he has slighted to concentrate on the others. Most students seriously neglect at least one subject, and those who try to keep up with all their courses find themselves taking shortcuts to cover all the material, and consequently learning less about everything. The heavy academic load forces students to focus on class lectures in an attempt to make adequate grades, and to disregard the reading which fills in the bare outlines of the courses. The amount of work also serves as a damper on special interests. A student cannot allow himself to become too interested in any one course—he must try to keep up with all his subjects or he will fall hopelessly behind.

Keeping up with five or six subjects is difficult enough without another educational obstacle—periodic barrages of quizzes. For the first few weeks of each semester, the serious student is able to maintain the academic pace. Then comes the first round. Two tests invariably hit on the first day. All other subjects are forgotten as the student prepares for the initial clashes. When they are over and he has partially recuperated, he must prepare for the second attack, given by those professors who lecture a bit slower, or who hate to make out quizzes, or who like to trap students who have not studied their courses lately because of the first round of tests. As soon as the battle is over, the battered student is faced with the task of covering all the material he neglected while cramming for the quizzes. He will be behind for the remainder of the semester.

Some professors say students should not mind great quantities of tests being given at the same time. "You should have reviewed constantly so that you do not need time to cram at the last minute," they assert, claiming that they studied that way when they were in college. There are three possible explanations for these statements: 1) the professors remember not how they studied but how they would like to have studied; 2) course requirements are heavier now than when they went to college, or; 3) these professors are simply more intelligent than the average undergraduate, capable of covering material faster while remembering more of its content. The problem with constant reviewing now is the amount of work. If a student reviews all five or six of his courses as he proceeds, when can he find time to do his outside reading? Or to pursue special interests? Or to attend beneficial lectures or cultural events? Or to

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exercise his vegetating body? Or to participate in extra-curricular activities?

The usual rule of thumb is that students should work two hours outside the classroom for every hour in class (although some academic zealots now recommend three hours). But this time must be spent in keeping up with the daily assignments, or doing outside reading, or writing term papers or book reports—there is no time for review. Therefore, when quizzes strike, the student is forced to drop everything and cram. If he has two tests on the same day, he is faced with another problem. Psychologists have proved that learned material is interfered with by the process of learning other material. The professors may deny there is a problem, saying the student should have been learning the material all along, but we have seen that he must learn much of it just before a quiz, so if he must study for two tests at the same time he faces a serious interference problem.

Professors contribute to the ineffectiveness of our educational system in other ways than withholding sympathy from their students. There are, of course, many professors who are interested in teaching and who are capable of doing it well, but there are some who are either uninterested in teaching lowly undergraduates or incapable of it. Our education suffers from the fallacy that because a man has stuffed enough facts into his head to earn a Ph.D. he can display them before his students in a meaningful and learnable array. It is ironic that high school teachers are taught how to teach while college professors, who teach much more detailed and sophisticated material, have had no educational training. Not all the courses required of high school teachers would be beneficial to college professors, but I believe any teacher needs some exposure to the principles of communicating ideas. The quantity and quality of a scholar's ideas are worthless to the student who is unable to decipher the cryptic clues given to them in lectures.

Some teachers who are quite capable of communicating cause another educational problem. They do not try to teach their students, but to outguess them in a kind of sporting contest. These teachers emit and assign prodigious quantities of material with no hint as to the importance of various points. Then they challenge the student to guess which material is important enough to be included on the examinations. Better yet, some of them deliberately ask the unimportant on quizzes to be certain of baffling their students and gaining a reputation as a "tough" prof.

Most teachers, both good and bad, contribute to educational ineffectiveness by asking test questions which merely require students to indicate their ability to memorize and repeat certain portions of lectures or textbooks. Seldom is a student given the chance to relate material from various sources or to formulate his own ideas about the subject. Students are rarely encouraged to think, and they are tested on the facts they remember, not

what they understand. Many facts are quickly forgotten, so students remember little of what they learn in most courses. Insight once gained is seldom lost, but most courses give the student nothing to lose.

Another problem of our educational system is its over-emphasis on grades. For various reasons, grades are not an accurate indicator of acquired knowledge. Some students simply have the ability to perform better under pressure than others; they make better grades but they do not necessarily learn more. In addition, some students who work for grades rather than for knowledge attempt to keep facts in their memory just long enough to do well on tests instead of learning them so that they may be applied in future situations. Not only are grading systems inaccurate; they are unfair. For example, at Wake Forest a student can average 89 in a course and get a C while another student gets a C for an 81 average. And at some other schools the 89, or even the 81, would be a B rather than a C. Grading "on a curve" is even more unfair, for a student is rated in comparison with other students, not according to how much he knows. A student who learns everything that could reasonably be expected from a course may receive a low grade because he happens to be in an exceptionally gifted class. Walt Whitman could get a C in a poetry class which included Chaucer, Shakespeare and Milton. Certainly this is not a fair measure of a student's accomplishments.

Not only are grades an inaccurate measure, they have an alarming tendency to become a motivation. Students work for grades because they have been exhorted by their parents for a dozen years to do so. Education becomes a step on the road to success instead of a path to knowledge. Grades are important to those who are seeking advancement; knowledge is important to those who search for wisdom.

Finally, our educational system suffers from its reliance upon the poorest form of communication known to man—the lecture. Psychologists say learning is easier in a two-way process in which the student responds to the teacher or instrument of teaching. In few classes, particularly those at large universities, is there sufficient opportunity for responding to the professor or for discussing ideas among classmates. The student sits passively and mechanically copies what the professor says, seldom reacting to it or wondering how other students are reacting to it. Lectures provide little intellectual stimulation.

When one sees all these faults, he wonders how anyone has ever learned anything in college. The outlook is not really so gloomy. Colleges teach their students something, but they could teach far more than they do. I believe the following reforms would help colleges reach their full educational potential:

- 1) Reduce the course requirement to an average of 13 hours per semester, dropping the equivalent of one three-hour course. The loss of eight courses during a

student's college career would be more than compensated for by the increased time available for actually learning about some subjects rather than skimming over them. Also, if professors cooperated and did not increase the work load in their courses too greatly, students would have more time to see visiting lecturers and performers (which would perhaps boost the attendance at the Wake Forest Artist Series in addition to giving the student a broader education). Dropping eight courses would, of course, necessitate some changes in required courses and courses related to the major field to allow students some electives. I believe the results would be worth the effort of changing the present requirements. It is better to learn something about a few courses than to learn nothing about many.

2) Institute some type of exam period during which no assignments would be given, so that a student could concentrate on studying for the tests without worrying about getting behind in everything. Someone with more time than I will have to work out the details. One possibility would be a mid-term quiz period similar to final exams. Professors who ordinarily give only one or two quizzes could give just one two-hour mid-term at this time. All would be free to give quizzes at any time, but the periodic assaults of tests would probably be less overpowering.

3) Require professors to take an education course which would include instruction on how to communicate their ideas to the students. The course should emphasize that lectures should not just repeat what is in the reading material but should explain and elaborate on especially important or difficult points or provide additional material. Since the lecture is not the most effective form of communication, professors should be encouraged and taught to make greater use of audio-visual aids, which make classes more interesting and help students retain the information presented. (Probably more professors would use these supplements now if they could do so without revealing their ignorance in such matters to the students.) The course should also emphasize that a professor's function is to teach, not throw out huge amounts of material and see how much of it the student can remember. Professors who cannot pass this course should be shuttled into research or administration, where their teaching ineptitude will not harm students.

4) Eliminate grading and institute a pass-fail system. This would destroy the inequity of grading by making the difference in passing grades an unknown quantity. A student who makes an 89 has a right to be angry about a student making an 81 and getting the same grade, but a student who gets a pass will have no way of evaluating the quality of another student's passing grade and comparing it with his own. The system might also improve some students' motivation, shifting it from superior grades to greater knowledge since there will be no superior grades. Students who are just working for a degree

try to make C's under our grading system, and they would probably work for a pass in pass-fail system. However, the student who wants knowledge rather than a diploma will probably enjoy being freed from the race for grades. He will feel less guilty about using opportunities to broaden his education which might result in lowering his grade in a course under the present system. For example, a music student might forsake two hours of study the night before a biology quiz to see Carlos Montoya. He might not do so well on the quiz as he would have, but missing the two hours of study should not be enough to drop him from pass to fail. Of course, some students do the same thing even though they are being graded, but many of them feel guilty about not studying because they have been indoctrinated to sacrifice everything for grades. In addition, because of the overemphasis on grades, students who forsake studying to take opportunities to further their education may be penalized with respect to graduate schools and prospective employers. The pass-fail system would help eliminate such injustices.

5) Include more seminar-type courses in college curricula. These courses would supplement the lecture-type courses by giving students an opportunity to discuss ideas with professors and classmates and to formulate opinions instead of copying them. Even in courses which are primarily taught by lecture method, there should be additional class discussion so that the student could take an active part in the learning process.

A defense of the seminar shows how these reforms are interrelated. Seminar courses would be more beneficial than they now are because students with one less course would have adequate time to prepare for class discussions. The same holds true for the lecture class with increased discussion time. In addition, having been instructed in teaching, professors in charge of these courses could make more efficient use of the time spent in lecturing, allow more time for discussion. The old argument that discussions are merely "pooled ignorance" could not be used against courses with prepared students and capable teachers.

These reforms would probably have little effect on the production-line, gentleman C student. He would just work hard enough to pass and pick up his coveted degree, but he might benefit from exposure to the freer exchange of ideas. My proposed changes would most benefit the serious scholar, the student who seeks self-expression and development and is stifled by our current system. Colleges could then provide a better education for their better students while allowing the mere degree-seekers to have what they want too. The new system would be a kind of compromise between the European practice of educating only the most qualified students and the American custom of equal opportunity in education. Mass production would continue, but at least some of the finished products would be improved in quality.

A Chimney . . .
An old, worn chimney.
Standing alone against the sky.
A house was once there too . . .
A home that now is but a host of dying embers.
Forlorn;

In its tallness,
In its oldness,
In its solitude.

It is tired—It is lonely . . .

A Chimney . . .
An old, worn chimney.

A Chimney

by

Mary Marshall Rand





When I Knew Him

When I knew him he was a boy,
wanting to be a man,
but not wanting to give up boyhood.
He looked within for something he could
not see or find. Perhaps it was not there.
He was a seeker, a player of games.
Picking and choosing people as he
would a toy and tossing them from him,
as carelessly as a matchstick,
he clung to objects of no value to him.
Security was his.
He would not leave the boy
to find the man.

—Alice Stewart

Poetry is
 a dawn that has died
 within the poet
 quietly
 but one that must suddenly
 spring into a sunrise
 in the reader's eye
 a candle
 losing its only wax
 in bearing flickering flame
 a circle
 never stopping to catch its breath
 whose movement defines itself and being
 and turns upon its meaning.

4

New College

Poets

Lord of the Dance

Dance
 the people clap
 the people demand
 Dance
 the dance of death
 nimble as a flame
 graceful as flowing blood
 Dance
 the people demand
 the people clap
 they applaud death
 as you worship with them
 Dance
 puppet of men
 —Doug Wright

1/1/67

Happy New Year?
 Should auld acquaintance be
 Remembered
 It will be a miracle, because after all
 We'll drink a cup of
 Booze
 Or twenty
 And offer warm and insincere greetings
 To auld
 As the band strikes up
 The National Orgy
 Let's all join in
 And play along with bitch.
 While the saints go stumbling in
 And out.
 And we do this every year
 Because we like balloons
 And slowly descending spheres
 (Six feet in diameter).
 We like bands playing and
 Fun and games
 And we like noise makers
 So it's too loud to think
 And we're too busy to remember
 That another year
 Has died.

—Sharon Dowd

Running Running Running

He went running running running—
Running and searching for something
To help his scheduled world
Not seem like a bird's frantic wing.

He went running running running—
Running to his loving wife
Who was overly busy with everything
Yet somehow sat on life.

He went running running running—
Running to the men on Capitol Hill
And to his favored preacher's place
But left there running still.

He went running running running—
Running in and out
Through all the running world,
Down all its well-run routes.

He went running running running—
Running to his imagination that could
Only run as it had been taught,
The way men said it should.

He went running running running—
Running and searching so fast
That he tripped, fell flat, and killed himself;
His running stopped at last.

—Emory Cason

Here: People

Here people are quick and hard and
they won't cry for anything
keeping the faith with a flashlight not a candle.
Facts cram pack full their minds and
fear keeps them moving and learning
what? they need to know.
The hungry minds and passionate lives—
the exceptions hold bright burning candles.
The rules walk quick and confident,
guided by the narrow flashlight path,
which takes them where? they want to go.
And the candle burns brightly
out.

—Kirk Jonas

The Annette Koser Affair

by Ed Myers

It was back in the times of hum baby hum baby pitch it right in there baby, and in your mouth you'd have a wad of bubblegum the size of a golf ball and after five minutes' chewing about as hard and tasteless as one, and you'd develop writer's cramp in your jaw muscles, but it was all part of the game, all part of the dusty road that led to Big League Baseball. It was sixth grade.

My, but Fate took its toll that year! First of all, my eyes really started going bad. Oh, they had been going bad for some time, but fortunately I had always been able to memorize the eye chart before it was my turn to read it. And in sixth grade, I again memorized the chart. I couldn't help it. I was standing there in a line of underwear-clad boys, and each one of them had to read the crummy chart. I mean, it's like hearing a song over and over. Pretty soon it's all in your head. Well, I stepped up, with my toes touching the adhesive tape on the floor, and I covered one eye. The nurse said, "Read this line."

"I can tell you what's on that line, but I can't see it," I said.

The nurse gave me a slip of paper to take home. I think it said that either I had to get glasses or else they'd kick me out of school.

Well, I got my glasses all right. But I didn't wear them very often. No one of "77 Sunset Strip" wore glasses, and neither would I, by God! I just kept the old glasses in my shirt pocket, along with my eight combs.

But there was no doubt that my eyesight was truly going, and with it my baseball career, although I was not aware of that at the time.

But one thing I WAS aware of was the female sex. I think that, although I was born in Nanticoke, Pennsylvania, I am really a Hollywood production. My parents raised me on a healthy diet of movies, and not just kid flicks, either. I mean the Real Stuff. And so, from my very earliest moments, I was well aware of the boy-girl relationship. With me, it all started in kindergarten with Marilyn Puffpuff, and the line of girls continued down through Audrey Singer and Karen Graybill, with fifth-grade an off-year to rest up. But in sixth grade, I was ready to make a go of it again, and I started looking around.

It is at this point that Fate took its second turn of

Ed Myers, a frequent contributor to THE STUDENT, is now working on his second novel.

the year, and thrust me into the waiting arms of Annette Koser. You see, Annette Koser was the only girl in my sixth grade class who was shorter than I was, and no sixth grade male is going to suffer the humility of looking up his girlfriend's nose. So—I fell in love with Annette Koser, daughter of the town undertaker, THE Fred Koser ("If you have any dead, be sure to take them to Fred").

The Annette Koser Affair began to blossom forth around Christmas time. It was when we drew names to exchange gifts, and Annette and I miraculously got each other's. I gave her a bracelet, which my mother had chosen, and she gave me a book on space travel with

an introduction by Willy Ley, a famous space expert, my father later explained to me.

And then Annette and I went Christmas caroling with our Sunday school class, and afterwards we all went back to the church basement for a party, and the girls taught the boys how to dance. It seemed it was all a matter of one-two, one-two, back and forth, back and forth, from one foot to the other, in a rocking motion, not really moving anywhere. And so there were sixteen kids in the Lutheran Church basement one-twoing it, like eight little rocking chairs. I don't suppose it looked too impressive, but we could all feel it in the air—we were all on the verge of something. It was only a matter of days now

Michelangelo



until Dick Clark would be talking to US about how to get rid of bad skin. Names like Frankie Avalon, Fats Domino, and Bill Haley and the Comets were about to take the hallowed places of Robin Roberts, Duke Snider, and Yogi Berra. And there she was, our bodies sometimes touching, dancing across from me—Annette Koser.

Our affair grew more serious as the school year progressed. Unfortunately, I found myself changing for her. She was an Elvis Presley fan, and so I saved up my allowance and bought an album entitled "Elvis' Golden Hits." The album cover had a red background and there were a lot of gold forty-five r.p.m. records hanging all over the place and in the center of one of them was a picture of Elvis Presley sneering. I didn't listen to the album very much. I considered Elvis to be a rival for Annette's love.

And then came the day she told me she liked me better with my glasses on. And so, I took to wearing my glasses. It was good for practicality, but where in the hell does practicality fit in with romance?

Now, a sixth grader's main romantic problem is how to progress in an affair. Just what can you do that will be different and more serious than what you did six months ago? In other words—and let's be frank about it since we are all adults—a sixth grader's sex play is rather limited. But you can't play Monopoly forever, and I knew I had to make a move. But what? And when?

Once a week, Mrs. Cramer, our sixth grade teacher,

would line us up two by two and lead us down the hill from Landisville Elementary School Number Two to Landisville Elementary School Number One, and there in the basement, somewhere beneath the auditorium stage, we would see our weekly educational movie. Mrs. Cramer would be somewhere in the back of the basement threading up the movie projector, then the lights would be turned out and onto the screen would flicker the good old familiar crown of Coronet Movies, followed by the title—"How the Telephone Works" or "Good Oral Hygiene" or "Colonel Drake's Oil Well." If the movie was in color, a sigh of "oo's" and "ah's" would go up from the anxious audience. If it was in black and white, you would hear assorted groans of "Ugh, black and white."

But color or black and white—it didn't matter. The lights were out and I was sitting in a folding chair next to Annette Koser. And it was clear what my next move had to be. I would hold her hand in the educational movie!

The day came. We were lined up and headed down to the Elementary School Number One basement to see the weekly movie. I sat there next to Annette, knowing what I must do. I had calculated carefully just which seats to sit in. They had to be in the middle of one of the sections of chairs so that Annette and I would be completely surrounded by other people, who would act as a shield between ourselves and Mrs. Cramer, who was next to the movie projector in the back.

Annette was sitting on my left, which was not so good



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because I'm right-handed and this meant I would have to work with my inferior hand. We did not speak, and I sat there with my arms folded, in a gesture of masculinity.

And then the lights went out and I heard the click-click-click of the movie projector and saw the white on the screen, then the numbers, upside down, sideways, and some rightside up, flashed by, and then a "SH-SH-SH-SH" came out of the sound system, and finally the roar of the Coronet Overture.

CORONET MOVIES PRESENTS:

We waited anxiously. What was it this week?

PENNSYLVANIA'S ANTHRACITE BUSINESS

A few groans were heard. And then the narrator:

"Anthracite coal mining means big business for thousands of Pennsylvanians."

My stomach was trying to tell me that it was ill, but I was ignoring it. A small voice in my mind, a voice that was NOT my conscience, was chanting: "Hold her hand. Hold her hand." But the truth of the matter was: I did not know how to go about it.

What do you do? Do you just reach over there and grab her hand? and WHEN do you do it? Right now? Right in the beginning of the movie? Shouldn't you wait a little while?

"The Pennsylvania coal miner rises early in the morning and heads off to work. Maybe he works in the coal breaker or maybe he goes down into the mine itself."

I decided to get my hand in good position. I unfolded my arms and placed my left hand on my knee, pretending I had an itch. I was going to use the Knee Take-off Method, as I in my later years have come to call it. I could feel my hand sweating down there, and I wiped it on my pants. You can't give a girl a handful of sweat, for Pete's sake.

My eyes made a quick dash from the screen to the general area of Annette's lap in a desperate search for her hand location.

"Often the miner is dependent upon only the light from his helmet lamp."

She, too, had placed her hand on her knee. She knew! She knew! It would be easy now.

"With pick in hand the miner chips away at the vein of coal."

I scratched my knee again, and when the scratching was done, my hand came to rest almost on the SIDE of my knee. I glanced down quickly, planning the flight pattern my hand would take. Since my last glance, Annette, too, had slid her hand to the side of her knee. Our hands were nearly touching!

"Hold her hand. Hold her hand," that inward voice was chanting.

"I'm going to. I'm going to," I said.

"Well, when?" the voice asked me.

"Soon now. Soon now," I said.

"The coal is loaded into wagons that are located on rails, and then hoisted to the breakers above ground, where the coal is separated from the rock, and then washed."

"The movie is nearly over," the inward voice shouted. "Make your move, coward!"

"I'll do it the next time the scene changes," I promised.

The scene changed. The miners were getting ready to go home.

"Well, it changed, coward, and you didn't do it, did you?"

"I wasn't ready for it. It changed before I thought it would," I whimpered.

"Face it. You're a coward. Coward, coward, coward, coward . . ." the voice was echoing chanting.

"I'm going to do it! I'm going to do it!" I cried.

"WHEN are you going to do it, coward?"

One, two, three, four, five . . . I was going to make the move when I reached ten. No matter what.

Six, seven, eight. . . .

I thought I was about to faint. My head spun in merry-go-round patterns.

"And so the Pennsylvania coal miner's day comes to an end. It has been a LONG day."

Nine. . . .

My eyes made their last pre-flight check-out. Her hand was there all right, only two inches from mine, and yet it seemed so inaccessible, like the centerfield fence in Yankee Stadium.

"The coal is then shipped to the railroads, where. . . ."

TEN!

My hand jumped convulsively from my knee, fingers spread wide, giving my hand as much surface area as possible, so that SOME part of my hand was bound to hit hers. And then it was home, and her cold bony hand was wrapped in mine, and somewhere a train whistle blew and all the anthracite in Pennsylvania was being shipped off to burn in the furnaces of homes everywhere.

Life was beautiful! I had made my move! I was a man!



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Winter Leaves

by Theodore F. Boushy

"And to the award winner in Children's Literature, Michael Hanes," the announcer was saying to the crowd, "to Michael Hanes. . . ."

But Michael was not there; he was absent from the large auditorium and did not hear the applause. Seated in Charlotte Carmine's living room, he did not notice her sudden movement to the television set. He was not aware of her turning off the speaker's voice or her lighting a cigarette. With his head pressing against the walnut-paneled wall, he did not want to hear her words coming with the cigarette smoke.

Ted Boushy is poetry editor of THE STUDENT.

"Michael, you have to tell her." Her thin lips tightened. "It may be none of my business, but . . ."

"You may be my editor, Charlotte, but, dammit, you're not my psychologist."

He hadn't meant to say that and immediately regretted it. Rubbing his hands through his hair, he sighed an apology, then stood, walked to the hall closet, and took the familiar tweed coat from the hanger. Easing into the coat, he turned to her.

"Michael, did you hear me?" He opened the door. "I said, try to write it out." Then coming to him she suggested, "Maybe the children's story—the one about the tree—will take your mind off of . . ."

"All right, all right," he said, looking out into the falling snow.

"But, Michael," her usual persisting voice continued, "you've got to tell her sometime. And the longer you wait, the more it's going to hurt both of you."

He muttered that she was right, and he closed the door quickly and hurried to his car. He decided that he would walk home when he reached the car. He told himself that he should walk, even though the wind was cold and biting.

He walked the mile slowly, stepping through the faint shadows of bare November branches and trying to miss the cracks in the sidewalk.

Remember the game you used to play, the game in early spring with Karen. You said, "Don't step on the sidewalk cracks; that's where they drink the rain." And remember how Christina laughed, later telling you how good you were as a father? You returned the compliment, saying that it was only that you had a good wife, a fine wife. Yes, Michael, you remember; for that was the week that you bought this house for her.

No, don't say that; don't say that. There's no use in asking what's for dinner tonight.

But he called for his daughter, Karen, when he opened the door, asking whether or not she had eaten. The house was silent when he closed the door. And, although he knew Sistine was probably washing the dishes and had served Karen her supper, he went quickly to her room, wondering whether she had heard of Christina.

When he opened the door he saw her, slowing rocking back and forth sitting on her bed, with her small, boy doll in her arms.

"That's right, dolly," she was whispering. "Mommy's coming home soon to fix your hurt."

"Karen?"

"Daddy," she said, running to him and wrapping her short arms around his legs. He stroked her fine, blonde

hair as she asked, "Daddy, when is Mommy coming home? My dolly's crying and . . . Mommy. . . ." She stopped speaking, tears running down her flushed cheeks, and wiped her eyes with her tiny hands. "Mommy is the only one who can help him, Daddy," she said, backing away from him slightly.

Quickly now, Michael. Tell her. Tell her, Michael. Say something, Michael. It's hard, at first, like Charlotte said it would be; but tell her.

He started to speak, the words forming carefully in his mind, but the phone was ringing.

"Let me answer the phone, Karen. Come downstairs with me," he said, taking her small hand and leading her down the green carpeted stairs.

She waited in the doorway to the living room while he picked up the receiver, asking, "Is it Mommy, Daddy?" She kept asking this question again and again, until he had to turn and tell her to hush for a moment.

"Michael," Charlotte was urging, "Michael, you've got to tell her tonight."

"Daddy. Daddy." She was crying again. "Daddy, Mommy has to fix the doll, Daddy. And Mommy isn't here."

"Michael. Michael, what's wrong?" Charlotte kept asking. But he did not hear her words. He stood dumbly and remembered another day; a day in early spring.

Remember, Michael, when you read a spring's worth of French literature, just so that you could write Christina a poem in French. Remember? You read Proust, weeping when you read: "Many things have perished which I imagined would last forever, and new joys which in those days I could not have foreseen, just as the old are difficult to understand." Just as the day, this day, Michael, is difficult to understand. The day and the empty bed in the morning and the bad coffee you brewed to eat with crackers and cheese late last night, when you felt alone, Michael. When you felt alone, as you feel alone now.

"Michael," Charlotte's voice persisted.

"Yes, yes. I understand what I've got to do." He hung up the phone, walked to the doorway, and, taking Karen by the hand, led her to the fireplace. They sat on the green carpet. They were silent for a long while. He wrote Christina's name on the carpet with his fingers.

Remember, Michael, what Charlotte told you gently. She said that you cannot write Christina's name, but that, if you will, you can write children's stories in her name. And, remember, Michael, it was only last week that Christina asked you to read the beginning of the story about the leaves. Three days ago, you read the first two pages, saying that this one was the hardest to write and tell her how hard it was in coming. And, remember how she reminded you of when you first knew about Karen and how she asked if you couldn't capture the way you felt then and put it in the story?

Remember, Michael? She asked you to remember how the two of you sat under the bare, November trees in the downtown park, in the cold, November wind, where you wrote slowly in your notebook, "In the spring old wishes flower into remembrances, rashed with many-thousand, spring-colored petals." And, remember how the snow on the ground and the naked, snarled, and angry trees turned to grass and full, green, full, tall trees when her words came to you in the sudden-soft of evening? Remember how you wanted to stroke spring grass with the palm of your hand when, in the cold softness of the wind, she smiled and whispered to you, "I'm going to have a child, Michael . . . I'm going to have a child." Oh, yes, you remember now how the light warm feet of joy ran up and down and through your heartway, singing the Psalm your father used to read to you, so very long ago: "And the trees of the fields shall clap their hands." And, remember, Michael, you saw in her eyes the lard flesh and crystal blood of twisted trees, moving in the wind. And you answered slowly then, "Then the spring will be late in coming, Christina. For the spring, itself, is a child."

There were no words, but you felt silent words that came easily without speaking, silent words that were felt but unspoken, gentle as the words between you and Karen now.

"Daddy, when is Mommy coming home?" Karen's eyes

closed, her eyelids crinkling, as she asked the question again and again.

Oh, yes, now remember, Mitchael, long ago in the coming of an early spring, with you stroking the grass as you lay beside Christina, under an apple tree in cotton bloom.

"Daddy?" He was suddenly aware that he was holding her tightly.

Tell her, Michael. Tell her of the trees on the mountain side, of the single tree that was weeping in the wind.

When he finally could speak he began softly, saying, "Karen, your mother . . . your mother is not coming back tonight." He knew that she could not understand. "Your mother is not coming back because . . . because, Karen . . . once . . . there was a tree, Karen, a green, beautiful tree, a full tree with hands of leaves that always waved at you with leaves so soft that it almost hurt YOU to touch them. But YOU did touch them, Karen. And, when YOU did, the tree would smile and yawn as the wind began to run through its green, beautiful arms.

"It was a happy tree, Karen. A happy tree. Because it reached to the top of the blue sky and held hands with the clouds and the sun or the stars and the moon, when it put on the shirt of night. And it reached up

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so high, Karen, it reached up so high that it could even hold hands with God."

He touched her face, running his finger down her nose and touching her smooth eyelids. There was another long silence while he stroked her hair and face.

"But then, Karen," he began slowly again, "something happened, something called fall, when the leaves turned to red and to yellow and to gold. And when the wind came again, Karen, it was a cold wind that came with the icy fingers of the rain and snow. Then, together, the cold wind and rain ran through the limbs and the leaves. And the leaves began to fall, Karen, slowly rolling through the chilling air, until they dropped to the ground where they huddled together and quietly went to sleep.

"It was then that the rain came again, softly whispering, 'Happy tree, happy tree, why do you look so sad? Little tree, little tree, why are you so lonely?'

"Then the tree answered in a little voice, 'Because I am sad and lonely.'

"'But why, little tree, are you so sad and lonely?'

"'Because . . . because my leaves have fallen away, and I couldn't find them. Today or yesterday.'

"So the rain told the tree that he would wipe his eyes. And large drops fell from the tree's sad branches like tears, Karen, like the tears on your face."

He wiped the tears from her cheeks.

"The wind whimpered then, Karen, and the rain tiptoed away to the tall, gold mountain side, whispering, 'You will find your leaves, little tree. Yes, you will find your leaves again.'

"Then the tree cried, Karen, and looked down to the snow, where his leaves were covered with white. Then the days soon melted into nights and the nights into mornings, but still the tree could not find his leaves. Yes, in the mornings the tree would wake up and wash his face with dew and then, when he was all awake, he would look all over himself for just one, small leaf. But he never found a single, small spot of green."

"Did he cry then, Daddy?"

"Yes, he cried, because when he looked down the hill and saw the fir trees and the pine trees and heard them telling each other how nice they would look as Christmas trees, because of all their pretty green, he tried to call to them. He called and asked, 'Why . . . why do you have leaves when I have none at all, when I have lost my leaves?' Again and again he would call, asking them, 'Do you know why I have lost my leaves?' But he was too far from them; and they did not hear him calling.

"Then who did he talk to?"



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"To himself, Karen, and to the little tree that had grown beside him five springs ago. But he was still lonely, Karen, because . . . because he did not understand why the fir trees and the pine trees had their leaves when he did not have his.

"But then, Karen," he could feel the tears beginning to come, but he knew that he could not cry, not in front of her, "then something happened, Karen. The wind came back. And when it did it brought a warm rain with it, because it had its coat on. And the wind started to laugh through the limbs of the sad, little tree. And the rain came back as a warm, friendly rain. And when the wind and the rain came back to see the tree, they brought a child, a child that they called spring. Then each came slowly, side by side, each holding one hand of the beautiful child, spring, who looked up and through the sky and smiled and touched the tree with tiny hands of warm wind and rain.

"And the rain began to whisper again, saying as it skipped on the damp, cool ground, 'Drink me, drink me. Little tree, drink me.'

And while the rain whispered and the wind ran around, the tree opened its small mouth and began to drink the rain and began to smell the warmth of the fragrance in the wind, who laughed and tickled the tree's little sides.

"Then a strange thing happened. The child, Karen, the child that they called Spring, began to climb and to whisper to the tree, while the tree drank of the warm, dancing rain. And everywhere the child, yes, Karen everywhere the child touched the small, tender limbs of the sad, little tree soft, green, small, thin, new leaves began to come out and dance in the wind."

He smiled at her, then, suddenly pulling her to him, wept silently, until he could finally speak again. "Karen," he looked at her and kissed her cheeks, "your . . . your mother isn't coming home, because . . . because," he forced the words to come quickly, "because your mother is a leaf, Karen. She's fallen from a tree . . . from a tree that was once . . ."

Her sobbing interrupted him. He pulled her to him again and wanted to speak, but knew there was nothing more that he could say. After a long silence, broken only by her stifled sobs, he said quietly, "Let's take the dolly up to sleep now. I think it's tired, and maybe we can fix its hurt together."

Oh, Michael, remember that word "together" and how the word eased softly through your soul; for there once was a one-ness, wasn't there, Michael? Yes, so that when one wept, the other tasted salt.

As he kissed her gently and put her in bed, the taste of her tears brought back rushing memories; but he pushed them from his mind as Karen began to caress the doll, saying, "That's right, dolly. Cry. Go on, cry."

But I'm going to fix your hurt. Yes, it's going to be all right now. But first, Dolly, you've got to sleep. And we've got to sleep, both Daddy and me. We've got to sleep," she said, leaning back against the pillow. "We've got to sleep, to . . . sleep."

He sat silently on the bed until she slept, then quietly pulled the blanket over her, walked through the doorway, slowly closing the door, and went to his room. He closed the door quietly and crossed to the window, where he stood silently, staring blankly into the falling snow and trying to focus his eyes on the bare trees covered with ice. But his tears blurred the image and his sorrow his strength, until, at last, he lay sobbing on the bed, asking the still, empty room, "Why? Why? Why?" Until he finally slept and began to dream of a tall, strong tree, standing proudly on a green hill, thick with spring. And he reached slowly to touch one small, frail leaf, one leaf much greener than the other leaves on the tree which spread itself against the sky. And when he touched it something hurt inside and he began to cry, with the cold words of the wind, "No, you musn't touch," stirring in his mind. And the wind took the leaf from the tree, carrying it in its cool, cupped hands toward the clouded horizon, while he cried, "No . . . you can't take that leaf; take another, please. Please." Furiously, he ran down the mountain into the valley, wildly clutching the cool, still air and trying to catch the wind's small hands. Stumbling and falling to the ground, he looked far back up the hill and saw the sad, lonely tree dancing a sad ballet in the heart of the rain. While the rain poured through him as he wept, he begged, "Please, not this leaf. Please. Don't you understand? The tree needs this leaf. Don't you see? It needs the love of . . . it needs the . . ."

But when the wind ran on and carried the leaf into the ash-gray sky and he tried again to stop the wind—to catch the wind—the tiny fists of the rain beat him back, until he lay sobbing on a granite slab of the mountain side. And the tiny fists of the rain struck his face; again and again, the tiny fists came to meet his face.

"Daddy," Karen was saying as her tiny fingertips softly touched his face, patting his cheeks and rubbing his forehead. When he sat up slowly, she ran to the door and then turned shyly to him, with her finger in her mouth, her doll in her arm. There were tears falling down her face when she said "Daddy." Then she spoke very softly, "Daddy, I wanted to . . . I wanted to . . ." As her tears interrupted her, he rose to move to her; but his tears were holding him back. As he murmured over and over "Christina," she ran to him, crying and saying, "I wanted to give you leaves, Daddy. I wanted to give you some leaves."

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Perhaps it would be best not to speak of "Accident." There may be no sense in explaining the utter stupidity in it.

First, "Accident" is an academic movie. The scenes are the product of an academic mind and take place within the hallowed confines of Gothic Oxford. The strange triangle of Harold Pinter's screenplay envelopes this scholarly background without attempting to destroy it. Secondly, "Accident" remains flukish in its own society. We have a rather bored professor, who desires to educate two studying charges, one male and one female, and at the same time to love them passionately. Combined, these two facts reveal a drama of simple storytelling, and the unpenetrable complexity of the human mind.

Sounds exaggerated, yes? But in "Accident" there is an absence of the naviete, and a full stress on the understanding of the nature of the story's structure. Those who cannot make the first plateau, eventually fall suspect to the foggy notions which Hollywood has planted in the minds of the American public—that foreign films are poorly done and say nothing.



THE UTTER ST

Could "Accident" happen at Wake Forest? I doubt it (sorry faculty), and I doubt that such an excellent movie could really make a name for itself at the box office. But enough complaining, for "Accident" punctures the myth of aggressiveness and the supposed achievements aggressiveness brings.

The plot is simple enough: we have our three entangled members of the academic forum. The interests of the young people in each other grow deeper and the professor (Dirk Bogarde) finds himself in a self-excruciating mess as he tries to place his being in the faculty, meaning to be successful, and also to give way to the enjoyments of a pagan fling in the woods.

That is the basic set-up. The audience learns this from the very start in a series of most excellently constructed flashbacks which are reminiscent of the ideas of D. W. Griffith's original position of montage: namely to show the public the motivations of characters without becoming obviously dull. These rapid fire shots emanate from the first incident: the accident of the two youths who are in love with each other. Stephen, the professor, finding the young man killed and the woman not seriously injured in a wreck prophetically placed about two-hundred feet from his house, discovers his involved relationship in those tightly woven flashbacks. Breaking into those flashbacks with a perverted religiousness, director Joseph Losey transcends the scope of a normal movie through the growing desire of Stephen. We find out in jolts and shocks that the professor is bugged by the complacent life with his wife and model family, his inability to compete with the aggressive members of the faculty and his ties with both of the young people.

What gives, the audience asks? Are we being treated to a soon-to-be-pap formula plot? Why not any violence? Look again, purist. The movie is an unsuspecting Venn diagram of muted shots, under the breath looks, and young people alternately wrestling with and reading poetry to each other.

IDENTITY

by Doug Lemza



Pinter reaps his rewards in playing games with his puppet-public. Of particular interest is the Sunday lunch and supper scene. It starts with the warm sunshine streaming in on the storybook box of a home in which Stephen resides with his model family. His wife (Vivian Merchant) is pregnant; which speeds the glances of her husband to the visiting young people (Michael York and Jacqueline Sassard). Perversion mentioned? Only if it is in your mind, friend. Then during a tennis match, Charlie (Stanley Baker), the dynamic, intellectual, anthropology Ph.D. shows up. He out plays, out loves, and out attracts milk-toast Stephen. The entire group lounges on the lawn, drops their facades, and after panting their way through tennis, lunch, a drunken afternoon, and a dismal dinner, flops exhausted on the first bed that is convenient.

A waste of film?—well it is not "The Seven Samurai" for action—but what characters!—novelish without excess, involved without being sticky, and helpless without being saccharine. Simply, the filming of this representative portion of the movie indicates the power of the bookish cinema—perfected method followed by the extreme madness of human characters. And surprisingly it succeeds, with the viewer caught with his foot in his mouth, wondering marvelously at it all.

Slowly the film winds its way back to the accident and ahead in time. Stephen is turned down as a television conversationalist, is rejected by an old flame, and is made to witness the meandering of the young students' love, even to the point where Charlie takes the girl for his own by force. The girl tells Stephen of her intention to marry the boy student, but then the accident. We follow Stephen's pent up desire to make love to the girl and his subsequent rejection. Then, in a solitary display of camera work, the girl tells Charlie where to get off, and she flies back to her native Austria. Stark pictures of the Oxford campus set in, and the film ends with the same screeching of an automobile in a

crash with which it begins.

As the lights go up in the theater, one can feel the electric hum of the audience speaking in fragmentary bits about their hallucinations and bewilderments concerning the flick. If their sounds are like the groanings of tired pigs, death to them is in short order, for "Accident" is a major display of the trickery one can get away with in the English language. It is also a display of the opinion that those in academia do not hide in their rooms all the time living life with a book as their sex partner. No, Pinter is at it again by having people of unusual circumstances foaming at the mouth in dog-like patterns while uttering refined literature.

Moving on from the more inward looking features of the film, the viewer sees a magnificently dry production. Color, even though by Eastman, effects a tone of the depraved and the absence of the lush. Scenes are played in wooded places that serve to support dialogue, faces, and mental concentration; not picturesque beauty, for the physical is played down in order for the director and the scenarist to achieve rapport among their audience, words, and thoughts.

Finally, each portrayal in the movie is a subtle movement from the overtly obvious, accenting careful brooding in the minds of the creators. Jacqueline Sassard, Alexander Knot, Stanley Baker, Vivian Merchant, Michael York, Delphine Seyrig, and even Pinter himself as a television producer all respond to Losey's touches with an uncompromising truthfulness about their roles, without histrionics or theatrics. Bogarde is nothing short of brilliant. Losey, known for his "Servant" and "King and Country," has journeyed into a new area of the cinema, succeeding immensely.

"Accident" is a collection of impressions. People viewing the film will find their own meanings and faults. "Accident" is a deliberate attempt to exploit stupidity in man's soul, and turn away from it thoughtfully, in slow anger. I told you it would be best not to speak of it.



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FEATURES

- | | | |
|------------------|----|---|
| Ted Boushy | 2 | Psychedelics and Religious Life |
| John Wright | 8 | Pride and Purpose |
| Douglas J. Lemza | 10 | Hollywood's Bastille |
| Cary Boggan | 28 | The 1954 Geneva Agreements and Viet Nam Today |

FICTION

- | | | |
|--------------|----|---------------------------------------|
| Hayes Hofler | 32 | Between the Girdle and the Morphotite |
|--------------|----|---------------------------------------|

POETRY

- | | | |
|------------|----|----------------|
| Ed Myers | 13 | Butterfly Days |
| Jon Wright | 14 | Animal Fair |
| Anonymous | 16 | Grilled |

ESSAY

- | | | |
|--------------|---|-------------|
| Freeman Mark | 6 | "Captivity" |
|--------------|---|-------------|

MOVIE REVIEWS

- | | | |
|------------------|----|--------------------|
| Douglas J. Lemza | 38 | More "Nice" Movies |
|------------------|----|--------------------|

SPECIAL SECTION

- | | | |
|---------------|----|--------------------------|
| John Daughtry | 18 | Prints from Exposure One |
|---------------|----|--------------------------|

COVER: This seascape, photographed in Charleston, S.C., was part of the collection of John Daughtry's work, exhibited in "Exposure One," April, 1968. John, now a senior, has served as photography consultant for THE STUDENT during his years at Wake Forest.

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Psychedelics

An Interview With Houston Smith

by Ted Boushy

BOUSHY: As a son of a missionary, how did you happen to become interested in the use and effects of psychedelic drugs?

SMITH: My interest was awakened by a friendship with Aldous Huxley, who had a keen interest in these substances and whose book, **The Doors of Perception**, really introduced the subject to the American public. He came to M.I.T. as a visiting professor for a semester, and I came to share his interest.

In addition, I have had a lifelong interest in religion, particularly in the mystical dimension of religion. And, so hearing accounts that these drugs evoked mystical experience, I found myself immensely curious—more than that: just passionately interested and wanting to have these experiences.

I might add that this was in the early days of the psychedelic movement. Very little had come to the fore about any danger connected with it. So there was relatively little apprehension about taking them. Moreover, not only were they legal then, but they were even respectable, in that the research project in which I participated was under the direction of Harvard University.

BOUSHY: And that was with Timothy Leary?

SMITH: Yes, while he was still at Harvard.

BOUSHY: What sort of drugs did you take in the experiment?

SMITH: Three. LSD, Mescaline, and Silocybin.

BOUSHY: In these experiences, did you personally find the word "trip" an adequate term of description? Did you feel that you were really going somewhere, traveling, escaping the world of what we might call temporal reality?

SMITH: The first one was very much like that. I ex-

Ted Boushy, STUDENT literary editor, is a junior English major from Fayetteville, N.C. He has been appointed editor of THE STUDENT for 1968-69.

and Religious Life:

perienced what, in philosophical terms, would be called an emanation theory of the world, in which from a divine center there flowed forth—streamed forth—Being, you might say. And the further removed from the center, the greater the darkness (in ratio to light), the greater the matter (in ratio to spirit), the greater the bondage (in ratio to freedom). On this first experience it was as though I was introduced to these realms and was working myself spacially up the ladder of Being toward the clear light of the void. In other words, there was not this same notion of traveling through space.

BOUSHY: Was this movement progressive or regressive?

SMITH: Neither of those terms seems appropriate for that first experience. It was not, as it appeared to me an inward journey. It would be more like space travel. Only what was traveled into and towards was not just more of the physical world, but going deeper into the metaphysical world.

BOUSHY: George Bateson, Margaret Mead's first husband, feels that a person should not take LSD until late in life—after he has experienced more fully the world of reality and has learned to cope with it on more successful terms than that of youth. Do you agree with this, or do you feel that maturity of attitude and outlook could be the possible result for the young person who has undergone a psychedelic experience?

SMITH: I wouldn't be as categorical as Bateson is. There might be something said for waiting. But I don't think there's any reason for saying that it should be limited to persons over 30. I don't see any reason for that.

BOUSHY: Then would you advocate Richard Alpert's suggestion of government-operated centers where an adult could take LSD in a proper fashion?

SMITH: Yes, that would make sense to me. Certainly it seems better than to have it going on underground, not only when there is a lack of proper supervision, but also when, as is the case now, the person has no way of knowing what he's actually getting and no knowledge of the degree of dosage . . . which makes the whole thing far more dangerous. So that seems like a good idea.

This is predicated on the notion that mature adults who want the experience should be permitted to have

it. I should add: at least one or two experiences. So that they know what it is like. And I think, as far as the evidence goes, the danger is not so great as to deny the opportunity to have such an experience if they really want it.

BOUSHY: But there are some people who should not take LSD?

SMITH: Absolutely. Those who are on the borderline of some personality deterioration or disorganization. This can push them over the brink. Moreover, not only are there some persons who definitely should never take drugs—those persons who have some serious problems of anxiety or problems regarding motivation—but it is my own belief that no one should take very much of it. And I know there are people who disagree with me on this. But, nevertheless, my feeling is that it can open some windows and some doors for certain people. Not everyone. But in certain cases it seems possible to open new possibilities. But it doesn't carry the individual into those possibilities. And if they expect it to, that again is shirking responsibility and expecting that the work in life will be done for you. Which it never really . . . I started to say it never really is. But I do believe in grace, so I think sometimes it is. But not so as to relieve one of personal responsibility.

BOUSHY: Your lecture for the John Dewey Society in 1964, later published under the title, **Condemned to Meaning**, dealt with the question of "how, with the ancestral order dissolved and the ancient religious certainties corroded by science, modern man can find meanings which bind his experience and engage his faculties and passions." Do you think LSD to be a possible answer to this existential quandary?

SMITH: It may be a partial answer to that for some persons. Certainly one can't generalize and say that it is so for all—even a sizeable fraction. But I do know there are some persons who have found, at least for the time being, a certain meaning in life and a direction in life by virtue of experiences they have had from psychedelic drugs.

BOUSHY: Alpert and Leary have said that LSD is a "sacred biochemical." Do you agree?

SMITH: I don't think it's possible to categorize the drug itself as that. Some respond to it, but it's not a

property of the drug itself.

BOUSHY: Would you echo Walter Clark, the religious psychologist at Andover Newton Theological School, in saying that these drugs present us with a means of studying religious experience in the laboratory?

SMITH: Yes, that's a fair statement.

BOUSHY: Someone has stated that the use of these drugs enables one to move into a state of what we might call pseudo-Buddhism in a matter of minutes or hours, rather than having to build up the contemplative power through years of spiritual work. Do you think that there is a correlation between the psychedelic religious experience and Buddhism?

SMITH: No more so, really, than between any other religious outlook. The psychedelic, as we've said, can trigger experiences which are religious and, thereby, shows some possibilities for life. But it can do that in any tradition.

BOUSHY: Is the religious experience in LSD similar to that which we might have *au naturel*, to use your phrase?

SMITH: Yes, I think that descriptively religious experiences, occasioned by drugs, can be indistinguishable from religious experiences that arise spontaneously. Not all, but some are. I simply mean that hearing such a description or reading such a description, it is impossible to say, with any degree of liability, whether the experience was drug induced or not.

BOUSHY: Could you say, rather tentatively, that in a religious experience gained through the use of psychedelic drugs, one is able to escape the world of *It* and into the "*I-Thou*" relationship?

SMITH: Well, I think this can occur. Certainly within such experiences there often arise strong intrapersonal feelings of warmth and friendship and love. Yes, these can be intensified during the experience.

The important thing is whether they survive after the experience, because most of our lives we have to live in a sober condition. Therefore, the value of the experience can be judged primarily on the effects after the experience. I say this because, while one certainly can experience very intense communion sometimes . . . one can find that the person you felt you were in great rapport with wasn't having these feelings at all.

Then there is some question as to whether there's anything more than simply imagined. I don't know if that's clear, but I'd like to leave open that there are genuine and valid experiences. But one can be faked out. Things that you think are going on and exchanges you think are genuine and mutual, you can later discover were just imagined.

BOUSHY: Some scholars have indicated that the psychedelic religious experience may either be pantheistic or monotheistic, but never theistic. Do you find this acceptable, or will you admit to the possibility of a theistic experience, resulting from the use of psychedelic drugs?

SMITH: I'm sure that a theistic experience is possible.

In fact, I know of a number. The position quoted comes from Zaner, the Oxford theologian, in his book, *Mysticism, Sacred and Profane*, where he makes the claim that though drugs can evoke some forms of mysticism, they cannot invoke theistic religious experiences. He simply wasn't aware of all the evidence.

The Peyote Indians, for example, are quoted by Slabkin, an anthropologist, as saying, "You talk of Jesus; we talk to Jesus." Well, that's a theistic religious encounter; and it's occasioned, in that instance, by peyote.

BOUSHY: Should a theology of psychedelic religious experience be created, would this be the necessary integrating force, capable of leading man back to a stronger relationship with his God? Could this hypothetical theology provide a more meaningful approach to religious life—perhaps an answer to our existential quandary, or a strong declamation that God is not dead, because we just woke him by waking ourselves?

SMITH: Those are big questions. And they're interesting questions. They are set up in way which, if I answer "yes" seems to suggest greater confidence in the outcome of such a program than I'm inclined to feel to be accurate. I think my feeling is that we don't know.

You ask, "Could such a theology do this?" I don't know what that theology would be in any specificity. So it's difficult to say. I think that the most I'm prepared to say is that if we had such a theology, then the religious carry-over of the experience would be greater.

That I believe. But if you want to say that the whole of the complex would be more reflective, more beneficial than alternatives without the drugs, then I'm not sure. It might be worth seeing.

BOUSHY: The lack of carry-over is primarily due, therefore, to the absence of some sort of religious framework?

SMITH: Both conceptual, which would be a theology, and social, which would be a church. If there were the equivalent of either of these things or both, then I think the carry-over would be greater.

BOUSHY: Do you think it possible for an establishment of an institutional religious structure to be erected to further the carry-over of the psychedelic religious experience?

SMITH: It's extremely difficult, especially in our culture. But it has been done.

In Mexico, it was sacred mushrooms; among the American Indians, there is a church which uses peyote as a sacrament. So there are institutions which have integrated the substance into a religious organization, supported by the culture.

But in our society it would be extremely difficult, because our models of the mind and of the human self are such that it's difficult for us to see, within these models, how such substances could have religious significance.

BOUSHY: Do the models of thinking, such as the Freudian model and the computer model—which our society has created—tend to minimize the religious aspect of the psychedelic experience?

SMITH: Neither of these seems to me to give much credit to the psychedelic experience. The Freudian tends to regard mystical feelings as what Freud called the "oceanic feeling" and interpreted them as a result of regression back to the womb. . . . The computer tends to see the mind as a vast computing machine; and any variance like ecstasy—or let's be more precise—if one comes to a point in the experience where one perceives that everything is totally wonderful, then the computer would be inclined to say that's because the prediction center is wired directly to the euphoria center, while all other connections are unplugged. Thereby, everything you are experiencing seems wonderful, largely because most of what one would be normally experiencing has been disconnected. So again it could be interpreted as a temporary rewiring of the circuits of the brain.

But if that's all it is, then it's hard to see why it is important. . . . What occurs in these experiences is not just pleasure, but in some sense, insight into the way things are.

BOUSHY: Relying on the knowledge of your own experience and those of others, do you think that the complexity and the individuality of the experience might prohibit the structuring of a psychedelic theology? Or do you feel that the natures of these religious experiences have enough in common so that they might be used as mental building blocks?

SMITH: I'm not sure. I think I would simply say that in the past religious experiences have been varied in form. And, yet, it has been possible to construct theologies which made room for them. I don't see "a priori" how that might not be possible.

BOUSHY: But our culture and our society do resist strongly the establishment of a psychedelic religion?

SMITH: Yes. I think the resistance to a religion which incorporated drugs would be very great. Partly because of a very strong feeling that we have about the drugs themselves, even though we seem to use—if we look in our medicine cabinets—innumerable ones. Nevertheless, the very word has a kind of negative ring to it.

Moreover, we are at a loss for some perspective that might show us what these substances might contribute positively to life. When we speak of our culture as a whole, there is no real outlook today which sets the matter in a constructive way. And, this nature must be on the wrong track. I would not say that a religion which incorporated these drugs would necessarily be preferable to other kinds of religion—or simply a good thing in itself.

What I think would be useful at this stage—and based on the evidence that we have—is to have communities that seriously want to explore the possibilities

in these drugs for the religious life. I think we could afford to set up a small experience of that nature, keep our eyes carefully on what is happening, and then see what the results are.

BOUSHY: What sort of structural approach toward a psychedelic theology would you suggest?

SMITH: I think that the most I can say is that it would seem to have to turn on the recognition of the mind as being far more than we are consciously aware of. And, therefore, seeing the substances as releasing or liberalizing the admission of other dimensions of our experiences which come to our awareness. That's very abstract; but, in essence, the point is this. We know that a billion impulses are being sent to our brain every second. Over a billion impulses! The vast majority—in fact, almost all of them—is shut out and doesn't get through to our awareness. That's a very good thing. Because if all this came flooding through, we couldn't attend as much as we should—must—to certain things in our environment. Which if we didn't attend to, we wouldn't survive.

But though it's important that these get shut out, I think that, on this type of model, one can also see that one of the things that these drugs might do is to dilate the aperture so that more of the material gets to us. (That may explain the chaotic nature of what we experience under a drug.)

And yet it opens up the possibilities of this information not being simply conjured up, but actually being in some sense the radical reports of certain aspects of reality normally closed to us.

I think that the theology that would include these substances would have to take some approach to the mind and its function.

BOUSHY: Could the theology of the psychedelic experience be established on the basis of the word "trip," that is the verbal account of what is happening or has happened during the psychedelic experience?

SMITH: That might be a beginning. But I think that theologies are more than simply the descriptions of experiences—experiences with other dimensions of human life. So simply a description of a trip or a number of trips would not, in itself, suffice. It could be a springboard, perhaps, for a new theology—if this was what was being sought. But it could not serve as such a theology.

BOUSHY: In other words, the windows of psychedelic religious experience serve as implements for building a new spiritual conception but are not conceptions in themselves?

SMITH: Yes. Or it can even lay out the conception. But it's like being given a vision of the promised land. You still have to cross into Jordan; you still have to take the steps that carry you into the promised land. And I don't think that happens through these drugs. I think it happens through ordering one's life in a way which moves it somewhat nearer to the golden life.

On the evening of September 10, 1967, a rather anxious Negro boy of the rural South arrived on the campus of Wake Forest University. He was to be oriented, and his mother came with him. She was proud of her son, but she was nervous—she sensed something. The orientation program did not begin in chapel that evening; it began when his mother walked with him to various sections of the campus. It began when he saw her stared at. It began when he saw his mother singled out by whites of her generation. It began when that Negro boy saw his mother cordially greet others, only to receive frowns from all but a few. It began when racist whispers began. But that boy was disillusioned, for he felt that "tomorrow **they** will be gone." But he forgot who they left behind: a breed of their own stock; a few good, but many more contaminated. His Negro mother has not been on the campus since that day, but that Negro boy is still here, and he refuses to leave!

I am that Negro boy, and the orientation program is still in session. I can endure the unpleasantness of such a well-disciplined program. I can be your mirror, for I can criticize your performance. I can determine whether you will get the Emmy or Oscar. I can determine whether the villain (the black student here on campus) will get such awards or not. Or better yet, I can determine who the actual villains are. I can also write an ending for such a well-disciplined, but unwritten performance. Whatever performance the black student, or so-called villain, gives, whether he stands and criticizes the performance of other actors of the cast, will be in accord because he received neither a written script nor the theme of such a program. The overall program will not be marred, because the theme is "unpredictable," and the program will still be in session.

If the average Wake Forest associates have failed to watch such a sell-out performance, possibly because of being the major actors themselves, then I would like

Freeman Mark is a freshman from Elon College, N.C.

"Captivity"

by Freeman Mark

to stand and criticize their performances. In other words, I would like to play my part. As a fellow member of the cast, I am neither calm nor satisfied nor enchanted; nor am I enthusiastic with my role in this performance.

What then is my role in this magnificent performance? Do I have a role? Sure I do. But the catch to my performance is that I've written my own script, "The Mirror of Your Racism."

The first racist thing which struck me as I was being oriented was the fact that I am not even a "Negro." I am very seldom even "black." I am of some cheap, damned race. A race which is stigmatized. I am either "colored," "neegro," or often "nigger." I am not "Negro" as you are "Caucasian." I am not "black" as you are "white." I am "soiled" as you are "immaculate." I detest the ignorance which spawns such ideas—be it from blacks or whites, Ph.D.'s or undergraduates.

I am discontented with situations here on campus. It seems as though my tiredness and restlessness are beginning to explode. My tiredness comes from the fact that I see too much of the same thing over and over. My restlessness comes from the fact that I don't like what I see, and I'm afraid of the consequences.

I was tired when I came to the Wake Forest campus and saw the small handful of "picked" Negro students, and became even more so when I saw the amount of foreign Caucasians. I was restless when I saw no Negro coed nominated for Miss Homecoming. I'm tired and restless to think that some Wake Forest professors are prejudiced against Negro students. I become tired when I think of the "Dixie" relation with Wake Forest. I become tired when I think of the rebel flag displayed at Wake Forest. Here I become more restless than tired. I become restless when I think of the things that are building up in the Wake Forest Negro students' minds as they are constantly confronted with the "Ra Ra Ra for Dixie!" or the waving of the rebel flag. What must the Negro think? If these two symbols had been victorious during the Civil War, what position would the Negro student be in today? I become tired when I

think of the issue of race superiority versus race inferiority, as portrayed here at Wake Forest. For example, there's the instance in which some white students were asked whether or not they cared to room with Negro students, while no Negro student was asked about the matter. The Negro student is cornered, yet you wonder why he should react violently to such "good conditions." You are playing your role magnificently.

I'm tired and restless with the segregated fraternity, chartered on this campus, which yells, "We hate niggers!" And I'm confused when you expect the Negro student to react calmly to such jeers.

This little, insignificant actor in this magnificent performance does not want you to like him just because he is Negro or black. He does not care whether or not you speak to him—he does not want you to speak to him just because he is black. At the same time, he detests your dislike for him on the grounds that he is Negro or black. Although he doesn't give a damn whether or not you greet him as you pass, he detests you for not greeting him just because he is a Negro.

These acts, these damned acts performed by "educated" but ignorant people, will soon be up for awards because now the play must come to an end. But what award will you receive? Certainly your performance has been utterly magnificent. Without question you must receive something appropriate, something written especially for you, something by which the mirror of your racism can be broken, because such mirrors will be of no use. Such an appropriate reward might by "Captivity":

Earth in cells
refuses to produce
As life in harness
is of no use.

Clothes in closets
are not being worn,
but here black dignity
will be born.

Pride and Purpose

by Jon Wright

I walked in on what appeared to be a pretty gloomy rehearsal. After all, they had been practicing two lousy notes for fifteen minutes. I asked Buddy Nolan, Brown's regional manager, why he practiced two beats like a fanatic, and he replied, "Man, that's the way it's gotta be."

Brown said that practically anybody could make a good recording, what with all the taping, gimmicks, and all. It's the show that counts, and his show is based on excitement; the Word Almighty: timing. When Brown stops like a statue, his orchestra must stop like soldiers or else the effect doesn't come off. It's rehearsals, like this one on two notes, that make the

Jon Wright is a sophomore from Washington, D.C. He plans to major in Latin, and his professional interests are in the English field.

excitement of microtiming and gives him the greatest show in rhythm and blues.

After talking to his agent in New York, I talked to his secretary, Miss King, who proceeded to rattle off everything Brown owns: a \$713,000 Lear Jet; a Rolls Silver Cloud, two Eldorados, and a Caddy limousine; 250 suits; 300 pairs of shoes; ad infinitum.

"I want to show my people that they can get somewhere if they try," Brown said. This reminded me of the tape he showed over the T.V. stations in Washington and Boston in which he pointed to his head and told the audience, "This is Black Power!"

The announcer came out to start the show: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, Soul Brother Number One; Mister Dynamite; the amazing Mister Please, Please himself; the star of the show, JAMES BROWN!" I wondered where the Flames were, because James come



out alone, something I had never seen him do before, and this was the sixth time I'd seen him on stage. His first song: "If I Ruled the World." What is this? The new James Brown?

It seems that Brown has become a man with another purpose. He began his show with a sermonette on Martin Luther King and ended it on the note of "stay in school." Now thirty-four, married, and a millionaire, Brown is beginning the life of an individual concerned. "The death of Martin Luther King has opened people's eyes. It will mean either revolution or a better America. . . . I think that everything we'll see in civil rights will come in the next five or six months."

Brown was troubled with the divisiveness of the country and mentioned Viet Nam and civil rights as the key agents. He said that he wished to see a truly **United** States, and that there was probably more war within the country than outside. "As the country goes, so go your hopes and beliefs." I mentioned the tape, shown in Boston, that helped stop a possible riot, and he said that he couldn't emphasize enough the importance of education; he wanted everyone to stay in school, for lack of education was the chief cause of the rioting that was giving the black man a bad name.

Brown went on to say, "I have a jet so that people can see that the Negroes aren't as oppressed as they

seem." By people, he meant not only Americans but Europeans. Europe was an interesting subject to Brown. I mentioned the fact that Otis Redding was a much bigger star in Europe than he was in the United States. Brown was amused and said, "Otis has had his picture on the cover of every major European magazine; I've never been on the **back** cover of **Life**."

I told him about the times I used to go to the Howard Theater (the Appollo of Washington) and that my parents were concerned that I'd get mugged or something. He said, "They probably didn't want you to listen to race music." Then he laughed and told me I had soul. At that point my mouth gaped a mile.

I asked him why he was going to Viet Nam in June. (My questions aren't usually so ridiculous; I was just priming the pump, expecting an answer with eagles, the flag, and apple pie.) His reply: "I don't think the Negro has been well represented in the USO shows. He wants to hear rhythm and blues, and I'm going to take it to him."

The Coliseum electrician reminded Brown that he had to leave, and Brown told him he was going. "I want to be right with everyone: with you, with him. I want people to respect me, but the only way to do it is respect them. I try to live what I say. I don't want to promote Black Power; I want to promote Black Pride."



Hollywood's Bastille

by Douglas J. Lemza

Set in gloriously exotic California, "The Graduate" has become the most important film to spring from the barnlike soundstages of Hollywood since Orson Welles was allowed to go berserk in his production of "Citizen Kane." Although "Bonnie and Clyde" permits the audience to delve into a more arresting character study, and "In the Heat of the Night" has a more topical relationship to today, "The Graduate" has the distinction of being a film's film, made by a director's director. In addition, the actual filming of "The Graduate" accepted the challenge of defining a new direction for succeeding films to follow. Its recognition as a technical virtuoso piece establishes it as that landmark to which current films and films twenty years from now will have to measure up in order to gain an audience, let alone be successful themselves.

That the film seems to be a phenomenon of cinematic skill raises several questions. What of its contrivance and eventual production? Where did the film begin? How can a film be both entertaining and a major creative achievement? Possibly, the solution of the film's intention and creative view might give us a clue to the overall fresco of film-making, and answer the question of why, in a dearth of good films, "The Graduate" stands out.

Early 1966 brought Charles Webb's novel, **The Graduate**. Webb's way of fitting witty dialogue with absurdly funny situations made the novel a movie possibility. It was not every day that a novel came out bearing the stamp of originality, and soon the novel was on its way to the studios to be filmed and packaged. In its film form, the novel could have been a dull untruth concocted to appeal to the fans of Frankie Avalon and Annette. After all, the story of Benjamin Braddock, former track star, former debater, could very well fit into the mode of any American-International comedy. One dreads the effect of having Tuesday Weld as Mrs. Robinson.

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The Graduate, however, was saved from that fate by Mike Nichols, former improvisator of memorable skits with Elaine May, then riding the crest of popularity as director of the movie version of Albee's **Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?** Nichols saw the latent possibilities of providing the screen with a satire reaching the depths of today's American society without being didactic. As a young man riding the crest of a wave of stage hits, he undoubtedly saw in all young idealists that face which Dustin Hoffman was to exhibit throughout the film.

Nichols conceived of "The Graduate" as being a film which would have none of the double-talk of pseudohippies. It would be a film of today, clearly making the point (even through storybook, surrealistic characters) that idealism when shattered is a harsh, brutal realization.

Nichols took his property to a man who made a fortune out of girls clinging to Steve Reeve's hip: Joseph E. Levine, president of Embassy Pictures.

Levine is a phenomenon in his own talents of exhibition. He promised Nichols and the screenwriters, Calder Willingham and Buck ("That Was The Week That Was") Henry, a carte blanche provision in their contracts, insuring a non-overseeing policy for the film. Levine recognized the value of the property, expertly



pushing it into a class of films called "sleepers." No one would know about the film until release, and so effective was this ban that until the opening of "The Graduate" people did not even know who was in the film.

Yet, Levine and Nichols did decide to have fun with the film as a gigantic nationwide search was planned and carried out to find an unknown actor to play Benjamin Braddock. Nichols wanted to find a creative young man, talented or not, experienced or not, who would have no identification with the audience except as Benjamin. Levine saw the search as a chance to stir some expectation with the youthful members of his clientele that something was coming for them on the silver screen. Levine knows how to manipulate audiences; after all, did he not make Sophia and Marcello the hot box office draw? Yes, Praise the Dynamic Businessman; Levine knew what he was doing.

The answer to this Scarlett O'Hara manhunt was Dustin Hoffman. Hoffman, having played the lead, Valerie Brose, in Henry Livings' off-Broadway play, *Eh!*, was suggested for the part of Benjamin by actor Alan Arkin, director of *Eh!* Nichols threw away all other applications when he was reminded of Dustin. The actor's face had an immobile intensity that would give Benjamin the quiet suffering which we enjoy so much on the screen



as noble integrity.

While this was going on, Willingham and Henry were building the film in its dialogue form. In conversation with Nichols, the writers moved into final production with a scant script which had more stage directions than lines. This scarcity of lines was due to Nichols' intention for this film to depend upon improvisation, a technique so well established in the Nichols and May team and understood by Anne Bancroft, since she was an Actors Studio exponent.

An example of this script-improvisation technique can be seen in the scene in which Benjamin, after "hanging around" Mrs. Robinson for a couple of weeks, decides to confront her with their inability to have a decent conversation. The scene from the book was almost entirely rewritten in complete full-length dialogue. The joke about sex in the back of a Ford was written at



this time. Nichols had the writers define the scene in stage directions. When the actual shooting came (and it came after several weeks of tedious rehearsals for the whole film), Nichols gave his cast directions as to where to move and what to achieve in dialogue and character development. Then the technical plotting of the scene was handled with the grips (people in charge of lighting and stage markings) and the director of photography. When the actors went through their paces, everything except the joke about the Ford was improvised. The result of this careful but free approach gave the scene a human depth rarely understood by screenwriters and a lightness that does away with all pretense.

The only discernable break in the scene occurs in Bancroft's break in character as Hoffman puts the pressure on her to find out why he, as Benjamin, cannot go out with Mrs. Robinson's daughter Elaine. Bancroft, in feeling frustration and actor's helplessness (that would not show in the same scene on stage), looks directly into the camera and at Nichols who was sitting close by on a stool, and smiles. This fissure in technique occurred only for two or three seconds and was noticeable only to those trained in acting or stage direction. Because of this improvisation the scene is propelled to far loftier heights of comedy than would normally be afforded by a script. This method of handling actors also allows greater freedom in creativity and the final product which the director must cut and shape in the editing room. As a whole, there's nothing like it for pure spontaneity in underscoring a truly dramatic or comic moment.

While this dramatic confrontation was developing in the studio, the technicians, along with Nichols, were assembling the film in a very uncanny way. Nichols photographed each scene with a multitude of cameras, letting the full scope of each take develop on its own. The rushes of each day were viewed and then put away until the shooting was completed. Nichols then intuitively pieced together the film from his own mind, since at the time of shooting he was not certain whether the film would occur in flashback sequences or as a narrative. He chose the narrative because such actions as the affair with Mrs. Robinson would have too many loopholes in continuity. (If flashbacks were used, Benjamin would have to promote a reason for going out with Elaine in the first place. In the present form, the film slides nicely into an explanation that they were meant for each other and that Mrs. Robinson's overbearing attitude drove him into the arms of the girl out of revulsion.)

Nichols divided the film into two halves; each would be marked by a completely different viewpoint and style of editing. The first half welcomes Benjamin back into his mother's womblike society, which flings Mrs. Robinson into his lap. Until Elaine finds out about her mother and Benjamin, the editing is crisp and punctuated by overlapping sounds from the next scene.



The halfway point of the film breaks the pace so that a specific mood could be set up to probe Benjamin's journey to Berkeley. Whereas the first half is done in an objective, comic style, the second half launches itself into Benjamin's mind and his problem with Elaine. The music, photography, editing, and characters all change to accommodate the film to Benjamin's point of view. And while this seems to be a flimsy excuse to slow a film down, the results bring the story of "The Graduate" into better focus.

When the film was completed in early fall of 1967, the public did not know anything about it. Even producer Levine, for all his desire to allow creativity to have its way, was puzzled about it. But those who saw the first screenings were more than pleased. They were wild about every facet the film examined. The critics confirmed this opinion and in constant polemics, either in favor of or against the film, indicated that it had a more interesting scope and a better directional method than the common drivel on the screen.

"The Graduate," as this report started out to say, is a director's picture. Nichols' efforts have turned the film world upside down in anticipation of a slew of films dedicated to a total integration of all techniques. Nichols deserves full credit for this revolution in "The Graduate," but not for the actual techniques themselves.

On the Brandeis University campus not long ago, in answer to the question of what filmmaker he was most influenced by, Nichols said: "I am not influenced. I consciously borrow from everyone. And so will you" (meaning young filmmakers).

Credit should go to all directors preceding Nichols from Griffith to Lester. Yet, the pioneering influence of "The Graduate" is due to Nichols alone, and it is hoped that his influence in borrowing will continue. For only by the process of evolution—by building on what we already have—will the cinema develop into a true creative force with a critical language of its own.

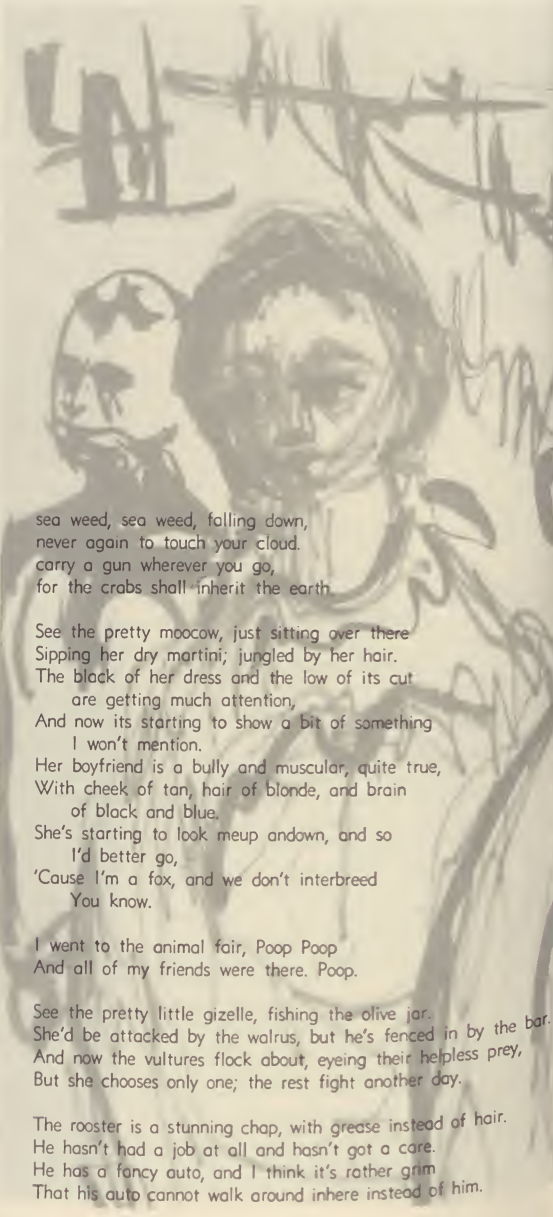
Butterfly Days

I used to run through fields in summer
Catching butterflies.
They were beautiful, I thought.
I would put them in a jar
With bits of grass and dandelions,
And I would give them names
And like them as friends, and then love them.
But always they would die.
Even though I had punched holes
In the jar's lid.
And the grass would turn brown
And the dandelions would wilt.
Sometimes I am afraid
That you are a butterfly.

—Ed Myers



THE ANIMAL FAIR



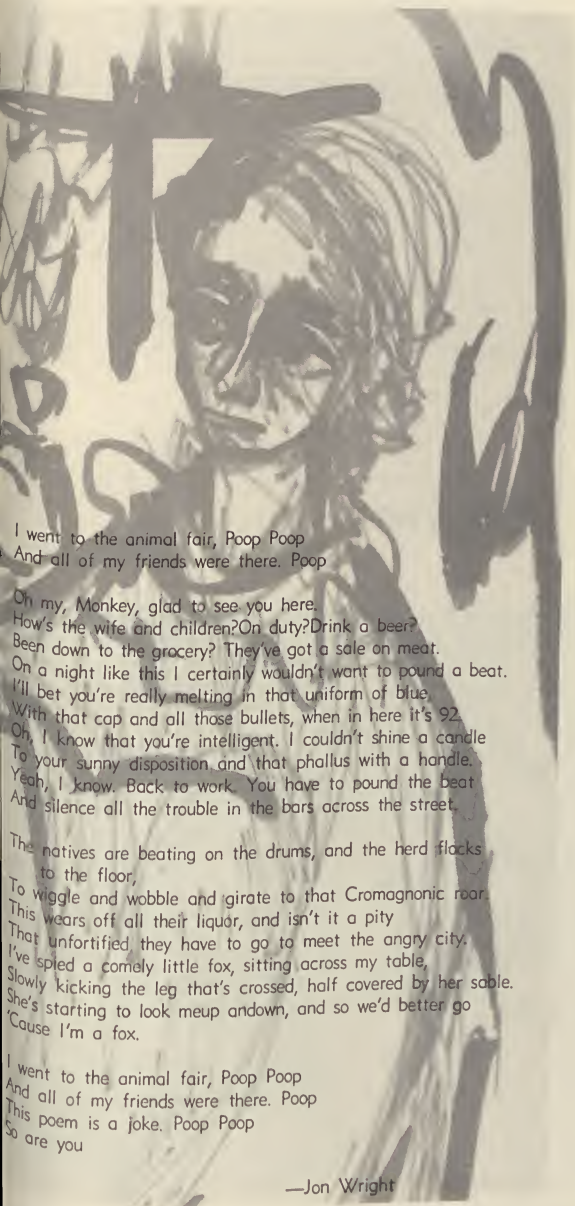
sea weed, sea weed, falling down,
never again to touch your cloud.
carry a gun wherever you go,
for the crabs shall inherit the earth

See the pretty mocow, just sitting over there
Sipping her dry martini; juggled by her hair.
The black of her dress and the low of its cut
are getting much attention,
And now its starting to show a bit of something
I won't mention.
Her boyfriend is a bully and muscular, quite true,
With cheek of tan, hair of blonde, and brain
of black and blue.
She's starting to look meup andown, and so
I'd better go,
'Cause I'm a fox, and we don't interbreed
You know.

I went to the animal fair, Poop Poop
And all of my friends were there. Poop.

See the pretty little gizelle, fishing the olive jar.
She'd be attacked by the walrus, but he's fenced in by the bar.
And now the vultures flock about, eyeing their helpless prey,
But she chooses only one; the rest fight another day.

The rooster is a stunning chap, with grease instead of hair.
He hasn't had a job at all and hasn't got a care.
He has a fancy auto, and I think it's rather grim
That his auto cannot walk around inhere instead of him.



I went to the animal fair, Poop Poop
And all of my friends were there. Poop

Oh my, Monkey, glad to see you here.
How's the wife and children? On duty? Drink a beer?
Been down to the grocery? They've got a sale on meat.
On a night like this I certainly wouldn't want to pound a beat.
I'll bet you're really melting in that uniform of blue.
With that cap and all those bullets, when in here it's 92.
Oh, I know that you're intelligent. I couldn't shine a candle
To your sunny disposition and that phallus with a handle.
Yeah, I know. Back to work. You have to pound the beat
And silence all the trouble in the bars across the street.

The natives are beating on the drums, and the herd flacks
to the floor,
To wiggle and wobble and igrate to that Cromagnonic roar.
This wears off all their liquor, and isn't it a pity
That unfortified, they have to go to meet the angry city.
I've spied a comely little fox, sitting across my table,
Slowly kicking the leg that's crossed, half covered by her sable.
She's starting to look meup andown, and so we'd better go
'Cause I'm a fox.

I went to the animal fair, Poop Poop
And all of my friends were there. Poop
This poem is a joke. Poop Poop
So are you

—Jon Wright

The following doggerel ditty is so local that it will make no sense at all to anyone who is unfamiliar with Wait Chapel. Here, where every Tuesday and Thursday the students must attend chapel, above the high altar and the baptismal pool three panels of hammered metal grille rise like a great triptych. They screen the great organ, which has been likened by some to a "veritable God-box." Sadly now it almost never roars forth in majestic splendor (perhaps because so many believe that God is dead) but, instead, usually retreats whimpering in a tremulous tootle.

The great grille is resplendent with trefoils, quatre-foils, scrolls, arches, panels and keystones. It is almost slavishly symmetrical except for a saving flaw. In two places, some say three, the fabricator dozed and placed elements slightly wrong. It requires close attention to find these flaws, but then a great deal of time is provided for contemplation of them.

Grilled

On many a day when the parson would pray,
Or the chaplain moan in that sepulchral tone
The merits of athletes splendorous,
I'd mander and list and fiddle and twist
Till the windows merged in an amber rose mist
And I'd sink in verbiage endless.

Now it's crass and it's craven ever to place
A paper or book up over your face.
That's chicken, unworthy; you mustn't drop out
Fight to the finish, at least the first bout.
The real trick's to fake it, to truly look rapt,
Entranced, while in your seat you are trapped.

Oh, how I have tried, the hours I've spent,
Maintaining the vertical, looking really intent.
But always I lost, though my aims they were pure,
As some visiting divine told of all he was sure,
Or campus pol nailed together in time really prime
A moldy platform that had failed at least twenty-three times.

As I really despaired of ever lasting a full hour
Without a stronger focus to rivet my temper so dour,
My eye chanced to light on that grille that's so chaste,
That grille over which my eye had so constantly paced,
And there as on a gene slips a nitrogen base,
I beheld there's a bar that is strangely misplaced.



Oh, what joy, what glee, what rapture divine!
A point of attention that near saved my mind.
And I stare to the front with a look of such bliss,
My wondering neighbor strains for a point he has missed.
He can search 'til he's blue, and he'll search for it still;
The only point that is worth seeking, I have found in the grille.

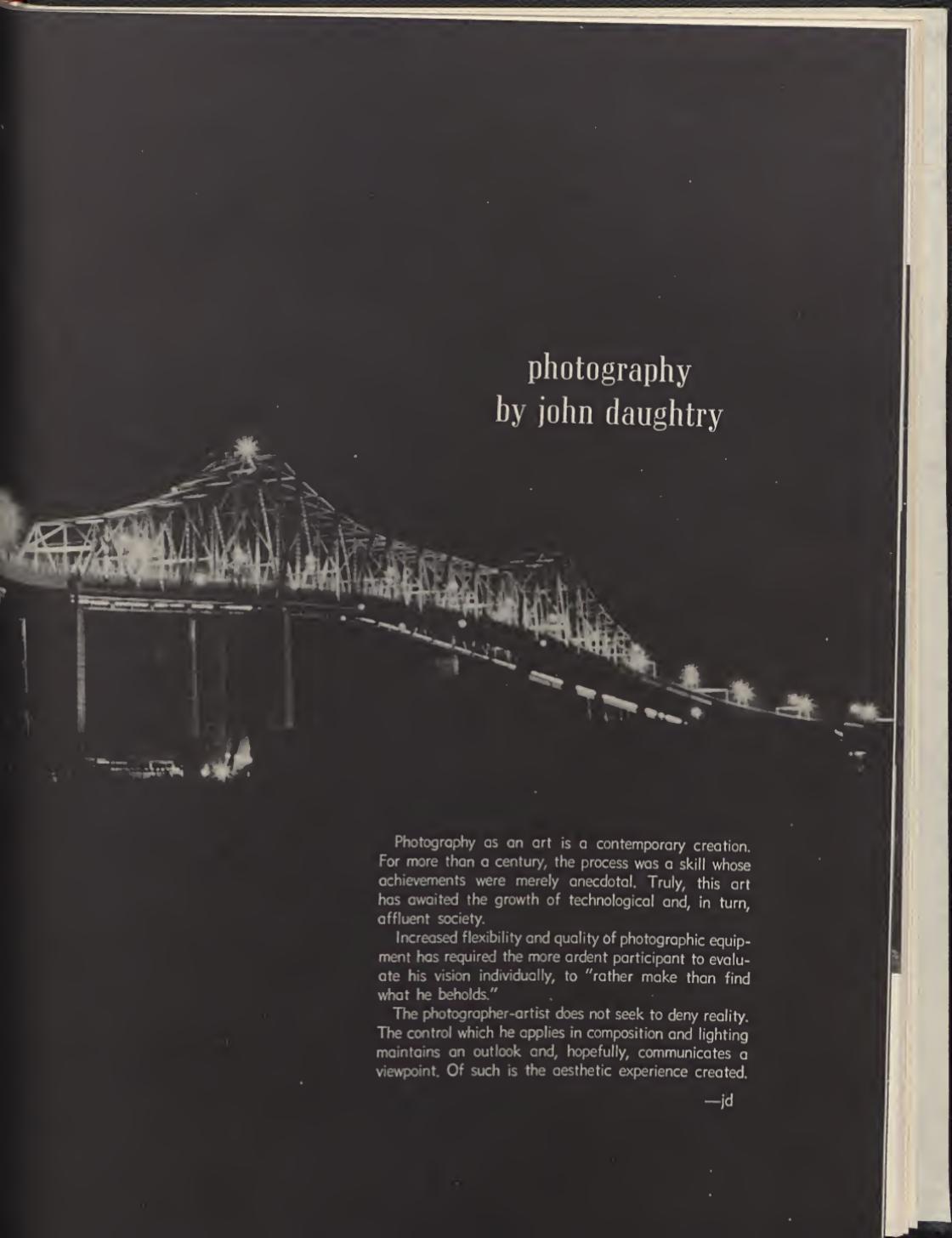
Sad to say, truth revealed will finally run stale,
And my rapture in error had started to pale.
Then a new thrill of glee spread over my soul;
I found the same craftsman had screwed up a scroll.
If another mistake is lurking there still,
I'll search 'til I find it, and find it I will;
It's the least I can offer in homage or till,
For my reason was saved by the great organ grille.

So when over my soul
Like Oceans that roll
They pour buckets of swill
I'm saved by the grille
I'm saved by the grille
I'm saved by the great, graven grille



Prints from
exposure
one





photography
by john daughtry

Photography as an art is a contemporary creation. For more than a century, the process was a skill whose achievements were merely anecdotal. Truly, this art has awaited the growth of technological and, in turn, affluent society.

Increased flexibility and quality of photographic equipment has required the more ardent participant to evaluate his vision individually, to "rather make than find what he beholds."

The photographer-artist does not seek to deny reality. The control which he applies in composition and lighting maintains an outlook and, hopefully, communicates a viewpoint. Of such is the aesthetic experience created.

—jd

















The 1954 Geneva Agreements and Vietnam Today

An Analysis by Cary Boggan

Two nations instead of one exist in Vietnam today as a result of the 1954 Geneva Conference. Yet this result was neither desired nor contemplated by the parties to the Geneva Agreements. The United States and North Vietnam periodically refer to the Agreements as a possible basis for negotiations to end the war.¹ The actual conduct of the participants in the present conflict, however, has departed far from the provisions of the Agreements. Is it still possible for those Agreements to form the basis of a peace settlement?

I. Provisions of the 1954 Agreements

The Geneva Conference of Foreign Ministers was organized in 1954 to seek a solution to the problems in Korea and Indo-China. Cambodia, the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (the Viet Minh), France, Laos, the People's Republic of China, the State of Vietnam (predecessor of the present South Vietnam), the Soviet Union, the United Kingdom, and the United States attended the Conference. What have come to be known as the Geneva Agreements or Accords of 1954 are actually four separate documents: (1) the Agreement on the Cessation of Hostilities in Cambodia; (2) the Agreement on the Cessation of Hostilities in Laos; (3) the Agreement on the Cessation of Hostilities in Vietnam; and (4) the Final Declaration of the Geneva Conference on the Problem of Restoring Peace in Indo-China.

The Agreement on the Cessation of Hostilities in Vietnam was signed by the representatives of the military commands of the French forces and the forces of the Viet Minh or People's Army of Vietnam. The key provisions of the Agreement can be summarized as follows.²

1. A provisional military demarcation line is to be established, creating two zones.

2. General elections shall bring about the reunification of Vietnam. Until such elections are held, the conduct of civil administration in each zone shall be in the hands of the party whose forces are to be regrouped

there. (The Viet Minh in the north and the French in the south.)

3. Both parties are to refrain from any reprisals or discrimination against persons or organizations on account of their activities during the hostilities and are to guarantee their democratic liberties.

4. All civilians shall have the right to freely choose in which district they wish to live. All civilians wishing to move from one district to the other shall be permitted and assisted by the authorities in the district of their original residence.

5. No additional troop reinforcements, military personnel, or war material may be introduced into Vietnam.

6. No new military bases may be established in Vietnam.

7. Each party shall insure that the zone assigned to it engages in no military alliance and is not used for the resumption of hostilities or for aggression.

8. Responsibility for the enforcement of the provisions of the Agreement and the punishment of violators rests with the commanders of the forces of the respective zones.

9. An International Commission shall be set up for the control and supervision over the application of the provisions of the Agreement. It shall be composed of representatives of Canada, India, and Poland, and shall be presided over by the representative of India.

10. If one of the parties refuses to put into effect a recommendation of the International Commission, the parties concerned or the Commission itself shall inform the members of the Geneva Conference.

In the Final Declaration, the Conference took note of the provisions of the Cease-Fire Agreement. It further stated that "the essential purpose of the Agreement relating to Vietnam is to settle military questions with a view to ending hostilities and that the military demarcation line should not in any way be interpreted as constituting a political or territorial boundary."³

The Declaration further provided, to insure that progress was made in the restoration of peace and that all necessary conditions for the free expression of the national will would be in effect, that general elections would be held in July, 1956, under the supervision

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of an international commission composed of representatives of the member states of the International Control Commission. The Declaration provided that consultations on the subject of elections be held between competent representatives of the two zones from April 20, 1955, onwards.

The members of the Conference agreed to consult one another on any question which might be referred to them by the International Control Commission in order to consider any measures necessary to insure that the Agreements are respected.

II. Two Crucial Holdouts

At the last plenary session of the Conference, the Final Declaration was presented and the participants were asked to state their views on the Declaration. The positions expressed by the various parties at the time of the Conference are significant in light of subsequent developments.

The Declaration was approved and endorsed by France, China, the United Kingdom, the Soviet Union, and the Democratic Republic of Vietnam.

Neither the United States nor the State of Vietnam endorsed the Declaration. Undersecretary of State W. B. Smith presented a unilateral declaration for the United States, in which the Cease-Fire Agreement and the first twelve paragraphs of the Final Declaration were taken note of. The United States did not agree, as provided in paragraph thirteen of the Declaration, to consult with the other members of the Conference regarding steps to take to insure the implementation of the Agreements. Concerning the matter of elections, Mr. Smith referred to a declaration made in Washington on June 29, 1954, which read: "In the case of nations now divided against their will, we shall continue to seek to achieve unity through free elections supervised by the United Nations to insure that they are conducted fairly."⁴

The representative of the State of Vietnam, Tran van Do, also presented a unilateral declaration for his government which was similar to that of the United States. He declared that the State of Vietnam would not "use force to resist the procedures for carrying the cease-fire into effect, in spite of the objections and reservations" of his government.⁵

Thus the United States and the representatives of what was to become South Vietnam not only did not endorse the Geneva Agreements; they did not even pledge to abide by them. President Eisenhower declared that "the United States has not itself been a party to or bound by the decisions taken by the Conference."⁶ The only assurance given by both governments was that they would refrain from the use or threat of force to disturb the Agreements. Thus the danger that the Agreements would not be adhered to existed from the outset.

III. A Hasty Withdrawal

Strictly speaking, the Geneva Agreements are binding on those who were parties to and accepted the Agreements. The Agreement on the Cessation of Hostilities in Vietnam was signed by the commands of the French army and the Viet Minh forces—the People's Army of Vietnam. Under the terms of the Cease-Fire Agreement, the responsibility for insuring that the provisions of the Agreement were adhered to rested with the two parties to the Agreement: the French command and the command of the People's Army of Vietnam.

The government of the State of Vietnam—what is now the Republic of Vietnam or South Vietnam—was not recognized in the Cease-Fire Agreement. Nor, as we have seen, did the State of Vietnam accept the terms of the Agreement. The only authority for South Vietnam recognized in the Agreement and charged with the responsibility for its enforcement was the French army command. Between 1954 and 1956, however, the French gradually turned over all authority in South Vietnam to the South Vietnamese government. The French announced that the withdrawal of their forces would be complete by April 28, 1956. Thus by that date the authority recognized in the Cease-Fire Agreement had left South Vietnam.

The International Control Commission, established under the Agreements to supervise and control the carrying out of the provisions of the Agreements, had only the authority and sanction given it by the parties to the Agreements. The withdrawal of the French therefore left the Commission in a very delicate position. They were faced with the prospect of operating in the south without the sanction of the authorities who *de facto* governed in the south. The tenuousness of such a position was recognized by the Commission in its Fourth and Fifth Interim Reports.⁷ The South Vietnamese government had privately pledged practical cooperation with the Commission, but still had not accepted the Geneva Agreements nor publicly recognized the authority of the Commission. The Commission, however, continued to work to the extent possible under the circumstances at the urging of the co-chairmen of the Geneva Conference, Britain and the Soviet Union.

The Cease-Fire Agreement had provided for a joint military commission of the two parties to the Agreement. This commission was responsible for maintaining the cease-fire in the demilitarized zone between the northern and southern sectors. With the withdrawal of the French, however, the joint commission ceased to function, and no effective force for policing the demilitarized zone remained. Hence the danger of border incidents increased, and the Fourth and Fifth Interim Reports of the Control Commission note allegations from both sides of such incidents.

It was not to be expected that a native South Vietnamese government would have much interest in carrying out the provisions of the Agreements in view of

their well-known opposition to those Agreements. Responsibility for enforcement of the Agreements was placed clearly on the French and North Vietnamese. France, because of responsibilities elsewhere and domestic considerations, was anxious to complete her obligations in Vietnam as soon as possible. France's hasty withdrawal from South Vietnam, however, was a significant factor in the breakdown of the Geneva Agreements. For with the departure of the French, the legal authority in South Vietnam under the Agreements, the French military power—the factor which stabilized the cease-fire—was removed. Further, the government which replaced the French in the south did not feel bound by the Agreements.

IV. Violations of the Agreements

In the initial period of regroupment of forces and establishment of the northern and southern zones, the reports of the Control Commission reflect two principal charges of violations of the Agreements. The North Vietnamese charged that section c of article 14 of the Cease-Fire Agreement was being violated in the south. Section c provides that no persons living in one zone who participated in hostilities on the side of the authorities of the other zone would be subject to persecution or discrimination. The Control Commission found evidence that the French and South Vietnamese had not taken adequate steps to insure the enforcement of 14c.⁸

The French and South Vietnamese, on the other hand, charged that section d of article 14 was not being complied with by the North Vietnamese. Section d provides that all civilians in one zone wishing to move to the other zone must be permitted and assisted to move by the authorities of the zone in which they resided at the time of their request. This provision was to be in force for three hundred days from the time the cease-fire went into effect. It was later extended by one month. The Control Commission found evidence that the North Vietnamese had not provided adequate administrative structure to facilitate the carrying out of section 14d.⁹ By the end of the allotted time, however, the Commission felt that the majority of those wishing to move had been able to do so.¹⁰

These two allegations were the main ones in the initial period, and there was some ground for both charges. Neither of these violations proved serious enough to endanger the cease-fire. Departures from the Agreements of much graver consequence began to occur, however.

Perhaps the most crucial provision of the Geneva Agreements was the one providing for general elections to reunite the country in 1956. It is generally acknowledged that Ho Chi Minh would not have agreed to the Geneva Conference in 1954 if he had not felt that he could get an agreement which would assure him of being

able to gain control of the whole country peacefully, such as the provision for elections. The French, however, had turned control of the southern zone over to the South Vietnamese by the time specified for the beginning of consultations between the two parties on elections. The Diem government refused to enter into consultations with the North Vietnamese on the matter of elections. Instead, Diem concentrated on consolidating his own position. South Vietnam was organized as an independent nation, and was recognized as such by France, the United States, and over fifty other countries.¹⁰

By July of 1956, the time established in the Agreements for general elections, no consultations had taken place between North and South Vietnam on the matter of elections. South Vietnam argued that because of the absence of personal liberties in North Vietnam, the elections could not be free. There was in fact some justification for this claim, but by refusing even to enter into consultations about elections, the South Vietnamese gave considerable weight to the North Vietnamese claim that the Geneva Agreements had been seriously violated.

Apparently North Vietnam now felt she would be justified in gaining control of the whole country by force. The events from 1957 on are well known. Guerilla activity was greatly increased in the south, aided by the flow of men and materials from the north. U.S. intervention was gradually increased from an advisory capacity to the massive participation in the war of today.

V. U.S. Policy

The infiltration of men and materials into South Vietnam from the north violates North Vietnam's pledge in the Geneva Agreements that its zone would not be utilized for the resumption of hostilities or in the service of an aggressive policy. South Vietnam's violation of the election provisions provided the rational for the North Vietnamese action.

Similarly, the introduction of new military bases and troop reinforcements by the United States violated the Agreements and violated the U.S. pledge not to use force to interfere with the Agreements. The United States of course was not a party to the Agreements and has never felt bound by them. Since 1954, however, the United States has stated that it would not tolerate aggression in violation of the Agreements. After the Gulf of Tonkin incident in August, 1964, President Johnson reiterated the U.S. position: "In 1954 we made our position clear toward Vietnam. In July of that year we stated we would view any renewal of the aggression in violation of the 1954 Agreements 'with grave concern and as seriously threatening international peace and security.'"¹¹ Thus the renewal of hostilities provided the justification for the U.S. intervention.

Towards the Geneva Agreements, then, the United States has maintained a two-pronged position. It has

not supported the provisions of the Agreements which it fears would facilitate a communist take-over of the south, such as the provision for nation-wide elections, but it wants others to refrain from hostilities in violation of the Agreements.

The defense of the U.S. position depends in part on whether the violation of the election provisions of the Geneva Agreements by South Vietnam was justified. For if the violation was justified, the resumption of hostilities by North Vietnam would have been an unjustified armed attack, and would have entitled South Vietnam to defend itself and seek aid in its defense. South Vietnam and the United States contend that the elections were only to be held if they could be conducted fairly, and since conditions in 1956 were not conducive to fair elections, the violation of the election provisions was justified.

No doubt South Vietnam and the United States foresaw in 1954 that completely free elections could not be held in Vietnam, or at least that any elections would likely result in a victory for Ho Chi Minh, and for that reason withheld their approval of the Geneva Agreements. The Agreements, however, including the election provisions, were binding on North Vietnam and the French, who at the time the Agreements were adopted were responsible for the southern zone. Thus if South Vietnam succeeded to the obligations of France in the southern zone, as is conceded by both proponents and opponents of the U.S. and South Vietnamese position, it succeeded to the obligation to enter consultations concerning elections, and its violation of the election provisions was unjustified under the Agreements.¹²

The United States further relies on the provisions of the South East Asia Treaty to support its position in Vietnam,¹³ and the U.S. action has been given express approval by the SEATO Council.¹⁴ Perhaps the most candid statement of the role of treaty obligations and other commitments in U.S. Vietnam policy, however, was made by President Johnson in his address to the nation on March 31, 1968: "Surely we have treaties which we must respect, and commitments we must keep . . . But the heart of our involvement in South Vietnam has always been America's security."¹⁵ Thus the President admitted that the decision that the defense of South Vietnam was politically and militarily necessary to the security of the United States provided the real basis of the U.S. presence, and not the existence of the South East Asia Treaty, though that Treaty may be used to justify the intervention.

VI. The Future of the 1954 Agreements

In 1954 the French were involved in Vietnam and were one of the parties to the Geneva Agreements. Today, of the parties involved in the fighting in Vietnam, only one, North Vietnam, accepted the 1954 Agreements. Today both North and South Vietnam are organized as

independent nations; new military alliances have been formed; and massive military power has been introduced from the outside, all contrary to the provisions of the 1954 Agreements. Yet President Johnson in his March thirty-first address once more declared that "Peace can be based on the Geneva Accords of 1954," and he called upon Britain and the Soviet Union, "as co-chairmen of the Geneva Conferences," to help move from the unilateral de-escalation announced by the United States to peace negotiations.¹⁶

The Geneva Agreements have been so seriously violated by the participants in the present conflict that it would be extremely difficult to base a resolution of the Vietnam problem on the provisions of those Agreements. A new settlement is required which takes account of the present realities, rather than an appeal to the 1954 Agreements which only one of the present belligerents supported. But the repeated appeal to the 1954 Agreements as a possible basis for peace by both the United States and North Vietnam indicates that a convenient and mutually acceptable avenue to a new settlement may lie in a re-convening of the Geneva Conference, with provision being made for representation of all those involved in the conflict today.

NOTES

1. Statement by President Johnson in March, 1967, reported in Department of State Bulletin, April 3, 1967, p. 539. Letter from President Ho Chi Minh to President Johnson, Department of State Bulletin, April 10, 1967, p. 597. Secretary Rusk's testimony before Senate Foreign Relations Committee, March, 1968, New York Times, March 12, 1968, p. 16.

2. Full texts of the documents composing the Geneva Agreements may be found in the Command Papers of Great Britain, Cmd. 9239. Also in 60 Am. J. Int. L. 629 (1966).

3. Cmd. 9239, p. 10.

4. *Id.*, p. 7.

5. *Id.*

6. Department of State Bulletin, August 2, 1954, p. 163.

7. Fourth Interim Report of the International Supervisory Commission for Vietnam, Command Papers, Cmd. 9654. Fifth Interim Report, Cmd. 9706.

8. First Interim Report, Cmd. 9461.

9. *Id.*

10. "The Legality of U.S. Participation in the Defense of Vietnam," Legal Brief prepared by Leonard C. Meeker, Legal Advisor of the Department of State, reprinted in 60 Am. J. Int. L. 565 (1966).

11. Department of State Bulletin, August 24, 1964, p. 260.

12. For a discussion of the legal aspects of the U.S. involvement in Vietnam largely critical of the intervention, see Quincy Wright, "Legal Aspects of the Vietnam Situation," 60 Am. J. Int. L. 750 (1966). For a view favorable to the U.S. position, see John N. Moore, "Lawfulness of Military Assistance to the Republic of Vietnam," 61 Am. J. Int. L. 1 (1967). See also a critical note in 61 Am. J. Int. L. 776 (1967).

13. See Secretary Rusk's testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in 1966, New York Times, February 19, 1966, p. 2. Same position repeated in testimony before the Committee in March, 1968. New York Times, March 12, 1968, p. 16.

14. Department of State Bulletin, May 15, 1967, p. 746.

15. New York Times, April 1, 1968.

16. *Id.*



Between the Girdle



"Cool it, Steve," she says.

And she isn't just kidding, either. If the even tone of her voice doesn't tell him that, her face leaves no doubt. Usually appealingly full, her lips are now drawn into a narrow little line beneath suddenly cold blue eyes glaring ominously into darkness. This is not the reaction Steve was hoping for; his body promptly stiffens against the rocking motion he instigated as they sat atop Seneca Park's largest ferris wheel.

Below them, Howard and Kathy step off and, holding hands, merge into the dense Friday night crowd as Steve tries idly to follow them with his eyes. He shifts his attention to the starless sky, leaning his head far back, vaguely hoping to draw some response from Lisa. Still miffed, she says nothing, and Steve can feel the perspiration now lubricating his underarms and matting long strands of thick bangs to his forehead.

"It's the heat," he tells himself. Last week, their second date, it was completely his fault. He didn't deny it. Having told her they would probably drive to Barnaby's Ice Cream Parlor on the outskirts of the city, he called for her and waited until they were speeding along the freeway to announce breezily that he had changed his mind and wouldn't she prefer to accompany him to the Crazy Horse for dancing and beer. Brushing off her

and the Morphodite

by Hayes Hofler

Hayes Hofler, a senior history major from Alexandria, Va., offers this short story as his first contribution to THE STUDENT.

silence as acquiescence, he was startled when, at the first spotlight as they entered the city, she whirled her head around suddenly and blurted, "Steve, why didn't you tell me we were going dancing, I would have worn a girdle!" The remainder of the evening she remained as cool as the Crazy Horse's overzealous air conditioner while he stewed in the knowledge of his blunder. Now Seneca Park's largest ferris wheel finally starts lowering them into the mobs and he is getting the same treatment. For the moment, he blames it on the heat.

Stepping off, she accepts his outstretched hand and breaks the silence, asking, "Shouldn't we get back to the boat now? My watch says we only have fifteen minutes."

He is not totally discouraged, and replies, "Oh, they always give you five minutes extra. Besides, I have two tickets for the roller coaster left. Come on, we can make it." Actually, he's not so sure—but his feelings about catching the boat now are ambiguous, anyway. It's not that he really wants to miss it; he just wants to make it close. "Nothing like a little suspense to revive a sour date," he thinks. He knows that even if the boat were missed, there would be hundreds driving back to the city throughout the night. An hour-and-a-half by excursion ferry, it takes only thirty minutes to reach the city by car. With a little luck, he and Lisa could catch a ride and be waiting in his car at the dock for Howard and Kathy when the ferry pulled in. What a laugh that would be. So why not? Nothing to lose, he figures, and the revival of an otherwise neutral date to gain.

Lisa shrugs at his suggestion but nevertheless takes his arm, and they proceed along the black asphalt, wending their way through the boisterous, sweating crowd toward the roller coaster at the opposite end of the grounds. "All right," he thinks, "this is more like it," and impressions of their first date, the beautiful one, flash through his mind.

A blind date arranged by Howard and Kathy, Lisa was all smiles and humility that night three weeks ago as he, Steve Chapman, Eastern High School's student body president and basketball super-star, escorted this mere junior from rival Western High to his senior prom. He recalls how, initially embarrassed at having to show up with a blind date for his school's last social affair, he was relieved when she showed no inclination to dance, a social grace he had never really mastered. So they spent almost three quarters of the evening at a table in a corner of the darkened gymnasium discussing everything from basketball to the cinema, she asking had he seen such-and-such movie and he usually replying no; the reviews—meaning "Time" magazine's four-line capsules—had been too discouraging, and she would laugh at this and tell him about it anyway, and he would actually enjoy listening to her; she was such a refreshing change from the girls who talked your ear off about how much they hated their mothers.

Finally they ran out of things to say, but by then the band was playing all slow songs and he took her in his arms hoping none of the teachers were watching as they exchanged increasingly long, sloppy kisses while they danced. Eyes closed, he was weak with the all-pervading fragrance of her perfume—perfume which would encourage him later as they grappled in the back seat of Howard's Buick—perfume which would linger as he lay wide-eyed and limp in the early-morning grayness of his bedroom pronouncing himself irrevocably in love.

The combined smell of frying hot dogs and cigar smoke in the humid air assault his nostrils now, snapping



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him from his reverie and bringing into sharp focus the present realities of that girdle business and the rocking on the ferris wheel. He is aware, as he and Lisa push toward the roller coaster, of an acute need to redeem himself lest there be no more sweet conversations, no more perfume.

For no apparent reason, she clasps his arm, pulling herself near so that he feels the cushion of her breast. Her softness intensifies his desire to reestablish that first-date intimacy, to regain his pre-girdle status. He senses the need for a situation where he may remain calm in the face of an adversity and emerge the un-

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daunted hero. Miss the boat! Miss the boat and resolutely, manfully, secure another means back to the city. He settles upon this solution.

The roller coaster, called the "Silver Comet," is the dominating structure of Seneca Park. Its enormous white wooden frame may be seen for a mile down river as thrill-seekers from the city approach the isolated amusement park by ferry. Winding in and out among the surrounding woods, passengers travelling by automobile usually enjoy a contest within a half-mile of the park to see who can be the first to glimpse the seemingly celestial white form which emerges unexpectedly from, among the tangle of tree limbs.

It is from the very top of this focal point that Steve and Lisa find themselves staring down seconds before plunging into the first and deepest dip. A moment before sliding over the crest, Steve catches a glimpse of the red and yellow sign advertising "Weirdest Freaks on Earth," and a brief feeling of disgust ricochets through his stomach as he recalls the time, four years ago, he and Howard lied about their ages and got in to see sights of human travesty neither would soon forget. Obscured beneath the white frame of the roller coaster, this showroom of deformities nevertheless outdraws the "Silver Comet" as soon as people, initially attracted by the more majestic structure, discover it's there.

The roller coaster ride at night is especially exhilarating. Steve laughs uncontrollably at the sight of Lisa's contorted face as they rumble over the three highest and steepest inclines which, coming at the beginning of the ride, provide the novice with a harrowing, seemingly unending initiation. As they pull out of each of the first two dips, Steve feels Lisa playfully punching at his shoulder, apparently relieved that the worst is over. But each time he shouts, "Hold on, we've got one more to go," and each time she grimly clutches the bar, squeezes her eyes shut, and prepares to endure yet another breath-taking plunge.

Finally, the ride deteriorates into a series of little bumps and sweeping curves and they take turns trying to squash each other against the opposite side of the car at each of these curves. They are both laughing as the "Silver Comet," seemingly out of breath, finally eases to a stop at the point from which they started four minutes ago. Lisa's long, dark-blond hair is tangled and swept back, exposing her prominent forehead. He helps her, still tugging at her hair, onto the wooden platform and remarks that she looks "windblown," to which she replies with a sarcastic laugh. So he says, "It looks very sexy," but she misses his half-intended sarcasm and only smiles modestly. He feels vaguely back in control again.

Steve, however, possesses a mind that, once set upon a course of action, refuses to be diverted, regardless of changing circumstances. That's how he endured becoming student body president. So, leading Lisa down the



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ramp to the black asphalt, he looks at his watch, discovers they still have a chance to catch the boat, and looks about frantically for a means of further delay.

By now he has fixed missing the boat as his sole chance for redemption. He still feels the urgent need for an emergency situation which will somehow reveal his true, lovable character to Lisa, and thereby solidify their relationship. Once that were accomplished, he feels, there would be no need for exhausting small talk, and girdle blunders could be comfortably endured.

She is chirping, "Well, good, we still have five minutes to catch the boat," and the red and yellow sign of the freak show catches his eye as they come off the exit ramp. "Five minutes—that's plenty of time," he says and pulls Lisa toward the line forming for the last performance.

Coming to a complete halt, Lisa says she'll be damned if she'll miss the boat to go look at any freak show. Before Steve can reply, the little midget selling tickets on a platform in front of canvas flaps at the entrance is tapping him in the small of the back with a bamboo cane. Startled, Steve turns and peers down at a smiling middle-aged face which is missing several front teeth and appears all the more ludicrous because of the child-like, undersized body to which it is attached. He appears enveloped in baggy brown pants, a light blue shirt, and a wide maroon tie which almost covers his entire chest.

"Bring the little lady on in," he says in a high-pitched voice. "It'll only cost you fifty cents, and we got one helluva show tonight!"

"Well, I was just trying to get the little lady to . . .," and before Steve can get the last words out, Lisa has jerked away her hand and is walking fast toward the docks.

Steve smiles weakly at the middle-aged midget and shrugs his shoulders, whereupon the little man's leathery face creases with wrinkles, eyes bulging. "Don't let her get away, boy!" he squeals, swinging his cane violently. "We got the snake man, the bearded lady, and the morphodite lined up tonight—it's a good show! a good show!"

Sobered by the midget's sudden animation, Steve turns to run after Lisa, who has already disappeared into the milling crowd. Something snags his left ankle, however, and for a few fleeting seconds his momentum carries him headlong past some onlookers until finally he loses his balance and feels the black asphalt tearing at his knees and the heels of his hands.

He rolls over to a sitting position and clutches his right knee which is bleeding profusely through torn khaki slacks. Looking up, he sees the midget laughing hysterically and swinging the cane which Steve now realizes tripped him. A small crowd has gathered. The midget, dancing up and down, takes the opportunity to harrangue them about the snake man, the bearded lady, and the morphodite.

Someone says, shouldn't they get the boy to a first aid station, but before anyone responds, Steve is on his feet limping toward the docks. His knee pulsates with pain; the lower half of his right pant leg is bathed in dark red blood. The midget rushes up, proffering the wide maroon tie. "Here, put this around it," he cries shrilly. Steve snatches the tie away but doesn't stop long enough to wrap it around his knee.

A strong wind has sprung up, blowing cardboard cups and hamburger wrappers in crazy circles along the black asphalt. The crowd has thinned out; people everywhere are scurrying for shelter. Steve limps along, bending down every now and then to wipe away the blood with the midget's tie. He no longer wants to miss the boat. He just wants to get home, put some iodine on his throbbing knee, and go to bed.

Just as the first fat drops of rain burst forth from the heavy, blowing night air, he reaches the green cinder-block pavilion which separates the docks from the park grounds. Rushing stiff-legged past pinball machines and old ladies in shorts feeding quarters into one-armed bandits, he emerges on the river side of the pavilion into a sweeping downpour. He is relieved to see the white, multi-decked excursion ferry rocking darkly on the waves at the end of the pier.

But as he approaches the pier's gate entrance, he curses. It is padlocked. A tall man, dressed in policeman's hat and the glistening plastic of a black raincoat, is standing to one side, shoulders hunched against the wind and rain. Steve wipes wet hair out of his face and shouts to the man to let him through.

"Sorry, son," the man hollers back, moving in front of the gate. "You've missed the boat."

"What do you mean?" cries Steve, trying to make himself heard above the roar of the rain. "The boat's sitting right there!"

"But the gangplank's been raised!" replies the man, an incoherent smile crossing his moist lips. "I have, strict orders not to let anyone through once the gangplank's up!"

Steve brushes past the guard and grasps the high metal gate in front of him, peering through the bars. Just then the ferry gives a muffled groan and begins sliding almost imperceptibly away from the pier. Through the rain, Steve spots three shadowy figures motioning frantically on the upper deck of the boat. He waves the midget's maroon tie in response, then turns wearily to the guard.

"Well, I always did want to see the morphodite, anyway," he mutters and begins trudging back toward the park grounds and the shelter of the freak show.

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MURPH'S CLEANERS

Lemza Reviews:

by Douglas J. Lemza

The screen is currently proliferated by a flock of "nice" movies. Each of them seems hardly distinguishable from the rest of the pack. Gems like "Thoroughly Modern Milly," "To Sir, With Love," "The Secret War of Harry Frigg," and "The Jungle Book" have come to show their audiences that life is really good, wholesome, and sugary if you look through a certain set of rose-colored glasses. For all their good intentions to become "nice," these movies fail in becoming movies. Even problems that are provoking to the general public seem to be taking on an air of saccharine. A mistake in this sort of venture is "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?"

The first question asked after the movie is "Who?" The second is "Why?" I tried to ignore both.

Supposedly, there has been a growing-up process in films which allows certain messages to filter through and give a moralizing sermon at the end. "Guess Who's" tries to be both charming and serious at the same time. Any social relevance to the problem of miscegenation is sunk in an ocean of pseudo-witticisms and old-fashioned filmmaking. I was left wondering—"Miscegenate Who?" The only retort became "Now!"

"Guess Who's" tries to telescope a tense twelve hours of liberalism versus conservatism (or now versus then) into a two-hour cocktail party for bored adults. Sure, there is Sidney Poitier playing Super-Negro (or "I'd let him live next-door to me"), Katharine Hepburn not showing her age again, Spencer Tracy walking on other people's lines. But what else?

The truth is, there is nothing else. Nor was there ever supposed to be. "Guess Who's" is an artistic facade propped up to look like the real thing. An absence of good planning and material forces the picture to look like "Life With Father—Now" and readily propels this vehicle into "Saturday Night At the Movies."

The main reason of this "successful" flop's sinking

is Stanley Kramer. Always heavy-handed in directorial tasks, Kramer has shown us that he is as bad as the worst Preminger. The Kramer mind, filled with high moral goals and a big bank account, conceived this picture as a representation of modern America facing a moral crisis—"that could happen to anyone." This might have been the objective, but Kramer decided to re-unite Hepburn and Tracy and revolve the story around the most sophisticated, comic, and phony family in the world. One can only visualize Julie Andrews, with her umbrella, overlooking San Francisco Bay.

Kramer compounds this flaw with his own feeble direction (i.e., close-ups, close-ups, and more close-ups). William Rose's "script" is hardly literary and just compensates as gravy for Kramer. The two of them carry on as though they are carrying placards throughout the movie saying: "This is important; this is funny!" "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" came off better as a comedy, even though it was drowned by a galaxy of stars.

Also, times have gone by too quickly to savour the situation put in front of us. The civil rights movement has made the plight of the average (poor) Negro the crux of its argument. The character that Sidney Poitier plays is non-existent, let alone absurd, in relationship to what is really going on. One cannot believe the movie because of its dated voice, its intention to put over a serious argument through a smoke screen of witty foils—Hepburn and Tracy, and because all artistic enjoyment is crushed by a top-heavy idea that extravagant situations demanding extravagant people and solutions will have the widest appeal.

"Guess Who's" has already earned its appeal through a very fanciful ad campaign and its recent winnings at the Academy Awards. But the film's poor sense of direction tends to make "Guess Who's" a most uninviting meal for any appetite.

MORE "NICE" MOVIES

"Sweet November" has a disease that is worse than Sandy Dennis' supposed malady. Bad script, faulty music, and an acute case of editing trouble bog the movie down in a mire of technical problems. What is supposed to flow evenly from scene to scene, becomes for any film student a nightmare ("shock" would be a better word).

It is pointless to discuss the lack of finesse with which this film was handled. There are so many miss-shots and examples of uneven editing that the movie seems worse than it probably is. Could this blatant technique be Hollywood's punishment for us after watching such films as "The Graduate" and "Bonnie and Clyde"? Technical nonsense clutters the path of what the movie is attempting to say, which isn't much.

We are forced to look at one girl-heroine-prostitute, Sara, as she takes in one man a month to regenerate his life-living processes. Usually this recuperation period turns out badly for the male, since he cannot tear himself away from Mother Earth Sara. But Sara perseveres throughout this mess and the audience takes its cue from her. All is fine and dandy until she meets Charles Black, business tycoon.

Sara takes him in for the month of November and the usual complications set in, whether they might be in bed or in one of her eight apartments. But instead of a remedy to Mr. Black's problems, the therapy becomes real love, sometimes not understood even by the two

principle characters. When Charlie's month ends there is remorse on both sides, yet Sara starts the Yuletide month with a new case and begins immediately to work on his problems.

This off-beat tale gets a bit too mushy and sentimental by letting its camera get stuck in an over-examination of a trivial problem. I doubt that the director could have stopped at one close-up; his rate of exposition in this manner is also very sloppy, for all we know about the link between Sara and Charles is that they were thrown together by fate. This precedent is ridiculous, and the rest of the film does not help the audience any by filling in the missing details.

Another problem is the quite trite information about Sara and her "sickness." No forewarning is given, so the viewers must theorize on their own as to what disease poor Sara has. I found Sara's true illness to be the result of a direct miscarriage of the director's ability.

Credits-wise, this crew is in a sorry state. Sandy Dennis, as the highly questionable Sara, performs like an elephant in a glass shop. From "Virginia Woolf" and "Up the Down Staircase" to "Sweet November," she has been able to touch the top and the bottom of the acting scale in two short years. One hopes for something better from her in "The Fox." Anthony Newley, looking like he's about to break into song at any moment (and I wish he had!), plays Charles Black with a modicum of effort. It shows. Theodore Bikel should be singing a Yiddish folk-song instead of loafing around as a sign painter with all the answers to Sara's life. The rest of the cast was conveniently non-descript.

If "Sweet November" fails, it does so on its own merits. The director should go back to UCLA; the actors, back to Broadway; and the audience, to their homes. "Sweet November" might have played the Radio City Music Hall, but in my estimation, it belongs on the smallest screen possible.



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